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THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB

VOLUME II

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FROM THE COMPLETE, ANNOTATED EDITION OF
THE LETTERS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB
EDITED BY E. V. LUCAS

CHARLES LAMB, born in February 1775 in Crown Office Row in the Temple, London. Educated at Christ's Hospital. Employed in South Sea House, 1789-92; clerk in India House, 1792-1825. Died in December 1834 and buried in Edmonton churchyard.

THE LETTERS OF
CHARLES LAMB



VOLUME TWO

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256. TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

[P.M. 25th November 1819.]

DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,

You will think me negligent, but I wanted to see more of Willy, before I ventured to express a prediction. Till yesterday I had barely seen him—*Virgilium Tantum Vidi*—but yesterday he gave us his small company to a bullock's heart—and I can pronounce him a lad of promise. He is no pedant nor bookworm, so far I can answer. Perhaps he has hitherto paid too little attention to other men's inventions, preferring, like Lord Foppington, the 'natural sprouts of his own.' But he has observation, and seems thoroughly awake. I am ill at remembering other people's bon mots, but the following are a few. Being taken over Waterloo Bridge, he remarked that if we had no mountains, we had a fine river at least, which was a Touch of the Comparative, but then he added, in a strain which augured less for his future abilities as a Political Economist, that he supposed they must take at least a pound a week Toll. Like a curious naturalist he inquired if the tide did not come up a little salty. This being satisfactorily answered, he put another question as to the flux and reflux, which being rather cunningly evaded than artfully solved by that she-Aristotle Mary, who muttered something about its getting up an hour sooner and sooner every day, he sagely replied, 'Then it must come to the same thing at last,' which was a speech worthy of an infant Halley! The Lion in the 'Change by no means came up to his ideal standard. So impossible it is for Nature in any of her works to come up to the standard of a child's imagination. The whelps (Lionets) he was sorry to find were dead, and on particular enquiry his old friend the Ouran Outang had gone the way of all flesh also. The grand Tiger was also sick, and expected in no short time to exchange this transitory world for another—or none. But again, there was a Golden Eagle (I do not mean that of Charing) which did much arride and console him. William's genius, I take it, leans a little to the figurative, for being at play at Tricktrack (a kind of minor Billiard-table which we keep for smaller wights, and sometimes refresh our own mature fatigues with taking a hand at), not being able to hit a ball he had iterate aimed at, he cried out, 'I cannot hit that beast.' Now the balls are usually called men, but he felicitously hit upon a middle term, a term of approximation and imaginative reconciliation, a something where the two ends, of the brute matter (ivory) and their human and rather violent personification into

men, might meet, as I take it, illustrative of that Excellent remark in a certain Preface about Imagination, explaining 'like a sea-beast that had crawled forth to sun himself.' Not that I accuse William Minor of hereditary plagiarism, or conceive the image to have come *ex traduce*. Rather he seemeth to keep aloof from any source of imitation, and purposely to remain ignorant of what mighty poets have done in this kind before him. For being asked if his father had ever been on Westminster Bridge, he answer'd that he did not know.

It is hard to discern the Oak in the Acorn, or a Temple like St. Paul's in the first stone which is laid, nor can I quite prefigure what destination the genius of William Minor hath to take. Some few hints I have set down, to guide my future observations. He hath the power of calculation in no ordinary degree for a chit. He combineth figures, after the first boggle, rapidly. As in the Tricktrack board, where the hits are figured, at first he did not perceive that 15 and 7 made 22, but by a little use he could combine 8 with 25—and 33 again with 16, which approacheth something in kind (far let me be from flattering him by saying in degree) to that of the famous American boy. I am sometimes inclined to think I perceive the future satirist in him, for he hath a subsardonic smile which bursteth out upon occasion, as when he was asked if London were as big as Ambleside, and indeed no other answer was given, or proper to be given, to so ensnaring and provoking a question. In the contour of scull certainly I discern something paternal. But whether in all respects the future man shall transcend his father's fame, Time the trier of geniuses must decide. Be it pronounced peremptorily at present, that Willy is a well-mannered child, and though no great student, hath yet a lively eye for things that lie before him. Given in haste from my desk at Leadenhall. Your's and yours' most sincerely
C. LAMB.

[This letter, which refers to a visit paid to the Lambs in Great Russell Street by Wordsworth's son, William, then nine years old, is remarkable, apart from its charm and humour, for containing more of the absolute method of certain of Lamb's *Elia* passages than anything he had yet written.

A word or so on the excursion in London may be added. The 'Lion in the 'Change' is a reference to Cross's menagerie at Exeter 'Change in the Strand. I fancy Lamb's pen slipped when he refers to the Golden Eagle at Charing Cross: I think he had either the Golden Cross Inn or the Cross itself in his mind.

'*Virgilium tantum vidi.*' The sense is given in the English words. The quotation is from Ovid, *Tristia*, iv. x. 51, '*Virgilium vidi tantum.*' Lamb uses it of Gray in the *Elia* essay, '*Amicus redivivus.*'

'Lord Foppington.' In Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. Lamb used this speech as the motto of his *Elia* essay, '*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*'

'Like a sea-beast.' Lamb alludes to the preface in the edition of 1815 of

Wordsworth's poems, where he quotes illustratively from his *Resolution and Independence*:

Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself.

'If his father had ever been on Westminster Bridge.' An allusion to Wordsworth's sonnet *Composed upon Westminster Bridge*:

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

'The American boy.' This was Zerah Colburn, the mathematical prodigy, born in Vermont State in 1804, and exhibited in America and Europe by his father.]

257. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

Jan. 10th, 1820.

DEAR COLERIDGE,

A Letter written in the blood of your poor friend would indeed be of a nature to startle you; but this is nought but harmless red ink, or, as the witty mercantile phrase hath it, Clerk's Blood. Damn 'em! my brain, guts, skin, flesh, bone, carcase, soul, TIME, is all theirs. The Royal Exchange, Gresham's Folly, hath me body and spirit. I admire some of Lloyd's lines on you, and I admire your postponing reading them. He is a sad Tattler, but this is under the rose. Twenty years ago he estranged one friend from me quite, whom I have been regretting, but never could regain since; he almost alienated you (also) from me, or me from you, I don't know which. But that breach is closed. The dreary sea is filled up. He has lately been at work 'telling again,' as they call it, a most gratuitous piece of mischief, and has caused a coolness betwixt me and (not a friend exactly, but) intimate acquaintance. I suspect, also, he saps Manning's faith in me, who am to Manning more than an acquaintance. Still I like his writing verses about you. Will your kind host and hostess give us a dinner next Sunday, and better still, *not expect us* if the weather is very bad. Why you should refuse twenty guineas per sheet for Blackwood's or any other magazine passes my poor comprehension. But, as Strap says, you know best. I have no quarrel with you about præprandial avocations—so don't imagine one. That Manchester sonnet I think very likely is Capel Lofft's. Another sonnet appeared with the same initials in the same paper, which turned out to be Procter's. What do the rascals mean? Am I to have the fathering of what idle rhymes every beggarly Poetaster pours forth! Who put your marine sonnet and about Browne into 'Blackwood'? I did not. So no more, till we meet.

Ever yours,

C. L.

[Charles Lloyd, more or less returned to health, had written *Desultory Thoughts* in London, in which both Coleridge and Lamb appeared, Coleridge as *** and Lamb as **. The poem was published in 1821.

'The dreary sea.' From *Christabel*.

Strap was a schoolfellow of Roderick Random in Smollett's novel of that name. He was an assistant to a barber at Newcastle when he was rediscovered by Roderick Random—after which they carried on an adventurous career together, until Strap married Miss Williams in the last chapter.

'That Manchester sonnet.' A sonnet entitled *Manchester*, referring to the Luddites, and signed C. L., by Capel Lofft, jurist, versifier, and critic, and also pilloried in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Procter's 'C. L.' sonnet was upon Macready.

The marine sonnet was *Fancy in Nubibus* (see Letter 222). 'About Browne' refers to a note by Coleridge on Sir Thomas Browne in the same number, signed G. J.—possibly James Gillman's initials reversed.

We learn from a letter from Coleridge to J. H. Green (14th January 1820) that the visit to Highgate which Lamb mentions was a New Year visit of annual occurrence. Lamb's reference to præprandial avocations touches upon Coleridge's habit of coming down to see his guests only when dinner was ready.

The paucity of letters at this time was due, I imagine, to the fact that Lamb must have been busy in preparing his first *Elia* essay: that on the South Sea House for the *London Magazine's* number for August 1820; and hereafter for a long while we can think of him as always having his *Elia* work on hand.

Two undated scraps may come here.]

258. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

DEAR SIR,

[No date.]

We beg to convey our kindest acknowledgements to Mr. Arnold for the very pleasant privilege he has favoured us with. My yearly holidays end with next week, during which we shall be mostly in the country, and afterwards avail ourselves fully of the privilege. Sincerely wishing you crowded houses, etc.,

We remain,

Yours truly,

CH. AND M. LAMB.

[Arnold was manager of the Lyceum, then known as the English Opera House. He was the brother of Mrs. William Ayton.

Without dates I cannot say to what new play Lamb referred; but probably something with Miss Kelly in it.

The following postscript in another letter to Arnold (all that remains of it) seems to refer to some lessons in French and Latin that Mary Lamb was giving to Fanny Kelly about this time.

P.S. Will it be asking too great a favour of you to call on Miss Kelly, and say from me, that my sister will not be able to see her for some time?

259. CHARLES LAMB TO LEIGH HUNT

[No date: *End of April 1820.*]

DR. H.,

In Page 392 of the great book I send you is a story which strikes me would make an *Indicator*. Mark that scoundrel Charles 2^ds speech to Lurton at the end & Lurton's glorious answer. You may as well read all Lurton's history, beginning bottom of page 387.

Yours

Don't lose the book.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The "great book" was Sewell's *History of the Quakers*, and Leigh Hunt used the whole story of Lurting (not Lurton) in the *Indicator* for 3rd May 1820. Lurting was mate on board a Quaker vessel, which captured some Turks, but at a convenient opportunity set them free. The news preceded the ship homewards, and Charles II, being at Greenwich, came to the side and hearing the whole story from the mate, said: "You should have brought the Turks to me." But Lurting answered: "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."'']

260. TO JOHN PAYNE COLLIER

DEAR J. P. C.,

May 16, 1820.

Many thanks for the 'Decameron': I have not such a gentleman's book in my collection: it was a great treat to me, and I got it just as I was wanting something of the sort. I take less pleasure in books than heretofore, but I like books about books. In the second volume, in particular, are treasures—your discoveries about 'Twelfth Night,' etc. What a Shakespearian essence that speech of Osrades for food!—Shakespeare is coarse to it—beginning 'Forbear and eat no more.' Osrades warms up to that, but does not set out ruffian-swaggerer. The character of the Ass with those three lines, worthy to be set in gilt vellum, and worn in frontlets by the noble beasts for ever:

Thou would, perhaps, he should become thy foe,
And to that end dost beat him many times:
He cares not for himself, much less thy blow.

Cervantes, Sterne, and Coleridge, have said positively nothing for asses compared with this.

I write in haste; but p. 24, vol. i, the line you cannot appropriate is Gray's sonnet, specimenified by Wordsworth in first preface to L. B., as mixed of bad and good style: p. 143, 2nd vol., you will find last poem but one of the collection on Sidney's death in Spenser, the line,

Scipio, Cæsar, Petrarch of our time.

This fixes it to be Raleigh's: I had guess'd it to be Daniel's. The last after it, 'Silence augmenteth rage,' I will be crucified if it be not Lord Brooke's. Hang you, and all meddling researchers, hereafter, that by raking into learned dust may find me out wrong in my conjecture!

Dear J. P. C., I shall take the first opportunity of personally thanking you for my entertainment. We are at Dalston for the most part, but I fully hope for an evening soon with you in Russell or Bouverie Street, to talk over old times and books. Remember us kindly to Mrs. J. P. C.

Yours very kindly, CHARLES LAMB.

I write in misery.

N.B. The best pen I could borrow at our butcher's: the ink, I verily believe, came out of the kennel.

[Collier's *Poetical Decameron*, in two volumes, was published in 1820: a series of imaginary conversations on curious and little-known books. His *Twelfth Night* discoveries will be found in the Eighth Conversation; Collier deduces the play from Barnaby Rich's *Apolonius and Silla*, found in his *Farrwell to the Military Profession*, 1581. He also describes Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the forerunner of *As You Like It*, in which is the character Rosader, whom Lamb calls Osrades. His speech for food runs thus:

It hapned that day that *Gerismond*, the lawfull king of *France* banished by *Torismond*, who with a lustie crew of outlawes liued in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance fortune conducted *Rosader*, who seeing such a crew of braue men, hauing store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the Company thus.—Whatsoeuer thou be that art maister of these lustie squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must, vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are euery way worthie of life: let the proudest Squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honourable point of activitie whatsoeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send mee away comfortlesse: if thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword, for rather will I die valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame (*Collier's Poetical Decameron*, 174, Eighth Conversation).

Lamb compares with that the passage in *As You Like It*, II. vii. 88, beginning with Orlando's 'Forbear, and eat no more.'

The character of the ass is quoted by Collier from an old book, *The Noblesse of the Asse*, 1595, in the Third Conversation:

Thou wouldst (perhaps) he should become thy foe,
And to that end doost beat him many times;
He cares not for himselfe, much lesse thy blowe.

Lamb wrote more fully of this passage in an article on the ass contributed to *Hone's Every-Day Book* in 1825 (see vol. i of my edition of the *Works*).

The line from Gray's sonnet on the death of Mr. Richard West was this:

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

'Scipio, Cæsar,' etc. This line runs, in the epitaph on Sidney, beginning 'To praise thy life':

Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!

It is generally supposed to be by Raleigh. The next poem, *Silence augmenteth Grief*, is attributed by Malone to Sir Edward Dyer, and by Hannah to Raleigh. 'Kennel.' Gutter, as we now say.]

261. TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

[Thursday, 25th May 1820.]

DEAR MISS W.—

I have volunteer'd to reply to your Note, because of a mistake I am desirous of rectifying on the spot—There can be none to whom the last Vol. of W. W. has come more welcome than to me.—I have traced the Duddon in thought, and with repetition, along the banks (alas!) of the sea—unpoetical name—it is always flowing & murmuring and dashing in my ears—The story of Dion is divine—the genius of Plato falling on him like moonlight the finest thing ever express'd. Then there is Elidure—& Kirkstone Pass—this last not new to me—& let me add one of the sweetest of all to me. The Longest Day—Loving all these as much as I can love poetry, new to me, what could I wish or desire or extravagantly desiderate in a new Vol. That I did not write to W. W. was simply that he was to come so soon, & that flattens Letters.—

I admired your averted looks on Saturday. You did not observe M. Burney's averted look also? You might have been supposed two Antipathies or quarrell'd lovers.—The fact was, M. B. had a *black eye* he was desirous of concealing, an artificial one I mean, not of Nature's making, but of Art's inflicting, for nobody quarrels with the black eyes the former gives—but it was curious to see you both ashamed of such Panegyrical objects as black eyes and white teeth have always been consider'd—

If you had staid but a moment longer, I was preparing a fine oriental compliment or comparison about 'a flock of sheep going up to be wash'd'—Are you quite aware of what your new visitors are made of? Parkinson, the Dentist, bought at the India House last week a huge lot of Sea Horse Teeth, at a rate far exceeding Ivory—so that my simile of sheep may be a little made out, if old Proteus's herds have been put in requisition—but seriously do you not feel any ravening salt sea horse propensities to bite—or long for sea naiads, salt pastures or coral?

nor feel as if you were amphibious? or long to be floundering about among Seals & dolphins? I do not like these engraftings from other Elements.

We expect to be in Town about Wedn^y next & hope to see you &c—you in particular, quite reconciled, Eating, Talking, Biting, &c. but not gnashing—gnashing of sea horse teeth must be horrible—it must roar

as the ocean roars.—GEBIR.

Mary is not here to see the stuff I write, else she would snatch the Pen out of my hand & conclude with some sober kind message—

Imagine what she would say, & take it from us both. We sincerely wish your Brother Better.

Yours both of us kindly

C. L. & M. L.

[Addressed] Miss Wordsworth, Rectory, Lambeth.

[The portion of this letter referring to new dentures is now printed for the first time.

Wordsworth's *The River Duddon : a Series of Sonnets*, with other poems, was published in 1820. Miss Wordsworth arrived in London before her brother, who was at Oxford on 30th May, and did not visit Lamb till 2nd June.

Gebir, by W. S. Landor.]

262. TO JOSEPH COTTLE

MY DEAR SIR,

May 26, 1820.

I am quite ashamed of not having acknowledg'd your second kind present earlier. But that unknown something, which was never yet discover'd, though so often speculated upon, which stands in the way of Lazy folks' answering letters, has presented its usual obstacle. It is not forgetfulness, nor disrespect, nor incivility, but terribly like all these bad things—

I have been in my time a great Epistolary Scribbler but the passion (& with it the facility) at length wears out, & it must be pumped up again by the heavy machinery of Duty, or Gratitude, when it should run free—

I have read your Poems with as much pleasure (I cannot say more) as I did the first Messiah, first I mean in order of reading, though the larger book was not quite unknown to me, having read portions of it at a friend's house—

Your Cambrian Poem is what I shall be tempted to repeat oftenest, as Human Poems take me in a mood more frequently congenial, than

Divine. The Character of Llewellyn pleased me more than any thing else perhaps, & then some of the Lyrical Pieces, which are fine varieties—

It was quite a mistake that I could dislike anything you should write against L^d Byron, for I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius—he is great in so little a way—To be a Poet is to be The Man, the whole Man—not a petty portion of occasional low passion worked up into a permanent form of Humanity. Shakspeare has thrust such rubbishy feelings into a corner, the dark dusty heart of Don John in the much Ado. The fact is I have not yet seen your poem to him. It did not come with the rest, nor was I aware till your question, that it was out—I shall enquire & get it forth with—

Southey is in Town, whom I have seen slightly, Wordswth, expected, whom I hope to see much of—

Your neighbour Mich^l Castles, Morgan's friend, is also in Town, whom I shall trouble with this, if I do not get a Frank—I write with accelerated motion, for I have two or three bothering Clerks & Brokers about me, who always press in proportion as you seem to be doing something that is not business. I could exclaim a little profanely—but I think you do not like swearing—I conclude begging you to consider that I feel myself much obliged by your repeated kindness, & shall be most happy at any & all times to hear from you, Dear Sir. Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Cottle had apparently just sent Lamb a copy of his *Fall of Cambria*, although it had been published some years before. Perhaps Lamb had sent him his *Works*, and it was a return gift. Cottle's very serious *Expostulatory Epistle to Lord Byron* (who had cast ridicule upon his brother in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*) was issued in 1820, after the publication of *Don Juan* had begun. Southey arrived in London on May Day 1820. Wordsworth followed early in June.]

263. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR SIR,

[1st June 1820.]

We expect Wordsworth to-morrow evening. Will you look in?

C. L.

Russell House, Thursday.

264. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR SIR,

[27th June 1820.]

Wordsworth is with us this Even. Can you come? We leave Covent Garden on Thursday for some time.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'On 27th June Crabb Robinson went to Lamb's, found the Wordsworths there, and having walked with them to Westminster Bridge, returned to Lamb's and sat an hour with Macready: "a very pleasing man, gentlemanly in his manners, and sensible and well-informed." Lamb had met Macready at Lloyd's a few months before.'

In June or early July Lamb was reviewing Keats's *Lamia* for the *New Times*, 21st July 1820.]

265. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 13th July 1820.]

DEAR SIR,

I do not know whose fault it is we have not met so long. We are almost always out of town. You must come and beat up our quarters there, when we return from Cambridge. It is not in our power to accept your invitation. To-day we dine out; and set out for Cambridge on Saturday morning. Friday of course will be past in packing, &c., moreover we go from Dalston. We return from Cam. in 4 weeks, and will contrive an early meeting. Meantime believe us,

Sincerely yours,

C. L., &c.

Thursday.

[It was during this visit to Cambridge that Lamb wrote his *Elia* essay on 'Oxford in the Vacation.' More important in his life is the circumstance that it was then, probably, that he first met little Emma Isola, who was to become his adopted daughter. But more of this later.]

266. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated by H. C. R., 1820.]

Actual date by external evidence: 21st July 1820.]

DR. R.,

We are setting out, a coach full, in about a quart^r of hour, to see Audley End, Lord Braybrooks, and tomorrow I more than half expect my brother & a friend down for a few days, so that it is impossible to accept your kind offer, which we should have done most gladly. Pray return our warmest thanks to your brother for his invitation, which w^d have been very agreeable to have accepted, & the Traveller's Benison be with you.

Yours Truly

C. LAMB.

[Addressed] H. C. Robinson, Bury, Suffolk.

['Traveller's Benison.' On 1st August Crabb Robinson started off for a tour on the Continent.]

267. TO BARRON FIELD

London, 16 Aug., 1820.

DEAR FIELD,

Captain Ogilvie, who conveys this note to you, and is now paying for the first time a visit to your remote shores, is the brother of a Gentleman intimately connected with the family of the *Whites*, I mean of Bishopsgate Street—and you will much oblige them and myself by any service or civilities you can shew him.

I do not mean this for an answer to your warm-hearted Epistle, which demands and shall have a much fuller return. We received your Australian First Fruits, of which I shall say nothing here, but refer you to **** of the *Examiner*, who speaks our mind on all public subjects. I can only assure you that both Coleridge and Wordsworth, and also C. Lloyd, who has lately reappeared in the poetical horizon, were hugely taken with your Kangaroo.

When do you come back full of riches and renown, with the regrets of all the honest, and all the other part of the colony? Mary swears she shall live to see it.

Pray are you King's or Queen's men in Sidney? Or have thieves no politics? Mem., don't let this lie about your room for your bed sweeper or Major Domo to see, he mayn't like this last paragraph.

This is a dull and lifeless scroll. You shall have soon a tissue of truth and fiction impossible to be extricated, the interlacings shall be so delicate, the partitions perfectly invisible, it shall puzzle you till you return, & [then] I will not explain it. Till then a . . . adieu, with kind rem^{br}ces. of us both to you & . . . [Signature and a few words torn off.]

[Barron Field, who was still in New South Wales, had printed his poems under the title *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*, and Lamb had reviewed them in the *Examiner* for 16th January 1820, over his usual signature in that paper, ****. *The Kangaroo* is quoted in that review (see my edition of Lamb's *Works*).

Captain Ogilvie was the brother of a clerk at the India House, who gave Mr. Joseph H. Twichell some reminiscences of Lamb, which were printed in *Scribner's Magazine*.

'King's or Queen's men.' Supporters of George IV or Caroline of Brunswick. Lamb was very strongly in favour of the queen, as his *Champion* epigrams show (again see my edition).

'Thieves.' In his review Lamb calls Australia 'inauspicious unliterary Thiefland.'

'You shall soon see.' Lamb's first reference to the *Elia* essays, alluding here to 'The South-Sea House.'

268. TO WILLIAM HAZLITT

DEAR H.,

[No date: ? 2nd September 1820.]

Lest you sh^d come to-morrow, I write to say that Mary is ill again. The last thing she read was the 'Thursday Nights,' which seem'd to give her unmix'd delight, & she was sorry for what she said to you that night. The Article is a treasure to us for ever. Stoddart sent over the magaz^e to know if it were yours, and says it is better than Hogarth's 'Mod. Midn. Conversation,' with several other most kind mentions of it: he signs his note *An Old Mitre Courtian*. C. LAMB.

Saturday.

[Hazlitt's *Table Talk* III, 'On the Conversation of Authors,' appeared in the *London Magazine* for September 1820. It contains an account of Lamb's Thursday parties.]

269. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

[No date: ? Autumn 1820.]

Why will you make your visits, which should give pleasure, matter of regret to your friends? You never come but you take away some folio that is part of my existence. With a great deal of difficulty I was made to comprehend the extent of my loss. My maid Becky brought me a dirty bit of paper, which contained her description of some book which Mr. Coleridge had taken away. It was 'Luster's Tables,' which, for some time, I could not make out. 'What has he carried away any of the tables, Becky?' 'No, it wasn't any tables, but it was a book that he called Luster's Tables.' I was obliged to search personally among my shelves, and a huge fissure suddenly disclosed to me the true nature of the damage I had sustained. That book, C., you should not have taken away, for it is not mine; it is the property of a friend, who does not know its value, nor indeed have I been very sedulous in explaining to him the estimate of it; but was rather contented in giving a sort of corroboration to a hint that he let fall, as to its being suspected to be not genuine, so that in all probability it would have fallen to me as a deodand; not but I am as sure it is Luther's as I am sure that Jack Bunyan wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but it was not for me to pronounce upon the validity of testimony that had been disputed by learned clerks than I. So I quietly let it occupy the place it had usurped upon my shelves, and should never have thought of issuing an ejectment against it; for why should I be so bigoted as to allow rites of hospitality to none but my own books, children, &c.?—a species of egotism I abhor from

my heart. No; let 'em all snug together, Hebrews and Proselytes of the gate; no selfish partiality of mine shall make distinction between them; I charge no warehouse-room for my friends' commodities; they are welcome to come and stay as long as they like, without paying rent. I have several such strangers that I treat with more than Arabian courtesy; there's a copy of More's fine poem, which is none of mine; but I cherish it as my own; I am none of those churlish landlords that advertise the goods to be taken away in ten days' time, or then to be sold to pay expenses. So you see I had no right to lend you that book; I may lend you my own books, because it is at my own hazard, but it is not honest to hazard a friend's property; I always make that distinction. I hope you will bring it with you, or send it by Hartley; or he can bring that, and you the 'Polemical Discourses,' and come and eat some atoning mutton with us one of these days shortly. We are engaged two or three Sundays deep, but always dine at home on week-days at half-past four. So come all four—men and books I mean—my third shelf (northern compartment) from the top has two devilish gaps, where you have knocked out its two eye-teeth.

Your wronged friend,

C. LAMB.

[This letter is usually dated 1824, but I think it was written earlier. For one reason, Hartley Coleridge was not in London in that year, and for another, there are several phrases in the *Elia* essay 'The Two Races of Men' (printed in the *London Magazine*, December 1820) that are so similar to some in this letter that I imagine the letter to have suggested the subject of the essay, the composition of which immediately followed it. Thus, in the essay we read:

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—that Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that 'the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance) is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same.' Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

'Luster's Tables.' Luther's *Table Talk*. This book, once in the possession of Edward White, passed into the library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

'More's fine poem.' The *Psychozoia Platonica*, 1642, of Henry More, the Platonist. Lamb seems to have returned the book, for it was not among his books that he left. Luther's *Table Talk* seems also to have been given up.

This letter contains the first mention of Becky, the Lambs' tyrannical servant, who remained with them until 1829. For a minute analysis of the crotchety character of Becky, P. G. Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintances*, 1854, should be consulted.]

270. TO THOMAS ALLSQP

[Dated at end: 17th November 1820.]

DEAR SIR,

We have got over our first Engagem^t. & shall have great pleasure in accompanying the Wordswths. to Gloucester Place tomorrow

Yours truly,

Friday 17 Nov. 1820.

C. LAMB.

271. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[P.M. 21st November 1820.]

Can you meet W. W. at our house this Evening?

C. L.

[This is the first letter to Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874), the poet, better known as 'Barry Cornwall,' who was connected editorially with the *London Magazine*, and was to be one of Lamb's biographers. Lamb, who rarely got his name right, began very badly, for this was addressed to 'R. Proctor, Esq.']

272. TO R. BALDWIN

E. I. H. 2 Jan. 1821.

DEAR SIR,

I received your second dft for £20;—and feel myself your debtor for the handsome manner in which you speak of, as well as remunerate, my little labours. In shorter words, Elia is no less gratified than C. L.—I hope we shall continue our good understanding, and the London flourish! I am sorry I cannot do more in quantity for it, but I am wretchedly straitened for time that I can call my own. Elia's complaint of abridged holydays was no fiction, but an odious truth.—I beg to return the good wishes of the season, and assure you that I consider myself your

obliged Serv^t

C. LAMB.

Our last No. was strong. Edgeworth Benson is a great accession.

[Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy were the publishers of the *London Magazine*. In the December number Lamb has, under 'The Lion's Head,' an apology to G. D. for having unwillingly hurt his feelings in the essay on 'Oxford in the Vacation' in the October number. His *Elia* essay in December was 'The Two Races of Men.' His *Elia* contribution for January 1821 was 'New Year's Eve.' In the same number Edgeworth Benson, Gentleman, began a series of 'Travels and Opinions.']

273. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[P.M. 8th January 1821.]

You haven't three Orders to bestow upon us on Tuesday, have you? it will save us a guinea, and double-sweeten *Mirandula*. By the bye, is it the famous *Picus*?

Yours to applaud,

G^t. Russell St.

C. L.

Sunday

Some day of the month.

[This also was addressed to 'R. Procter, Esq.'

Procter's play *Mirandula*, produced at Covent Garden, had a sixteen nights' run, with Charles Kemble as the great attraction.

'*Picus*.' Lamb had the famous Italian youthful scholar and disputant, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (1463-94), much in mind, for in the *Elia* essay on Christ's Hospital, which had been published in the *London Magazine* in the previous November, he had compared Coleridge to him. Procter's play was not concerned with him.]

274. TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

[P.M. 8th January 1821.]

Mary perfectly approves of the appropriatⁿ of the *feathers*, and wishes them Peacocks for your fair niece's sake!

DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,

I had just written the above endearing words when Monkhouse tapped me on the shoulder with an invitation to cold goose pye, which I was not Bird of that sort enough to decline. Mrs. M. I am most happy to say is better. Mary has been tormented with a Rheumatism, which is leaving her. I am suffering from the festivities of the season. I wonder how my misused carcase holds it out. I have play'd the experimental philosopher on it, that's certain. Willy shall be welcome to a mince pye, and a bout at Commerce, whenever he comes. He was in our eye. I am glad you liked my new year's speculations. Everybody likes them, except the Author of the Pleasures of Hope. Disappointment attend him! How I like to be liked, and *what I do* to be liked! They flatter me in magazines, newspapers, and all the minor reviews. The Quarterlies hold aloof. But they must come into it in time, or their leaves be waste paper. Salute Trinity Library in my name. Two special things are worth seeing at Cambridge, a portrait of Cromwell at Sidney, and a better of Dr. Harvey (who found out that blood was red) at Dr. Davy's. You should see them.

Coleridge is pretty well, I have not seen him, but hear often of him from Alsop, who sends me hares and pheasants twice a week. I can hardly take so fast as he gives. I have almost forgotten Butcher's meat, as Plebeian. Are you not glad the Cold is gone? I find winters not so agreeable as they used to be, when 'winter bleak had charms for me.' I cannot conjure up a kind similitude for those snowy flakes—Let them keep to Twelfth Cakes.

Mrs. Paris, our Cambridge friend, has been in Town. You do not know the Watfords? in Trumpington Street—they are capital people.

Ask any body you meet, who is the biggest woman in Cambridge—and I'll hold you a wager they'll say Mrs. Smith.

She broke down two benches in Trinity Gardens, one on the confines of St. John's, which occasioned a litigation between the societies as to repairing it. In warm weather she retires into an ice-cellar (literally!) and dates the returns of the years from a hot Thursday some 20 years back. She sits in a room with opposite doors and windows, to let in a thorough draught, which gives her slenderer friends toothaches. She is to be seen in the market every morning at 10, cheapening fowls, which I observe the Cambridge Poulterers are not sufficiently careful to stump.

Having now answered most of the points contained in your Letter, let me end with assuring you of our very best kindness, and excuse Mary from not handling the Pen on this occasion, especially as it has fallen into so much better hands! Will Dr. W. accept of my respects at the end of a foolish Letter.

C. L.

[Miss Wordsworth was visiting her brother, Christopher Wordsworth, the Master of Trinity.

Willy was William Wordsworth junior.

Lamb's New Year speculations were contained in his *Elia* essay 'New Year's Eve,' in the *London Magazine* for January 1821. There is no evidence that Campbell disapproved of the essay. Canon Ainger suggests that Lamb may have thus alluded playfully to the pessimism of his remarks, so opposed to the pleasures of hope. When the *Quarterly* did 'come in,' in 1823, it was with cold words, as we shall see.

'Trinity Library.' It is here that are preserved those MSS. of Milton, which Lamb in his essay 'Oxford in the Vacation,' in the *London Magazine* for October 1820, says he regrets to have seen.

'Cromwell at Sidney.' The portrait by Cooper, or possibly Lely, at Sidney Sussex College.

'Harvey . . . at Dr. Davy's.' Dr. Martin Davy, Master of Caius.

'Winter bleak had charms for me.' From Burns's *Epistle to William Simpson*, stanza 13.

Mrs. Paris was a sister of William Ayrton and the mother of John Ayrton Paris, the physician. It was at her house at Cambridge that the Lambs saw Emma Isola, whom we are about to meet.

'Mrs. Smith.' Lamb worked up this portion of his letter into the little humorous sketch, 'The Gentle Giantess,' printed in the *London Magazine* for December 1822 (see vol. i of my edition of the *Works*), wherein Mis. Smith of Cambridge becomes the Widow Blacket of Oxford.

'Dr. W.' Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.]

275. JOINT LETTER BY EMMA ISOLA AND CHARLES LAMB TO
MISS HUMPHREYS

MY DEAR AUNT,

January 9th 1821.

I received your letter last night and am very sorry to hear Charles will not suit Mrs. Garratt. I arrived quite safe and Miss Lamb was at the Inn waiting for me. The first night I came we went out to spend the evening. The second night Mr. Lamb took me to see the wild beasts at Exeter Change. Saturday night being twelfth night I went to a party and did not return till four in the morning. Yesterday Miss Lamb took me to the theatre at Covent Garden. I cannot tell you how much I liked it. I was so delighted.

Here Emma ends and I begin.

Emma is a very naughty girl, and has broken three cups, one plate and a slop-bason with mere giddiness. She is looking over me, which is impertinent. But if you can spare her longer than her holidays, we shall be happy to keep her, in hopes of her amendment. She came home at 5 o'clock in the morning with a strange gentleman on Twelfth Night. What does Emma mean by saying that I do not suit Mrs. Garratt? I think the old gentlewoman & I should agree very well together. My love to her—. Becky (you remember our maid Becky) has married an oilman, which was a very dirty trick.

Will you, dear Miss Humph. permit Emma to stay a week or so beyond her holidays. She is studying algebra & the languages. I teach her *dancing*.

With love to Mrs. Paris, Mrs. Smith, and those agreeable people in Trumpington Street that shall be nameless, I conclude,

Yours & theirs truly,

Tuesday 9 Jan. 21.

C. LAMB.

[This is a particularly interesting letter, not only for its tun, but because it contains our first intimation of a new influence in Lamb's life, Emma Isola, whom later he and his sister adopted. Emma was one of the daughters of Charles Isola, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Esquire Bedell of the University, son of Agostino Isola, also of Cambridge, the Italian critic and teacher of Italian among whose pupils had been Wordsworth, and who had assisted Thomas Gray when he was Professor of History and Modern Languages. Emma, who had just become an orphan, was, in 1821, a child in her early teens. Miss Humphreys was her aunt.

I cannot trace the real Charles who would not suit Mrs. Garratt. There may have been a Charles Isola junior.

The play which Emma saw with Miss Lamb was *The Antiquary*, followed by a new grand comic pantomime, called *Harlequin and Friar Bacon ; or The Brazen Head.*]

276. CHARLES LAMB TO MRS. WILLIAM AYRTON

[Dated at end: 23rd January 1821.]

DEAR MRS. AYRTON,

My sister desires me, as being a more expert penman than herself, to say that she saw Mrs. Paris yesterday, and that she is very much out of spirits, and has expressed a great wish to see your son William, and Fanny—

I like to write that word *Fanny*. I do not know but it was one reason of taking upon me this pleasing task—

Moreover that if the said William and Frances will go and sit an hour with her at any time, she will engage that no one else shall see them but herself, and the servant who opens the door, she being confined to her private room. I trust you and the Juveniles will comply with this reasonable request.

& am

Dear Mrs. Ayrton
your's and yours'
Truly

C. LAMB.

[Although a little premature, I might say here that in the copy of *Elia* which Lamb gave to Mrs. Ayrton, probably in 1823, is written:]

Mrs. Ayrton with C. Lamb's kind regards.

N.B. Don't show this to Mr. A.

Men are so jealous.

At all events it is wise to be prudent, &c.

277. TO MISS HUMPHREYS

London 27 Jan^y. 1821.

DEAR MADAM,

Carriages to Cambridge are in such request, owing to the Installation, that we have found it impossible to procure a conveyance for Emma before Wednesday, on which day between the hours of 3 and 4 in the afternoon you will see your little friend, with her bloom somewhat impaired by late hours and dissipation, but her gait, gesture, and general

manners (I flatter myself) considerably improved by—*somebody that shall be nameless*. My sister joins me in love to all true Trumpingtonians, not specifying any, to avoid *envy*; and begs me to assure you that Emma has been a very good girl, which, with certain limitations, I must myself subscribe to. I wish I could cure her of making dog's ears in books, and pinching them on poor Pompey, who, for one, I dare say, will heartily rejoyce at her departure.

Dear Madam,

Yours truly
foolish C. L.

[Addressed] Miss Humphreys, with Mrs. Paris, Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

[Franked by J. Rickman.

Pompey was not, I think, Lamb's own dog. Probably his landlord, Owen's. On 7th March Lamb met Sir Walter Scott at Haydon's studio.]

278. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

[P.M. ? 14th March 1821.]

DEAR A.,

We are at home this Evening. Excuse forms from,
Your uninformed

C. L.

I think Madame Noblet the least graceful
dancer I ever *did not see*.

279. TO MRS. WILLIAM AYRTON

[Dated at end: 15th March 1821,
and written in a very tiny hand.]

DEAR MADAM,

We are out of town of necessity till Wednesday next, when we hope to see one of you at least to a rubber. On some future Saturday we shall most gladly accept your kind offer. When I read your delicate little note, I am ashamed of my great staring letters.

Yours most truly

CHARLES LAMB.

Dalston near Hackney.

280. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR SIR,

30 March, 1821.

If you can come next Sunday we shall be equally glad to see you, but do not trust to any of Martin's appointments, except on business, in future. He is notoriously faithless in that point, and we did wrong not to have warned you. Leg of Lamb, as before; hot at 4. And the heart of Lamb ever.

Yours truly,

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'On Saturday, 14th April 1821, Sarah Burney was married to John Thomas Payne, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. Charles Parr Burney.'

This was 'The Wedding' described by 'Elia' four years later.]

281. TO LEIGH HUNT

DEAR HUNT,

Indifferent Wednesday [18th April], 1821.

There was a sort of side talk at Mr. Novello's about our spending *Good Friday* at Hampstead, but my sister has got so bad a cold, and we both want rest so much, that you shall excuse our putting off the visit some little time longer. Perhaps, after all, you know nothing of it.—Believe me, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Novello's musical evenings are mentioned by Lamb in his 'Chapter on Ears.']

282. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DR. C.

May 1st [1821],

Mr. Gilman's, Highgate.

I will not fail you on Friday by six, and Mary, perhaps, earlier. I very much wish to meet 'Master Mathew,' and am much obliged to the G—s for the opportunity. Our kind respects to them always.—

ELIA.

Extract from a MS. note of S. T. C. in my Beaumont and Fletcher, dated April 17th 1807.

'Midnight.

'God bless you, dear Charles Lamb, I am dying; I feel I have not many weeks left.'

[Master Mathew is in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, but here means Charles Mathews the actor.

Lamb's *Beaumont and Fletcher* is in the British Museum. The note quoted by Lamb is not there, or perhaps it is one that has been crossed out. This

still remains: 'N.B. I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a Relic. S. T. C., Oct. 1811.'

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'In Lamb's copy of Donne's poems Coleridge had written: "I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I have bescribbled your book. S. T. C. 2 May 1811."']

283. TO JAMES GILLMAN

[Dated at end: 2nd May 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

You dine so late on Friday, it will be impossible for us to go home by the eight o'clock stage. Will you oblige us by securing us beds at some house from which a stage goes to the Bank in the morning? I would write to Coleridge, but cannot think of troubling a dying man with such a request.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

If the beds in the town are all engaged, in consequence of Mr. Mathews's appearance, a hackney-coach will serve.

Wednes^y. 2 May '21.

We shall neither of us come much before the time.

[The dinner occurred on 4th May, and Mrs. Mathews (who was half-sister of Fanny Kelly) described the evening in her *Memoirs* of her husband, 1839. Her account of Lamb is interesting:

Mr. Lamb's first approach was not prepossessing. His figure was small and mean; and no man certainly was ever less beholden to his tailor. His 'bran' new *suit* of black cloth (in which he affected several times during the day to take great pride, and to cherish as a novelty that he had long looked for and wanted) was drolly contrasted with his very rusty silk stockings, shown from his knees, and his much too large *thick* shoes, without polish. His shirt rejoiced in a wide ill-plaited frill, and his very small, tight, white neckcloth was hemmed to a fine point at the ends that formed part of the little bow. His hair was black and sleek, but not formal, and his face the gravest I ever saw, but indicating great intellect, and resembling very much the portraits of King Charles I. Mr. Coleridge was very anxious about his *pet* Lamb's first impression upon my husband, which I believe his friend saw; and guessing that he had been extolled, he mischievously resolved to thwart his panegyrist, disappoint the strangers, and altogether to upset the suspected plan of showing him off.

The Mathewses were then living at Ivy Cottage, only a short distance from the Grove, Highgate, where the famous Mathews collection of pictures was to be seen of which Lamb subsequently wrote in the *London Magazine*. They are now in the Garrick Club.]

284. TO R. BALDWIN

[Dated at end: 7th May 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

Keep a little room open for me till the 18th if you can. I should be sorry to see a N^o. quite *ELIA*-less—and hope not [to] see such a one for some time yet to come.—I trust the *London* does not go retrograde.—I must apologise for the small quantity I contribute, but I shall hold out the longer for it.

Yours & the Magazines
devoted Ser——

C. LAMB.

In future, please to give
me to the 18th of each
month—not an hour longer—

[In the June number Lamb was represented by the *Elia* essay 'My Relations.']

285. TO R. BALDWIN OR JOHN TAYLOR

[Dated at end: 22nd May 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

I shall not be at the India House for three or four weeks, it being my Vacation Time. May I trouble you to send your June Number to 20 Russell St Covent Garden, if it be equally convenient; or any other communication you may have to make.

Your oblig[e]d Ser
C. Lamb.

Tuesday 22 May 1821.

286. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[No date: ? May 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

The *Wits* (as Clare calls us) assemble at my Cell (20 Russell St. Cov. Gar.) this evening at $\frac{1}{2}$ before 7. Cold meat at 9. Puns at—a little after. Mr. Cary wants to see you, to scold you. I hope you will not fail.

Yours &c. &c. &c.

Thursday.

C. LAMB.

I am sorry the *London Magazine* is going to be given up.

[The *London Magazine* had four periods: from January 1820 to June 1821, when it was Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy's; from July 1821 to the end of 1824,

when it was Taylor & Hessey's, at a shilling; from January 1825 to August of that year, when it was Taylor & Hessey's, at half a crown; and from September 1825 to the end, when it was Henry Southern's, and was published by Hunt & Clarke.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter is both puzzling and important. It was given by Procter to J. T. Fields, and is facsimiled in *A Shelf of Old Books*. The postmark is faintly visible, and by the aid of a mirror may be construed into 10th May, which was a Thursday. Now from Mr. R. W. King I learn that on 11th May 1821 Taylor wrote to Clare: "We have purchased the *London Magazine* from Messrs. Baldwin & Co." So that Lamb would in a very few days after 10th May have heard the news of the purchase. This is all in favour of the date. But it is the only indication that we have, that Lamb knew Cary as early as 1821, and in a letter from T. G. Wainwright (Janus Weathercock) to Cary, dated 24th May 1822, inviting Cary to dinner to meet Lamb, Taylor & Hessey, A. Cunningham, Clare, and the author of the *Ode to Dr. Kitchener* (Hood) he goes on: "From Mr. Taylor I learn that the first of these is as yet personally unacquainted with you. Overlook then the mental distance between the English Dante and the Jack-pudding of the *L. M.*, and allow me to become the much-honoured instrument of your introduction." I think though that Taylor was mistaken in what he told W., and that Lamb had got to know Cary through S. T. C., who had met Cary at Littlehampton in 1817.'

'As Clare calls us.' John Clare (1793-1864), the Northamptonshire peasant poet whom Mr. Blunden and Mr. J. W. Tibble have so ably edited, and whom the *London Magazine* introduced to fame. It is possible that Lamb had not yet met Clare, who had only spent one hectic week in London, in 1820—but was speaking from hearsay.

I append another note to Procter, undated:]

287. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

DEAR PROCTOR

Can you come, to us tomorrow evening, say *six* or *seven*,

C. LAMB.

Tuesday.

[Addressed] J. Procter, Esq.

[I place here a note to Allsop, as Procter is mentioned in it as a guest.]

288. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DR. A.

I expect Procter and Wainwright (Janus W.) this evening; will you come? I suppose it is but a comp^t to ask Mrs. Alsop; but it is none to say that we should be most glad to see her. Yours ever. How vexed I am at your Dalston expeditⁿ.

C. L.

Tuesday.

[Thomas Griffiths Wainewright (1794-1847) was an active colleague of Lamb's on the *London Magazine* under various signatures, chief of which was 'Janus Weathercock.' Lamb liked him ('Give me men as they ought not to be'), but he ended his life as a convict under suspicion of being a poisoner. Nothing indeed is absolutely known to his discredit, and the offence for which he was condemned was forging some signatures to get at money of his own.]

289. TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

DEAR SIR,

[1821.]

Our friends of the Lond. M. meet at 20 Russell St., Covent Garden, this evening at a quarter before 7. I shall be disappointed if you are not among them.

Yours, with perfect sympathy,

C. LAMB.

Thursday.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This note is inserted in a copy of *Elia* which belonged to Allan Cunningham: "Allan Cunningham, Esq., with *Elia*'s best respects." Cunningham being a Scot, the expression "with perfect sympathy" would seem to point to this note having been written *after* the appearance of "Imperfect Sympathies" in the August No. But I feel convinced that it was written on the same day as the invitation to Procter, the wording is so similar. The question of Imperfect Sympathies had very likely been discussed between Lamb and his friends, and had given him the idea for his essay.'

Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), in addition to being an active literary journeyman, had a permanent post as secretary and factotum to Chantrey the sculptor.]

290. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DR. SIR,

[P.M. 15th May 1821.]

We are at home this (Wednesday) evening. Come; & do not go so abruptly as you vanished at Highgate.

Yours ever

C. L.

291. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 8th June 1821.]

I am extremely sorry to be obliged to decline the article proposed, particularly as I should have been flattered with a Plate accompanying it. In the first place, Mid-summer day is not a topic I could make any thing of, I am so pure a Cockney, and little read besides in May games and antiquities; and in the second, I am here at Margate, spoiling my holydays with a Review I have undertaken for a friend, which I shall

barely get through before my return, for that sort of work is a hard task to me. If you will excuse the shortness of my first contribution—and I know I can promise nothing more for July—I will endeavor a longer article for *our next*. Will you permit me to say, that I think Leigh Hunt would do the article you propose in a masterly manner, if he has not out-writ himself already upon the subject. I do not return the proof—to save postage—because it is correct, with *one exception*. In the stanza from Wordsworth, you have changed DAY into AIR for rhymesake. DAY is the right reading, and I *implore you to restore it*.

The other passage, which you have queried, is to my ear correct. Pray let it stand.

Dr Sir

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

On second consideration
I do enclose the Proof.

[This is the first letter to John Taylor, the new proprietor, with J. A. Hessey, of the *London Magazine*. Taylor acted as editor, with Thomas Hood, son of an old family friend, as one of his assistants: hence the many puns thereafter in the 'Lion's Head' pages. John Taylor (1781–1864) was the first critic publicly to identify 'Junius' with Sir Philip Francis. Later he became an authority on questions of currency.

Lamb seems to have been asked to write about Midsummer Day.

It was while the Lambs were at Margate that Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke went over from Ramsgate to see them. 'It seems,' wrote Mrs. Clarke, 'as if it were but yesterday that I noted his eager way of telling me about an extraordinarily large whale that had been captured there, of its having created lively interest in the place, of its having been conveyed away in a strong cart, on which it lay a huge mass of colossal height; when he added with one of his sudden droll penetrating glances: "The eye has just gone past our window."'

We do not know for certain what review Lamb was writing, but I assume it to be one of the first series of Hazlitt's *Table Talk*. Although completed, it was, so far as I can discover, never printed. From the original, which is in the possession of Mr. Owen D. Young, of New York, I quote this particularly interesting section, where Lamb reveals a poignantly intimate understanding of Hazlitt's difficult character, and writes not perhaps without a little resentment:

The Tenth Essay, 'On Living to One's-Self,' has this singular passage:

'Even in the common affairs of life, in love, in friendship, in marriage, how little security have we when we trust our happiness in the hands of others! Most of the friends I have seen have turned out the bitterest enemies or cold, uncomfortable acquaintance. Old companions are like meats served up too often, that lose their relish or their wholesomeness.'

We hope that this is more dramatically than truly written. We recognise nothing like it in our own circle. We had always thought that Old Friends, and Old Wine were the best.—We should conjecture that Mr. Hazlitt has been singularly unfortunate, or injudicious, in the choice of his acquaintance, did not one phenomenon stagger us. We every now and then

encounter in his Essays with a *character*, apparently from the life, too mildly drawn for an enemy, too sharply for a friend. We suspect that Mr. Hazlitt does not always play quite fairly with his associates. There is a class of critics—and he may be of them—who pry into men with ‘too respective eyes.’ They will anatomize Regan, when Cordelia would hardly bear such dissection. We are not acquainted with Mr. Hazlitt’s ‘familiar faces,’ but when we see certain Characters exposed and hung up, not in Satire—for the exaggerations of *that* cure themselves by their excess, as we make allowance for the overcharged features in a caricature—but certain poor whole-length figures dangling with all the *best* and *worst* of humanity about them displayed with cool and unsparing impartiality—Mr. Hazlitt must excuse us if we cannot help suspecting some of them to be the shadows of defunct Friendships—This would be a recipe indeed, a pretty sure one, for converting friends ‘into bitterest enemies or cold, uncomfortable acquaintance’—The most expert at drawing Characters, are the very persons most likely to be deceived in individual and home instances. They will seize an infirmity, which irritates them deservedly in a companion, and go on piling up every kindred weakness they have found by experience apt to coalesce with that failing (gathered from a thousand instances) till they have built up in their fancies an *Abstract*, widely differing indeed from their poor *concrete friend*! What blunders Steele, or Sterne, may not in this way have made *at home*!—But we forget. Our business is with books. We profess not, with Mr. Hazlitt, to be Reviewers of Men.

‘My first contribution.’ Lamb’s first contribution to the *London Magazine* had been in August 1820, ‘The South-Sea House’; he refers to his first contribution under the new management.

The proof which Lamb returned was that of the *Elia* essay on ‘Mackery End in Hertfordshire,’ printed in the July number of the *London Magazine*, in which he quoted his favourite stanza from Wordsworth’s *Yarrow Visited*:

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.]

292. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DEAR SIR,

June 30, 1821.

You will do me injustice if you do not convey to the writer of the beautiful lines, which I now return you, my sense of the extreme kindness which dictated them. Poor *Elia* (call him *Ellia*) does not pretend to so very clear revelations of a future state of being as Olen seems gifted with. He stumbles about dark mountains at best; but he knows at least how to be thankful for this life, and is too thankful indeed for certain relationships lent him here, not to tremble for a possible resumption of the gift. He is too apt to express himself lightly, and cannot be sorry for the present occasion, as it has called forth a reproof so Christian-like. His *animus* at least (whatever become of it in the female termination) hath always been *cum Christianis*.

Pray make my gratefulest respects to the Poet, (do I flatter myself when I hope it may be M——y?) and say how happy I should feel myself in an acquaintance with him. I will just mention that in the middle of the second column, where I have affixed a cross, the line

One in a skeleton's ribb'd hollow coop'd,
is undoubtedly wrong. Should it not be—

A skeleton's rib or ribs?

or,

In a skeleton ribb'd, hollow-coop'd?

I perfectly remember the plate in Quarles. In the first page *exoteric* is pronounced *exòteric*. It should be (if that is the word) *exotèric*. The false accent may be corrected by omitting the word *old*. Pray, for certain reasons, give me to the 18th *at furthest extremity* for my next.

Poor ELIA, the real, (for I am but a counterfeit,) is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow clerk of mine at the South Sea House, thirty (not forty) years ago, when the characters I described there existed, but had left it like myself many years; and I having a brother now there, and doubting how he might relish certain descriptions in it, I clapt down the name of Elia to it, which passed off pretty well, for Elia himself added the function of an author to that of a scrivener, like myself.

I went the other day (not having seen him for a year) to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption eleven months ago, and I knew not of it.

So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think; and 'tis all he has left me.

Dear sir, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[The poem to which Lamb refers is the *Epistle to Elia*, signed 'Olen,' in the *London Magazine* for August 1821, the author of which was Sir Charles Abraham Elton (1778–1853). Suggested by the essay on 'New Year's Eve,' it moralizes on mortality, and then passes to more personal references to Lamb's other writings, with which the author was very familiar. The line

Shalt thou, ingenuous Elia, do this wrong

tells us that Elton pronounced the name as most of us now do, with the first syllable accentuated. A letter in the Huntington Library from John Taylor to Sir Charles Elton contains the sentence: 'We think Mr. Lamb pronounces the word Elia.' In this letter we find Lamb saying, 'call him Ellia,' but the present usage is not likely to change.

Mrs. Anderson's notes: 'This letter is given by Ainger and Macdonald, who both date it 30th July, as if from a postmark, but I think it should be 30th *June*, for the following reasons:

'(1) It is most probable that Taylor sent Lamb the poem to read *before* sending it to be printed in the Magazine. Note Lamb's suggested corrections; (how funny though that he shouldn't see that the line could make good sense by reading it, "One in a skeleton's ribb'd-hollow coop'd"). The poem appeared in the August No., and therefore the poem would have to be in the printer's hands about 18th July.

'(2) Lamb has no idea who the poet is. But in the letter to Taylor of 21st July he says: "Thanking you for your extract from Mr. E.'s letter." Is it not reasonable to suppose that Taylor did give Elton Lamb's message, and that he quoted his reply to Lamb?

'(3) "Give me to the 18th . . . for my next" ("Imperfect Sympathies"). Lamb had the proofs on the 21st. See his note to Baldwin, 7th May, and the one to Taylor, 29th or 30th July, in both of which he mentions the 18th as the date limit for sending it.

'Elia was identified by Mr. R. W. Gouldin, the Librarian at Welbeck Abbey, as F. Augustus Elia, author of a French tract entitled: *Considération sur l'état actuel de la France au mois de juin 1815. Par Un Anglais*. It is privately reprinted in *Letters from Originals at Welbeck Abbey*, 1909.'

'Animus.' In Latin *animus* is the mind, *anima* the soul. Hence Lamb's reference to the female termination.

'M—y.' Presumably James Montgomery, who, in 1824, was to bring out a book in aid of chimney-sweepers to which Lamb contributed.

'Quarles.' Book v, Emblem 8, has the text: 'O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

The following letter may be placed here, although Mrs. Anderson thought the date 17th August 1824:]

293. TO SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON

India House
to which place all letters addressed
to C. L. commonly come.
[17th August 1821 (?).]

MY DEAR SIR,

You have overwhelmed me with your favours. I have received positively a little library from Baldwyn's. I do not know how I have deserved such a bounty.

We have been up to the ear in the classics ever since it came. I have been greatly pleased, but most, I think, with the Hesiod,—the Titan battle quite amazed me. Gad, it was no child's play—and then the homely aphorisms at the end of the works—how adroitly you have turned them! Can he be the same Hesiod who did the Titans? the latter is—

—wine

Which to madness does incline.

But to read the Days and Works, is like eating nice brown bread, homely sweet and nutritive. Apollonius was new to me. I had

confounded him with the conjuror of that name. Medea is glorious; but I cannot give up Dido. She positively is the only Fine Lady of Antiquity: her courtesy to the Trojans is altogether queen-like. Eneas is a most disagreeable person. Ascanius a pretty young master. Mezentius for my money. His dying speech shames Turpin—not the Archbishop I mean, but the roadster of that name.

I have been ashamed to find how many names of classics (and more than their names) you have introduced me to, that before I was ignorant of. Your commendation of Master Chapman arrideth me. Can any one read the pert modern Frenchify'd notes, &c., in Pope's translation, and contrast them with solemn weighty prefaces of Chapman, writing in full faith, as he evidently does, of the plenary inspiration of his author—worshipping his meanest scraps and relics as divine—without one sceptical misgiving of their authenticity, and doubt which was the properest to expound Homer to their countrymen. Reverend Chapman! you have read his hymn to Pan (the Homeric)—why, it is Milton's blank verse clothed with rhyme. *Paradise Lost* could scarce lose, could it be so accoutred.

I shall die in the belief that he has improved upon Homer, in the *Odyssey* in particular—the disclosure of Ulysses of himself, to Alcinous, his previous behaviour at the song of the stern strife arising between Achilles and himself (how it raises him above the *Iliad* Ulysses!) but you know all these things quite as well as I do. But what a deaf ear old C. would have turned to the doubters in Homer's real personality! They might as well have denied the appearance of J. C. in the flesh.—He apparently believed all the fables of H.'s birth, &c.

Those notes of Bryant have caused the greatest disorder in my brainpan. Well, I will not flatter when I say that we have had two or three long evening's good reading out of your kind present.

I will say nothing of the tenderest parts in your own little volume, at the end of such a slatternly scribble as this, but indeed they cost us some tears. I scrawl away because of interruptions every moment. You guess how it is in a busy office—papers thrust into your hand when your hand is busiest—and every anti-classical disavocation.

[Conclusion cut away.]

[Sir Charles Elton seems to have sent Lamb a number of his books, principally his *Specimens of the Classical Poets* . . . from Homer to Tryphiodorus translated into English Verse, Baldwin, 1814, in three volumes. Lamb refers first to the passage from Hesiod's *Theogony*, and then to his *Works and Days* (which Chapman translated).

'Wine, which to madness. . .' From *To Amoret*, by Edmund Waller.

Apollonius Rhodius was the author of *The Argonautics*; the magician was Apollonius of Tyana. Lamb then passes on to Virgil. For the death of

Mezentius see the *Æneid*, book x, at the end. The makers of broadsides had probably credited Dick Turpin with a dying speech.

'Those notes of Bryant.' Lamb possibly refers to Jacob Bryant's *Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, 1775, or his dissertation on the Trojan War, which contends that no such conflict ever happened.

'Your own little volume.' Probably *The Brothers and Other Poems*, by Elton, 1820.]

294. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

DEAR AYRTON,

July 17, 1821.

In consequence of the August Coronation we propose postponing (I wonder if these words ever met so close before—mark the Elegancy) our Wensday this week to friday, when a grand rural fete champetre will be given at Russell house. The back garden to be illuminated in honor of the late ceremony.

Vivat Regina
Moriatur * * *

C. L.

[The coronation of George IV took place on Thursday, 19th July. Lamb indicates him by the three stars: Rex.

'Vivat Regina' refers to Lamb's steady partisanship for the luckless Queen Caroline, who, having survived the divorce proceedings in 1820, was still fighting for recognition. She was, however, to die within less than three weeks of the coronation, which she attempted in vain to attend.]

295. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DR. SIR,

July 21, 1821.

The *Lond. Mag.* is chiefly pleasant to me, because some of my friends write in it. I hope Hazlitt intends to go on with it, we cannot spare Table Talk. For myself I feel almost exhausted, but I will try my hand a little longer, and shall not at all events be written out of it by newspaper paragraphs. Your proofs do not seem to want my helping hand, they are quite correct always. For God's sake change *Siviera* to *Jael*. This last paper will be a choke-pear I fear to some people, but as you do not object to it, I can be under little apprehension of your exerting your Censorship too rigidly.

Thanking you for your extract from M^r. E.'s letter,

I remain, Dr Sir,

Your obliged,

C. LAMB.

[Hazlitt continued his 'Table Talk' in the *London Magazine* until December 1821.

Lamb seems to have been treated foolishly by some newspaper critic; but I have not traced the paragraphs in question.

The proof was that of the *Elia* essay, 'Imperfect Sympathies,' which was printed (with a fuller title) in the number for August 1821. The reference to Jael is in the passage on Braham and the Jewish character.

'Censorship.' Taylor had probably been using the blue pencil.

'Mr. E.' was probably Lamb's way of referring to Sir Charles Elton.

Since Hood was also among the regular contributors to the *London Magazine* I place here Lamb's first letter to him, of course undated.]

296. TO THOMAS HOOD

DR. SIR,

Can you take your tea with us? It is *now* pouring out. I want to restore your MS. &c.

C. LAMB.

Monday.

[Hood was then twenty-two. There is a charming account in his *Literary Reminiscences* of his first meeting with Lamb, whom he admired and revered above any other man. Hood also, in *Hood's Own* for 1822, describes vividly the *London Magazine* dinners.]

297. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DEAR SIR,

[No date: say about *Wednesday, 25th July 1821.*]

I acknowledge with thankfulness your two favours of £20 and an invitation to venison, which I had almost despaired of tasting again. I hope I shall not be wanting in return for either.

I remain

Very sincerely yours

C. LAMB.

I shall do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you on Friday.

J. Taylor Esq.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I assume this to refer to Taylor & Hessey's first dinner to their contributors, possibly Friday, 27th July, while the following letter was written by Lamb on the Sunday or Monday *after* the dinner.']

298. TO JOHN TAYLOR

[No date: say Sunday or Monday,
29th or 30th July 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

Is it to you, or to some other kind unknown, that I owe my safe arrival home on Friday night? I confess I have no knowledge of the

manner how, or time when. Between ourselves, I am not much better this morning. But don't let it go abroad that Elia is a xxxxxkard. Tell it not to Blackwood, publish it not in the pages of Colburn, lest the &c—

By the way, how is your *room*?

Can you oblige me with a number of the London which contains Mrs. Battle on Whist, I think November, December, or January, not sure which. A friend has presented me with a treatise on the game, & I must make some return in kind.

No more letters from me now till next Aug. 18th.

D^r Sir,

yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This is a memory version of one of a series of letters to Taylor & Hessey sold at Puttick & Simpson's, 18th March 1919. Admiral Burney's treatise on Whist was published in 1821. The essay on "Mrs. Battle" appeared in the *London Magazine* for February 1821.'

In Mr. Blunden's *Charles Lamb. his Life recorded by his Contemporaries*, 1934, there is a letter from J. A. Hessey to John Taylor stating that Thomas Benyon, the firm's porter, helped Lamb home and smoked with him for an hour. But the date of this is given as 1824.]

299. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Tuesday 14 Aug. '21.

A rubber to-morrow evening at 8. Closed windows on account of the demise of her Majesty.

Russell House.

[The unfortunate Queen Caroline died on 7th August 1821. Her funeral was not until 26th August at Brunswick.]

300. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DEAR SIR,

August 22, 1821.

I think I remember an ambiguity left in the proof of yesterday. Can you remove it? It is where I speak of Lovell interceding for a delinquent, whose situation he might have succeeded to 'But the man had a wife and family.' Then I go on to say: 'He (meaning L.) was lively &c.'

But 'He' follows the sentence in which the delinq^t is named—could He be changed to L'—or the doubt removed by making 'He was a lively' and begin a new paragraph which I think w^d be best. Never mind if it is too late & do not trouble yourself to ans^w this.

C. LAMB.

[The reference is to the essay on 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,' and the difficulty was overcome by substituting 'L. for 'He.' Lovel was a character sketch of John Lamb senior. The whole passage was taken out when Lamb reprinted the essay in *Elia*.

On the cover of the note is written: 'The name of the Bearward now I remember was "Lisha"'—referring to the passage in the same essay about Thomas Coventry, 'who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear.']

301. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

MY DEAR SIR,

[Summer 1821.]

Your letter has lain in a drawer of my desk, upbraiding me every time I open the said drawer, but it is almost impossible to answer such a letter in such a place, and I am out of the habit of replying to epistles elsewhere than at office. You express yourself concerning H. like a true friend, and have made me feel that I have somehow neglected him, but without knowing very well how to rectify it. I live so remote from him—by Hackney—that he is almost out of the pale of visitation at Hampstead. And I come but seldom to Cov^t Gardⁿ this summer time—and when I do, am sure to pay for the late hours and pleasant Novello suppers which I incur. I also am an invalid. But I will hit upon some way, that you shall not have cause for your reproof in future. But do not think I take the hint unkindly. When I shall be brought low by any sickness or untoward circumstance, write just such a letter to some tardy friend of mine—or come up yourself with your friendly Henshaw face—and that will be better. I shall not forget in haste our casual day at Margate. May we have many such there or elsewhere! God bless you for your kindness to H., which I will remember. But do not show N. this, for the flouting infidel doth mock when Christians cry God bless us. Yours and *bis, too*, and all our little circle's most affect^d.

C. LAMB,

Mary's love included.

[Charles Cowden Clarke (1787–1877) was the son of a schoolmaster who had served as usher with George Dyer at Northampton. Afterwards he established a school at Enfield, where Keats was one of the scholars. Charles Cowden Clarke, at this time a bookseller, remained one of Keats's friends, and was a friend also of Leigh Hunt's, on whose behalf he seems to have written to Lamb. Later he became a partner of Alfred Novello, the musical publisher, son of Vincent Novello. In 1828 he married Mary Victoria Novello.

'Friendly Henshaw face.' A reference to Lamb's godfather. See the letter to Mrs. John Lamb of 22nd May 1822.

'H.' Leigh Hunt, who left England for Italy in November 1821, to join Shelley and Byron.

'N.' was Novello. See note, page 139.]

302. TO J. A. HESSEY

[No date: ? September 1821.]

DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry you should have had so much trouble about my parcel. I have written to Peter Ball (*quere* Bell); and I return the MS. Poem, *declining as I always do my opinion as to the expedience of printing it.* I wish never to interfere in matters of that kind.

I was otherwise pleased with the subject, and some of the treatment of it, but that kind of poetry requires more Labour than at present appears.

Yours in haste and hurry

[*Not signed.*]Acc^{ts} Office, E. I. H.

I will think about the Lion's Head.

[The result of Lamb's thought was the appearance in the 'Lion's Head' section of the *London Magazine* for November 1821, of the following communication:

ELIA TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS

A Correspondent, who writes himself Peter Ball, or Bell—for his hand-writing is as ragged as his manners—admonishes me of the old saying, that some people (under a courteous periphrasis I slur his less ceremonious epithet) had need have good memories. In my 'Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,' I have delivered myself, and truly, a Templar born. Bell clamours upon this, and thinketh that he hath caught a fox. It seems that in a former paper, retorting upon a weekly scribbler who had called my good identity in question, (see P.S. to my 'Chapter on Ears,') I profess myself a native of some spot near Cavendish Square, deducing my remoter origin from Italy. But who does not see, except this tinkling cymbal, that in that idle fiction of Genoese ancestry I was answering a fool according to his folly—that Elia there expresseth himself ironically, as to an approved slanderer, who hath no right to the truth, and can be no fit recipient of it? Such a one it is usual to leave to his delusions; or, leading him from error still to contradictory error, to plunge him (as we say) deeper in the mire, and give him line till he suspend himself. No understanding reader could be imposed upon by such obvious rhodomontade to suspect me for an alien, or believe me other than English.—To a second Correspondent, who signs himself 'a Wiltshire man,' and claims me for a countryman upon the strength of an equivocal phrase in my 'Christ's Hospital,'

a more mannerly reply is due. Passing over the Genoese fable, which Bell makes such a ring about, he nicely detects a more subtle discrepancy, which Bell was too obtuse to strike upon. Referring to the passage (in page 484 of our second volume), I must confess, that the term 'native town,' applied to Calne, *primâ facie*, seems to bear out the construction which my friendly Correspondent is willing to put upon it. The context too, I am afraid, a little favours it. But where the words of an author, taken literally, compared with some other passage in his writings, admitted to be authentic, involve a palpable contradiction, it hath been the custom of the ingenuous commentator to smooth the difficulty by the supposition, that in one case an allegorical or tropical sense was chiefly intended. So by the word 'native,' I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born; or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situate in wholesome air, upon a dry chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town, with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a summer or two ago, so agreeably, that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation in the present case, I see not how we can avoid falling into a gross error in physics, as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent. Bacchus cometh the nearest to it, whom I remember Ovid to have honoured with the epithet 'Twice born.' But not to mention that he is so called (we conceive) in reference to the places *whence* rather than the places *where* he was delivered—for by either birth he may probably be challenged for a Theban—in a strict way of speaking, he was a *filius femoris* by no means in the same sense as he had been before a *filius alvi*, for that latter was but a secondary and tralatitious way of being born, and he but a denizen of the second house of his geniture. Thus much by way of explanation was thought due to the courteous 'Wiltshire man.'—To 'Indagator,' 'Investigator,' 'Incertus,' and the rest of the pack, that are so importunate about the true localities of his birth—as if, forsooth, Elia were presently about to be passed to his parish—to all such churchwarden critics he answereth, that, any explanation here given notwithstanding, he hath not so fixed his nativity (like a rusty vane) to one dull spot, but that, if he seeth occasion, or the argument shall demand it, he will be born again, in future papers, in whatever place, and at whatever period, shall seem good unto him.

Modò me Thebis—modò Athenis.

ELIA.

The true poet, says Horace, *Epistles*, II. i. 213, can set me down 'now at Thebes, now at Athens.']

303. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

[27th October 1821.]

I come, Grimalkin! Dalston, near Hackney, 27th Oct^r. One thousand 8 hundred and twenty one years and a wee-bit since you and I were redeemed. I doubt if *you* are done properly yet.

['I come.' Said by the First Witch in *Macbeth*, 1. i. 9.]

304. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

MY DEAR AYRTON,

Dalston, 30 Oct. 1821.

I take your kindness very thankfully.—A bit of kindness at such times is precious. I am indeed in an uneasy state. But I think it well that the death of poor John should have happened at a time that my sister can be but half sensible to it. She is with me at Dalston, and I ventured on my own advice to acquaint her, as she was, with the worst, for what a communication should I have had to make upon her recovery! It does not seem much to have altered the state of her mind, and now she will gradually come to herself with nothing new to tell. Her illness has been very obstinate, but I am in no hurry for her to recover, that the idea may be in her mind as long as it can, before she is able to comprehend its weight. I am in a state of trial, but I do not lose myself. The funeral over, I must return to business. I understand your friendship in writing me to join you, but it would do me no good just now. I hope to meet you again with comparative cheerfulness in some few weeks.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

CHAS. LAMB.

Kind love to Mrs. A. and God bless you all.

['Poor John.' See note, page 41.]

305. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DR. SIR,

[No date: probably December 1821.]

I had forgot the fragm^t was ever printed. Now I think it was in the Albion Newspaper 20 years or so ago. It has of course lived (by being forgotten) to be original again.

Yours truly.

I should have thanked you for the snuff-box.

[This letter refers I think to the 'Dramatic Fragment' (cancelled passage of *John Woodvil*), which was printed in the *London Magazine* for January 1822, signed by three stars. It appeared in *Recreations in Agriculture*, No. XII, of which Lamb was probably thinking, and not the *Albion*.]

306. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DR. T

[No date: *January 1822.*]

The Proof is damnably incorrect. Pray look to FOPPINGTON particularly, printed Toppington. Horrid.—& *Port* immediately following, for *Pert*.

The concluding part did not come with these two slips. Pray have an eye upon it. The compositor is in love, I take it.

E.

[This note refers to the *Elia* essay 'On Some of the Old Actors,' which appeared in the *London* for February 1822.]

307. TO CHARLES WELLS

DEAR SIR,

[No date: Probably *spring 1822.*]

I have received a volume of bright little stories, which I do not know or have heard, but guess to be yours. Whosoever they are, both myself & Mary have been much pleased with them. The style is many times original & uncommon, rich stuff that would have beat out & spread over a much greater space if the author had not disdained economy. We are at Dalston at present, but I shall hope to see you ere long, to renew acquaint^{ce}. The fact is I am not strong enough for visiting.—Edward and Edmond, and the last tale of all are the favourites.

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'See *Sidelights on Lamb*, page 343, where Bertram Dobell identifies the person addressed as Charles Jeremiah Wells (author of *Joseph and his Brethren*) whose *Stories after Nature*, of which 'Edward and Edmond' is one, were published in 1822. The letter implies a previous acquaintance with Wells, fairly intimate, since Lamb speaks of "Mary."']

Wells, who once played a practical joke on Tom Keats and thus incensed his brother the poet, was a friend of Hazlitt, and was late in life described as a genius by Rossetti and Swinburne. His son broke the bank at Monte Carlo.]

308. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

March 9th, 1822.

It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well—they are interesting creatures at a certain age—what a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of the crackling—and brain sauce—did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly with no Œdipean avulsion? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate? Had you no complement of boiled

neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it? Not that I sent the pig, or can form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things I could never think of sending away. Teals, wigeons, snipes, barn-door fowl, ducks, geese—your tame villatic things—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere—where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity—there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not mendicant, but thereabouts—a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombrity of taught-charity I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me—the sum it was to her—the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake—the cursed ingratitude by which, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like—and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to the dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

Yours (short of pig) to command in everything,

C. L.

[This letter probably led to the immediate composition of the *Elia* essay 'A Dissertation on Roast Pig,' which was printed in the *London Magazine* for September 1822. See also 'Thoughts on Presents of Game' in my edition of Lamb's *Works*.

'Owen,' Lamb's landlord in Russell Street.

'My kind old aunt . . . the Borough.' This is rather perplexing. Lamb, to the best of our knowledge, never as a child lived anywhere but in the Temple. His only aunt of whom we know anything lived with the family also in the Temple. But John Lamb's will proves Lamb to have had two aunts. The reference to the Borough suggests therefore that the aunt in question was not Sarah Lamb (Aunt Hetty), but her sister.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'On 14th March 1822 John Lamb's pictures were sold at Christie's.')

309. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

20th March, 1822.

A letter from you is very grateful, I have not seen a Kendal postmark so long! We are pretty well save colds and rheumatics, and a certain deadness to every thing, which I think I may date from poor John's Loss, and another accident or two at the same time, that has made me almost bury myself at Dalston, where yet I see more faces than I could wish. Deaths over-set one and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvem^{ths}., and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other—the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for *another*. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Capt. Burney gone!—what fun has whist now? what matters it what you lead, if you can no longer fancy him looking over you? One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence. Thus one distributes oneself about—and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A. B. and C. make a party. A. dies. B. not only loses A. but all A.'s part in C. C. loses A.'s part in B., and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeables. I express myself muddily, capite dolente. I have a dulling cold. My theory is to enjoy life, but the practice is against it. I grow ominously tired of official confinement. Thirty years have I served the Philistines, and my neck is not subdued to the yoke. You don't know how wearisome it is to breathe the air of four pent walls without relief day after day, all the golden hours of the day between 10 and 4 without ease or interposition. Tædet me harum quotidianarum formarum, these pestilential clerk faces

always in one's dish. O for a few years between the grave and the desk! they are the same, save that at the latter you are outside the machine. The foul enchanter—letters four do form his name—Busirane is his name in hell—that has curtailed you of some domestic comforts, hath laid a heavier hand on me, not in present infliction, but in taking away the hope of enfranchisement. I dare not whisper to myself a Pension on this side of absolute incapacitation and infirmity, till years have sucked me dry. *Otium cum indignitate*. I had thought in a green old age (O green thought!) to have retired to Ponder's End—emblematic name how beautiful! in the Ware road, there to have made up my accounts with Heaven and the Company, toddling about between it and Cheshunt, anon stretching on some fine Izaak Walton morning to Hoddesdon or Amwell, careless as a Beggar, but walking, walking ever, till I fairly walkd myself off my legs, dying walking!

The hope is gone. I sit like Philomel all day (but not singing) with my breast against this thorn of a Desk, with the only hope that some Pulmonary affliction may relieve me. Vide Lord Palmerston's report of the Clerks in the war office (Debates, this morning's Times) by which it appears in 20 years, as many Clerks have been coughd and catarrhd out of it into their freer graves.

Thank you for asking about the Pictures. Milton hangs over my fire side in Covt. Gard. (when I am there), the rest have been sold for an old song, wanting the eloquent tongue that should have set them off!

You have gratifyd me with liking my meeting with Dodd. For the Malvolio story—the thing is become in verity a sad task and I eke it out with any thing. If I could slip out of it I sh^d be happy, but our chief reputed assistants have forsaken us. The opium eater crossed us once with a dazzling path, and hath as suddenly left us darkling; and in short I shall go on from dull to worse, because I cannot resist the Bookseller's importunity—the old plea you know of authors, but I believe on my part sincere.

Hartley I do not so often see, but I never see him in unwelcome hour. I thoroughly love and honor him.

I send you a frozen Epistle, but it is winter and dead time of the year with me. May heaven keep something like spring and summer up with you, strengthen your eyes and make mine a little lighter to encounter with them, as I hope they shall yet and again, before all are closed.

Yours, with every kind rem^{be}.

C. L.

I had almost forgot to say, I think you thoroughly right about presentation copies. I should like to see you print a book I should grudge to purchase for its size. D——n me, but I would have it though!

['Poor John.' John Lamb had died on 26th October 1821. His will left everything to his brother. We must suppose that his widow was independently provided for. I doubt if the brothers had seen each other except casually for some time. The *Elia* essay 'My Relations' contains John Lamb's character sketch under the name of James Elia.

Admiral Burney had died on 17th November 1821.

'Tædet me,' etc.: I am weary of these everyday shapes—Terence, *Eunuchus*, II. iii. 6. A touch of sarcasm here, since in Terence *formarum* is 'beauties.'

'The foul enchanter.' Busirane is the name of the enchanter from whom Amoret was rescued by Britomart (Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, III. xi).

'Letters four do form his name.' From Coleridge's war eclogue, *Fire, Famine and Slaughter*, where the letters form the name of Pitt. Here they stand for Joseph Hume, not Lamb's friend, but Joseph Hume, M.P. (1777–1855), who had attacked with success abuses in the East India Company; had revised economically the system of collecting the revenue, thus touching Wordsworth as Distributor of Stamps; and had opposed Vansittart's scheme for the reduction of pension charges.

'I sit like Philomel,' etc. Poem xxi of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, by Richard Barnfield, describes the nightingale thus:

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty . . .

'Vide Lord Palmerston's report.' In *The Times* of 21st March is the report of a debate on the estimates. Palmerston proved a certain amount of reduction of salary in the War Office. Incidentally he remarked that 'since 1810 not fewer than twenty-six clerks had died of pulmonary complaints, and disorders arising from sedentary habits.'

'Milton' was the portrait, already described, which had been left to Lamb. Lamb gave it as a dowry to Emma Isola when she became Mrs. Moxon. It is now in the Public Library of New York.

'My meeting with Dodd . . . Malvolio story.' In the *Elia* essay 'The Old Actors,' in the *London Magazine* for February 1822 (see vol. II of my edition).

'Our chief reputed assistants.' Hazlitt had left the *London Magazine*; Scott, the original editor, was dead. De Quincey, whose *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* were appearing in its pages, has left a record of a visit to the Lambs about this time. See 'London Reminiscences' in his *Works*.

'Hartley.' Hartley Coleridge, then a young man of twenty-five, was living in London after the unhappy sudden termination of his Oxford career.]

310. TO WILLIAM GODWIN

DEAR GODWIN,

India House, April 13, 1822.

I cannot imagine how you, who never in your writings have expressed yourself disrespectfully of any one but your Maker, can have given offence to Rickman.

I have written to the Numberer of the People to ask when it will be convenient to him to be at home to Mr. Booth. I think it probable he may be out of town in the Parliamentary recess, but doubt not of a

speedy answer. Pray return my recognition to Mr. Booth, from whose excellent Tables of Interest I daily receive inexpressible official facilities.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

[This was Rickman's reply :

MY DEAR LAMB

I have received your note, and can only say that Mr. D. Booth will find me at Home, or among the Popⁿ Returns (?) at the Ho. Commons, if he calls between 10 and 11 o'clock, Tuesday or Wednesday.

But pray tell him that I deal in nothing beyond facts and must not be expected to give any opinion,—in truth I am not conscious that I have any, on the subject which seems to occupy Mr. Booth.

Yours always faithfully

J. RICKMAN.

Palace Yard,
Monday Morn.,
15 April, 1822.

Lamb sent this reply on to Booth, with the following note: 'Mr. Lamb's respects to Mr. B. This is Mr. Rickman's note to *him*. Mr. R. lives in St. Stephen's Court, New Palace Yard—hopes Mr. B. will find him communicative.'

The beginning of Lamb's letter to Godwin reminds one of Godwin's remark about Coleridge, 'God bless him—to use a vulgar expression,' as recorded by Coleridge in one of his letters. Lamb once said of Godwin (and to him) that he had read more books that were not worth reading than any man in England.]

311. TO J. A. HESSEY

DEAR SIR,

April 15th 1822.

I am glad you like my sweeps. I am afraid I shall be troublesome with certain alterations which I wish made towards the end.

I have not sufficiently thanked you for the Books you were good enough to send me. The Purgatory & Paradise at least were quite new to me & a most rich treat.

Pray make my acknowledgm^{ts} to Mr. Cunningham, Maxwell is full of all good things, good poetry, good nature, good feelings. Assure the author I have more than an imperfect sympathy with it. The incidents are nevertheless too easy to be foreseen, &c., for acting.

What is gone of the Opium Eater, where is Barry Cornwall, & above all what is become of Janus Weathercock—or by his worse name of Vink—something? He is much wanted. He was a genius of the Lond. Mag. The rest of us are single Essayists.

You must recruit. You will get too serious else. Janus was characteristic. He talked about it & about it. The Lond. Mag. wants the personal note too much. Blackw^d owes everything to it.

Think on it.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The last few sentences are what I can remember after reading the original at Maggs's.']

The *Elia* essay 'The Praise of Chimney-sweepers' appeared in the *London Magazine* for May 1822.

The references are, I imagine, to Cary's translation of Dante, Cary being one of the regular contributors to the *London Magazine*, and also on Taylor & Hessey's list; to Allan Cunningham, another member of the staff, who had written an Elizabethan drama called *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, which Sir Walter Scott admired; to De Quincey, who had last written in the December number, 1821, and resumed later with his 'Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected': to B. W. Procter; and to 'Janus Weathercock,' alias 'C. Van Vinkbooms.'

'About it & about it.' From Pope's *Dunciad*, iv. 252.]

312. TO J. A. HESSEY

[Written same day as previous letter.]

You will think me very silly, but in addition to the alterations made in the proof can you oblige me with the following?—

Remove those lines

Golden lads & lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust ¹

from the end, and place them before the preceding paragraph—after the word 'entertainment.' They are now awkward.

C. LAMB.

¹ and put a — at the word 'dust,' instead of a *full stop*.

[The couplet now stands as Lamb desired in the *Elia* essay on chimney-sweepers.]

313. TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 7th May 1822.]

I have read your poetry with pleasure. The tales are pretty and prettily told, the language often finely poetical. It is only sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancy. I have marked certain passages (in pencil only, which will easily obliterate) for your consideration. Excuse this liberty. For the distinction you offer me of a dedication, I feel the honor of it, but I do not think it would advantage the publication. I am hardly on an eminence enough to warrant it. The Reviewers, who are no friends of mine—the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out—may take occasion by it to decry us both. But I leave you to your own judgment. Perhaps, if you wish to give me a kind word, it will be more appropriate before your republication of *Tourneur*.

The 'Specimens' would give a handle to it, which the poems might seem to want. But I submit it to yourself with the old recollection that 'beggars should not be chusers' and remain with great respect and wishing success to both your publications,

Your obed^t. Serv^t.

C. LAMB.

No hurry at all for Tourneur.

Tuesday 7 May '22.

[William Harrison Ainsworth (1805-82), afterwards known as a novelist, was then articled to a Manchester solicitor, but had begun his literary career. The book to which Lamb refers was called *The Works of Cheviot Tichburn*, 1822, and was dedicated to him in the following terms: 'To my friend Charles Lamb, as a slight mark of gratitude for his kindness and admiration of his character, these poems are inscribed.'

Ainsworth was meditating an edition of the works of Cyril Tourneur, author of *The Atheist's Tragedy*, to whom Lamb had drawn attention in the *Dramatic Specimens*, 1808. The book was never published.]

314. TO WILLIAM GODWIN

DEAR GODWIN,

May 16, 1822.

I sincerely feel for all your trouble. Pray use the enclosed £50, and pay me when you can. I shall make it my business to see you very shortly.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Owing largely to a flaw in the title-deed of his house at 41 Skinner Street, which he had to forfeit, Godwin had come upon poverty greater than any he had previously suffered, although he had been always more or less necessitous.

The work on which Godwin was then labouring was his *History of the Commonwealth*, 1824-8. His new home was in the Strand. In 1833 he received the post of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer, which he held till his death in 1836, although its duties had vanished ere then.]

315. TO MRS. JOHN LAMB

DEAR MRS. LAMB,

22 May 1822.

A letter has come to Arnold for Mrs. Phillips, and, as I have not her address, I take this method of sending it to you. That old rogue's name is Sherwood, as you guessed, but as I named the shirts to him, I think he must have them. Your character of him made me almost repent of the bounty.

You must consider this letter as Mary's—for writing letters is such a trouble and puts her to such twitters (family modesty, you know; it is

the way with me, but I try to get over it) that in pity I offer to do it for her.—

We hold our intention of seeing France, but expect to see you here first, as we do not go till the 20th of next month. A steam boat goes to Dieppe, I see.—

Christie has not sent to me, and I suppose is in no hurry to settle the account. I think in a day or two (if I do not hear from you to the contrary) I shall refresh his memory.

I am sorry I made you pay for two Letters. I Peated it, and repeated it.

Miss Wright is married, and I am a hamper in her debt, which I hope will now not be remembered. She is in great good humour, I hear, and yet out of spirits.

Where shall I get such full flavor'd Geneva again!

Old Mr. Henshaw died last night precisely at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.—He has been open'd by desire of Mrs. McKenna; and, where his heart should have been, was found a stone. Poor Arnold is inconsolable; and, not having shaved since, looks deplorable.

With our kind rememb^{ces}. to Caroline and your friends

We remain yours affectionately C. L. AND M. LAMB.

[Occupying the entire margin up the left-hand side of the letter is, in Mary Lamb's hand:]

I thank you for your kind letter, and owe you one in return, but Charles is in such a hurry to send this to be franked

Your affec^{ate} sister

M. LAMB.

[On the right-hand margin, beside the paragraph about Mr. Henshaw, is written in the same hand, underlined:]

He is not dead.

[John Lamb's widow had a married daughter, probably the Caroline referred to, a Mrs. Dowden. The letter treats of family matters, which could not now be explained even if it were worth while. The Lambs were arranging a visit to Versailles, to the Kenneys. Mr. Henshaw was Lamb's godfather, a gunsmith, but he did not die till 28th July 1822, in his hundredth year.]

316. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR OLLIER,

[No date: End of August 1822.]

I have received one or two presents of books from authors, which I can only return *in kind*. Can you let me have 3 or 4 copies of my *Works* for that purpose.

Yours &c C. LAMB.

I have been in France

I have eaten frogs.

Poor Percy Bishe!!

Have you done with my old copy of *Don Quixote*?

[One of the immediate recipients of the *Works*, which the brothers Charles and James Ollier had published in 1818, was Bernard Barton, to the beginning of whose long correspondence with Lamb we are about to come. He has written in his copy:

Presented me by the Author 8/28th 1822 on which day I dined and drank tea with Him, at his lodgings 20 Great Russell St., Covent Garden.

'Poor Percy Bishe.' This is a reference to Shelley's drowning, off Lerici, on 8th July 1822.

The Lambs went to France in the summer of 1822, sailing from Brighton to Dieppe in the company of a Frenchman named Guichy or Guichet, and probably an attendant for Mary Lamb, who, as it happened, was taken ill on the road, at Amiens, and remained there to be nursed, while Lamb and Guichy went on alone. Lamb stayed at the Hôtel de l'Europe in the rue Valois, since pulled down and rebuilt. He also visited the Kenneys at Versailles, with whom, when she was well enough to leave Amiens, Mary Lamb stayed. Crabb Robinson was then in Paris too, and also Mrs. Aders, and Foss, the bookseller of Pall Mall whose partner Payne had married Miss Burney, and his brother.]

317. TO JOHN CLARE

DEAR CLARE,

India House, 31 Aug., 1822.

I thank you heartily for your present. I am an inveterate old Londoner, but while I am among your choice collections, I seem to be native to them, and free of the country. The quantity of your observation has astonished me. What have most pleased me have been Recollections after a Ramble, and those Grongar Hill kind of pieces in eight syllable lines, my favourite measure, such as Cowper Hill and Solitude. In some of your story-telling Ballads the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry *slang* of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustick Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. Transplant Arcadia to Helpstone. The true rustic style, the Arcadian English, I think is to be found in Shenstone. Would his Schoolmistress, the prettiest of poems, have been better, if he had used quite the Goody's own language? Now and then a home rusticism is fresh and startling, but where nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. It may make folks smile and stare, but the ungenial coalition of barbarous with refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted, as you deserve to be. Excuse my freedom, and take the same liberty with my *puns*.

I send you two little volumes of my spare hours. They are of all sorts, there is a methodist hymn for Sundays, and a farce for Saturday night. Pray give them a place on your shelf. Pray accept a little volume, of which I have [a] duplicate, that I may return in equal number to your welcome presents.

I think I am indebted to you for a sonnet in the London for August.

Since I saw you I have been in France, and have eaten frogs. The nicest little rabbit things you ever tasted. Do look about for them. Make Mrs. Clare pick off the hind quarters, boil them plain, with parsley and butter. The fore quarters are not so good. She may let them hop off by themselves.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. LAMB.

[The little volume was *Tracts*, by Sir Thomas Browne.

'Welcome presents.' Clare had sent his *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, 1820, and *The Village Minstrel*, 2 vols., 1821.]

318. TO MARY LAMB (in Paris)

(Fragment)

[August 1822.]

Then you must walk all along the Borough side of the Seine facing the Tuileries. There is a mile and a half of print shops and book stalls. If the latter were but English. Then there is a place where the Paris people put all their dead people and bring em flowers and dolls and ginger bread nuts and sonnets and such trifles. And that is all I think worth seeing as sights, except that the streets and shops of Paris are themselves the best sight.

319. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

DEAR A.,

[5th September 1822.]

A dim notion dawns upon my drunken caput, that last night you made an engagement for me at your house on Monday; it may be all a fiction; but if you did, pray change it to some *Evening* between that day and Saturday—not *Saturday*.

It is impossible for me to come on Monday.

If it is all delusion, forgive the harmless vanity.

I want that magazine you took away, if *you* took it.

This is a mere hypothetical Epistle.

C. LAMB.

Thursday, some day in Sept.

320. TO MRS. JAMES KENNEY AND MISS SOPHY KENNEY

DEAR MRS. K.,

London, *September 11, 1822.*

Mary got home safe on Friday night. She has suffered only a common fatigue, but as she is weakly, begs me to thank you in both our names for all the trouble she has been to you. She did not succeed in saving Robinson's fine waistcoat. They could not comprehend how a waistcoat, marked Henry Robinson, could be a part of Miss Lamb's wearing apparel. So they seized it for the king, who will probably appear in it at the next levee. Next to yourself, our best thanks to H. Payne. I was disappointed he came not with her. Tell Kenney the Cow has got out, by composition, paying so much in the pound. The canary bird continues her sleep-persuading strains. Pray say to Ellen that I think the verses very pretty which she slipped into my pocket on the last day of my being at Versailles. The stanzas on Ambition are fine, allowing for the age of the writer. The thought that the present King of Spain whom I suppose she means by the 'brown monarch,' sitting in state among his grandees, is like

A sparrow lonely on the house's top,
is perhaps a little forced. The next line is better,

Too high to stoop, though not afraid to drop.

Pray deliver what follows to my dear wife Sophy.

MY DEAR SOPHY,

The few short days of connubial felicity which I passed with you among the pears and apricots of Versailles were some of the happiest of my life. But they are flown!

And your other half—your dear co-twin—that she-you—that almost equal sharer of my affections: you and she are my better half, a quarter a-piece. She and you are my pretty sixpence—you the head, and she the tail. Sure, Heaven that made you so alike must pardon the error of an inconsiderate moment, should I for love of you, love her too well. Do you think laws were made for lovers? I think not.

Adieu, amiable Pair, Yours and yours.

C. LAMB.

P.S.—I enclose half a dear kiss a-piece for you.

[Mrs. Kenney, *née* Louise Mercier, a Frenchwoman, before her marriage to James Kenney, the dramatist, had been the wife of Thomas Holcroft, also a dramatist. There were thus two families at Versailles. Writing to Mrs. Kenney after her return to England, Mary Lamb sends kisses to Louisa and Ellen (Holcroft), Betsy and Sophia (the twins), James, Teresa, Virginia, and Charles (Charles Lamb Kenney, 1821-81).

'H. Payne.' John Howard Payne. See note to Letter 323 below.

'In the pound.' A very characteristic pun.

'Sleep-persuading strains.' From Coleridge: 'Otter's sleep-persuading stream,' in the *Songs of the Pixies*.]

321. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

India House, 11 Sept. 1822.

You have misapprehended me sadly, if you suppose that I meant to impute any inconsistency (in your writing poetry) with your religious profession. I do not remember what I said, but it was spoken sportively, I am sure. One of my levities, which you are not so used to as my older friends. I probably was thinking of the light in which your so indulging yourself would appear to *Quakers*, and put their objection in my own foolish mouth. I would eat my words (provided they should be written on not very coarse paper) rather than I would throw cold water upon your, and my once, harmless occupation. I have read Napoleon and the rest with delight. I like them for what they are, and for what they are not. I have sickened on the modern rhodomontade & Byronism, and your plain Quakerish Beauty has captivated me. It is all wholesome cates, aye, and toothsome too, and withal Quakerish. If I were George Fox, and George Fox Licenser of the Press, they should have my absolute IMPRIMATUR. I hope I have removed the impression.

I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk. I have been chained to that gally thirty years, a long shot. I have almost grown to the wood. If no imaginative poet, I am sure I am a figurative one. Do 'Friends' allow puns? *verbal* equivocations? they are unjustly accused of it, and I did my little best in the 'imperfect Sympathies' to vindicate them.

I am very tired of clerking it, but have no remedy. Did you see a sonnet to this purpose in the Examiner?

Who first invented Work—and tied the free
And holy-day rejoycing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business, in the green fields, and the town—
To plough—loom—anvil—spade—&, oh, most sad,
To this dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being Unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath Divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from whence are no returnings;
Where toiling and turmoiling ever and aye
He, and his Thoughts, keep pensive worky-day.

C. L.

I fancy the sentiment exprest above will be nearly your own, the expression of it probably would not so well suit with a follower of John Woolman. But I do not know whether diabolism is a part of your creed, or where indeed to find an exposition of your creed at all. In feelings and matters not dogmatical, I hope I am half a Quaker.—Believe me, with great respect, yours

C. LAMB.

I shall always be happy to see, or hear from you.—

[This is the first of the letters—all, with one or two exceptions, now preserved in the British Museum—to Bernard Barton (1784–1849), a clerk in a bank at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, who was known as the Quaker poet, and was a contributor to the *London Magazine*. Lamb, entertaining him in Russell Street, had apparently said something about Quakers and poetry which Barton, on thinking it over, had taken too seriously. Barton was already the author of four volumes of poetry, of which *Napoleon and Other Poems* was the latest, published in 1822. Lamb's essay on 'Imperfect Sympathies' had been printed in the *London Magazine* for August 1821. For John Woolman, see note to the letter to Coleridge of 5th February 1797. The sonnet, *Work*, had been printed in the *Examiner*, 29th August 1819.]

322. TO BARRON FIELD

MY DEAR F.,

Sept. 22, 1822.

I scribble hastily at office. Frank wants my letter presently. I & sister are just returned from Paris!! We have eaten frogs. It has been such a treat! You know our monotonous general Tenor. Frogs are the nicest little delicate things—rabbity-flavoured. Imagine a Lilliputian rabbit! They fricassee them; but in my mind, drest seethed, plain, with parsley and butter, would have been the decision of Apicius. Shelley the great Atheist has gone down by water to eternal fire! Hunt and his young fry are left stranded at Pisa, to be adopted by the remaining duumvir, Lord Byron—his wife and 6 children & their maid. What a cargo of Jonases, if they had foundered too! The only use I can find of friends, is that they do to borrow money of you. Henceforth I will consort with none but rich rogues. Paris is a glorious picturesque old City. London looks mean and New to it, as the town of Washington would, seen after it. But they have no St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. The Seine, so much despised by Cockneys, is exactly the size to run-thro' a magnificent street; palaces a mile long on one side, lofty Edinbro' stone (O the glorious antiques!): houses on the other. The Thames disunites London & Southwark. I had Talma to supper with me. He has picked up, as I believe, an authentic portrait of Shakspeare. He paid a broker about £40 English for it. It is painted

on the one half of a pair of bellows—a lovely picture, corresponding with the Folio head. The bellows has old carved *wings* round it, and round the visnomy is inscribed, near as I remember, not divided into rhyme—I found out the rhyme—

Whom have we here,
Stuck on this bellows,
But the Prince of good fellows,
Willy Shakspeare?

At top—

O base and coward luck!
To be here stuck.—POINS.

At bottom—

Nay! rather a glorious lot is to him assign'd,
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the *wind*.—PISTOL.

This is all in old carved wooden letters. The countenance smiling, sweet, and intellectual beyond measure, even as He was immeasurable. It may be a forgery. They laugh at me and tell me Ireland is in Paris, and has been putting off a portrait of the Black Prince. How far old wood may be imitated I cannot say. Ireland was not found out by his parchments, but by his poetry. I am confident no painter on either side the Channel could have painted any thing near like the face I saw. Again, would such a painter and forger have expected £40 for a thing, if authentic, worth £4000? Talma is not in the secret, for he had not even found out the rhymes in the first inscription. He is coming over with it, and, my life to Southey's Thalaba, it will gain universal faith.

The letter is wanted, and I am wanted. Imagine the blank filled up with all kind things.

Our joint hearty remembrances to both of you. Yours as ever,

C. LAMB.

[Frank was Francis John Field, Barron Field's brother, in the India House.

'The only use I can find of friends.' This transition might suggest that Leigh Hunt had applied to Lamb for a loan.

Talma was François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), the great French tragedian. Lamb, introduced by John Howard Payne, saw him in *Regulus*, but not understanding French was but mildly interested. 'Ah,' said Talma in the account by James Kenney printed in Henry Angelo's *Pic-Nic*, 'I was not very happy to-night; you must see me in *Sylla*.' 'Incidit in Scyllam,' said Lamb, 'qui vult vitare Charybdim.' 'Ah, you are a rogue; you are a great rogue,' was Talma's reply. Talma had bought a pair of bellows with Shakespeare's head on it. Lamb's belief in the authenticity of this portrait was misplaced.]

323. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

DEAR PAYNE,

[Autumn 1822.]

A friend and fellow-clerk of mine, Mr. White (a good fellow) coming to your parts, I would fain have accompanied him, but am forced instead to send a part of me, verse and prose, most of it from 20 to 30 years old, such as I then was, and I am not much altered.

Paris, which I hardly knew whether I liked when I was in it, is an object of no small magnitude with me now. I want to be going, to the Jardin des Plantes (is that right, Louisa?) with you—to Pere de la Chaise, La Morgue, and all the sentimentalities. How is Talma, and his (my) dear Shakspeare?

N.B.—My friend White knows Paris thoroughly, and does not want a guide. We did, and had one. We both join in thanks. Do you remember a Blue-Silk Girl (English) at the Luxembourg, that did not much seem to attend to the Pictures, who fell in love with you, and whom I fell in love with—an inquisitive, prying, curious Beauty—where is she?

Votre Très Humble Serviteur,

CHARLOIS AGNEAU,

alias C. LAMB.

Guichy is well, and much as usual. He seems blind to all the distinctions of life, except to those of sex. Remembrance to Kenny and Poole.

[John Howard Payne (1792–1852), who was born in New York, began life as an actor in 1809 as Young Norval in *Douglas*, and made his English début in 1813 in the same part. For several years he lived either in London or Paris, where among his friends were Washington Irving and Talma. He wrote a number of plays, and in one of them, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, is the song *Home, Sweet Home*, with Bishop's music, on which his immortality rests. Payne died in Tunis, where he was American Consul, in 1852, and when in 1883 he was re-interred at Washington, it was as the author of *Home, Sweet Home*. He seems to have been a charming but ill-starred man, whom to know was to love.

White was Edward White of the India House, by whom Lamb probably sent a copy of the 1818 edition of his *Works*. Louisa was Louisa Holcroft. Poole was John Poole, the dramatist, author of burlesque plays in the *London Magazine*, and later of *Paul Pry*.]

324. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 9th October 1822.]

I am asham'd not sooner to have acknowledged your letter and poem. I think the latter very temperate, very serious and very seasonable. I do not think it will convert the club at Pisa, neither do I think it will

satisfy the bigots on our side the water. Something like a parody on the song of Ariel would please them better.

Full fathom five the Atheist lies,
Of his bones are hell-dice made.—

I want time, or fancy, to fill up the rest.—I sincerely sympathise with you on your doleful confinement. Of Time, Health, and Riches, the first in order is not last in excellence. Riches are chiefly good, because they give us Time. What a weight of wearisome prison hours have [I] to look back and forward to, as quite cut out [of] life—and the sting of the thing is, that for six hours every day I have no business which I could not contract into two, if they would let me work Task-work. I shall be glad to hear that your grievance is mitigated.

Shelly I saw once. His voice was the most obnoxious squeak I ever was tormented with, ten thousand times worse than the Laureat's, whose voice is the worst part about him except his Laureatcy. Lord Byron opens upon him on Monday in a Parody (I suppose) of the 'Vision of Judgment,' in which latter the Poet I think did not much show *his*. To award his Heaven and his Hell in the presumptuous manner he has done, was a piece of immodesty as bad as Shelleyism.

I am returning a poor letter. I was formerly a great Scribbler in that way, but my hand is out of order. If I said my head too, I should not be very much out, but I will tell no tales of myself. I will therefore end (after my best thanks, with a hope to see you again some time in London), begging you to accept this Letteret for a Letter—a Leveret makes a better present than a grown hare, and short troubles (as the old excuse goes) are best.

I hear that C. Lloyd is well, and has returned to his family. I think this will give you pleasure to hear.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly

C. LAMB.

E. I. H.

9 Oct. 22.

[Barton had just published his *Verses on the Death of P. B. Shelley*, a lament for misapplied genius. 'The club at Pisa' referred particularly to Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny. Trelawny placed three lines from Ariel's song in *The Tempest* on Shelley's monument; but whether Lamb knew this, or his choice of rival lines is a coincidence, I do not know. Trelawny chose the lines:

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

There is no other record of Lamb's meeting with Shelley, who, by the way, admired Lamb's writings warmly. 'What a lovely thing,' he wrote to Leigh Hunt, 'is his *Rosamund Gray*, how much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest

parts of our nature is in it!' In another letter Shelley regrets that the 'calumny of an enemy' had kept him and Lamb apart.

Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, a burlesque of Southey's poem of the same name, was printed in the *Liberal* for 1822.]

325. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

India House, 9th October, 1822.

DEAR HAYDON,

Poor Godwin has been turned out of his house and business in Skinner Street, and if he does not pay two years' arrears of rent, he will have the whole stock, furniture, &c., of his new house (in the Strand) seized when term begins. We are trying to raise a subscription for him. My object in writing this is simply to ask you, if this is a kind of case which would be likely to interest Mrs. Coutts in his behalf; and *who* in your opinion is the best person to speak with her on his behalf. Without the aid of from £300 to £400 by that time, early in November, he must be ruined. You are the only person I can think of, of her acquaintance, and can, perhaps, if not yourself, recommend the person most likely to influence her. Shelley had engaged to clear him of all demands, and he has gone down to the deep insolvent.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Is Sir Walter to be applied to, and by what channel?

[Mrs. Coutts was probably Harriot Mellon, the actress, widow of the banker, Thomas Coutts, and afterwards Duchess of St. Albans. She had played the part of the heroine Melesinda in *Mr. H.*

I should say here that in 1823 Lamb was mainly instrumental in putting on foot a fund for Godwin's benefit. He transformed his loan of £50 into a gift. An appeal was issued asking for £600, the following postscript to which, in Lamb's hand, is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum:

There are a few circumstances belonging to the case which are not sufficiently adverted to in the above letter.

Mr. Godwin's opponent declares himself determined to act against him with the last degree of hostility: the law gives him the power the first week in November to seize upon Mr. Godwin's property, furniture, books, &c., together with all his present sources of income for the support of himself and his family. Mr. Godwin has at this time made considerable progress in a work of great research, and requiring all the powers of his mind, to the completion of which he had looked for future pecuniary advantage. His mind is at this moment so entirely occupied in this work, that he feels within himself the firmness and resolution that no *prospect* of evil or calamity shall draw him off from it or suspend his labours. But *the calamity itself*, if permitted to arrive, will produce the physical impossibility for him to proceed. His books and the materials of his work, as well as his present sources of income, will be taken from him. Those materials have been the collection

of several years, and it would require a long time to replace them, if they could ever be replaced.

The favour of an early answer is particularly requested, that the extent of the funds supplied may as soon as possible be ascertained, particularly as any aid, however kindly intended, will, after the lapse of a very few weeks, become useless to the purpose in view.

The signatories to the appeal were: Crabb Robinson (£30), William Ayrton (£10), John Murray (£10 10s.), Charles Lamb (£50), Lord Francis Leveson-Gower (£10), Lord Dudley (£50), the Hon. W. Lamb (£20), and Sir James Mackintosh (£10). Other contributions were: Lord Byron, £26 5s.; T. M. Alsager, £10; and 'A B C, by Charles Lamb,' £10. A B C was Sir Walter Scott.]

326. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Thursday, [22nd October] 1822.

'Ali Pacha' will do. I sent my sister the first night, not having been able to go myself, and her report of its effect was most favourable. I sat it last night—the third night—and it was most satisfactorily received. I have been sadly disappointed in Talfourd, who does the critiques in the 'Times,' and who promised his strenuous services; but by some damn'd arrangement he was sent to the wrong house, and a most iniquitous account of Ali substituted for his, which I am sure would have been a kind one. The 'Morning Herald' did it ample justice, without appearing to puff it. It is an abominable misrepresentation of the 'Times,' that Farren played Ali like Lord Ogilby. He acted infirmity of body, but not of voice or purpose. His manner was even grand. A grand old gentleman. His falling to the earth when his son's death was announced was fine as anything I ever saw. It was as if he had been blasted. Miss Foote looked helpless and beautiful, and greatly helped the piece. It is going on steadily, I am sure, for *many nights*. Marry, I was a little disappointed with Hassan, who tells us he subsists by cracking court jests before Hali, but he made none. In all the rest, scenery and machinery, it was faultless. I hope it will bring you here. I should be most glad of that. I have a room for you, and you shall order your own dinner three days in the week. I must retain my own authority for the rest. As far as magazines go, I can answer for Talfourd in the 'New Monthly.' He cannot be put out there. But it is established as a favourite, and can do without these expletives. I long to talk over with you the Shakspeare Picture. My doubts of its being a forgery mainly rest upon the goodness of the picture. The bellows might be trumped up, but where did the painter spring from? Is Ireland a consummate artist—or any of Ireland's accomplices?—but we shall confer upon it, I hope. The 'New Times,' I understand was

favorable to 'Ali,' but I have not seen it. I am sensible of the want of method in this letter, but I have been deprived of the connecting organ, by a practice I have fallen into since I left Paris, of taking too much strong spirits of a night. I must return to the Hotel de l'Europe and Macon.

How is Kenney? Have you seen my friend White? What is Poole about, &c.? Do not write, but come and answer me.

The weather is charming, and there is a mermaid to be seen in London. You may not have the opportunity of inspecting such a *Poisarde* once again in ten centuries.

My sister joins me in the hope of seeing you.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[*Ali Pacha*, a melodrama in two acts, was produced at Covent Garden on 19th October 1822. It ran altogether sixteen nights. William Farren played the hero. Lord Ogleby, an antiquated fop, is a character in *The Clandestine Marriage* by Colman and Garrick. Miss Foote played Helena.]

327. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

DEAR H.,

Tuesday, 29th [October 1822].

I have written a very respectful letter to Sir W. S. Godwin did not write, because he leaves all to his committee, as I will explain to you. If this rascally weather holds, you will see but one of us on that day.

Yours, with many thanks

C. LAMB.

328. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

DEAR SIR,

East India House, London,
29th October 1822.

I have to acknowledge your kind attention to my application to Mr. Haydon. I have transmitted your draft to Mr. G[odwin]'s committee as an anonymous contribution through me. Mr. Haydon desires his thanks and best respects to you, but was desirous that I should write to you on this occasion. I cannot pass over your kind expressions as to myself. It is not likely that I shall ever find myself in Scotland, but should the event ever happen, I should be proud to pay my respects to you in your own land. My disparagement of heaths and highlands—if I said any such thing in half earnest,—you must put down as a piece of the old Vulpine policy. I must make the most of the spot I am chained to, and console myself for my flat destiny as well as I am able. I know very well our mole-hills are not mountains, but I must cocker

them up and make them look as big and as handsome as I can, that we may both be satisfied. Allow me to express the pleasure I feel on an occasion given me of writing to you, and to subscribe myself, dear sir, your obliged and respectful servant,

CHARLES LAMB.

[See note on the letter to Godwin above. Lamb and Scott had met in Haydon's studio in March 1821. Hazlitt, Wilkie, and Procter were also there, and Talfourd tells us that Lamb 'used to speak with gratitude and pleasure of the circumstances under which he saw him once in Fleet Street. A man, in the dress of a mechanic, stopped him just at Inner Temple Gate and said, touching his hat, "I beg your pardon, sir, but perhaps you would like to see Sir Walter Scott; that is he just crossing the road"; and Lamb stammered out his hearty thanks to his truly humane informer.'

Andrew Lang discovered that in 1818 or thereabouts Sir Walter invited Lamb to Abbotsford.

'Vulpine policy.' Referring to the fable of the fox and the grapes.]

329. TO THOMAS ROBINSON

[Dated at end: 11th November 1822.]

DEAR SIR,

We have to thank you, or Mrs. Robinson—for I think her name was on the direction—for the best pig, which myself, the warmest of pig-lovers, ever tasted. The dressing and the sauce were pronounced incomparable by two friends, who had the good fortune to drop in to dinner yesterday, but I must not mix up my cook's praises with my acknowledgments; let me but have leave to say that she and we did your pig justice. I should dilate on the crackling—done to a turn—but I am afraid Mrs. Clarkson, who, I hear, is with you, will set me down as an Epicure. Let it suffice, that you have spoil'd my appetite for boiled mutton for some time to come. Your brother Henry partook of the cold relics—by which he might give a good guess at what it had been *bot*.

With our thanks, pray convey our kind respects to Mrs. Robinson, and the Lady before mentioned.

Your obliged Ser^t

CHARLES LAMB.

India House

11 Nov. 22.

[This letter is addressed to 'R. Robinson, Esq., Bury, Suffolk,' but I think there is no doubt that the recipient was Thomas Robinson of Bury St. Edmunds, Crabb Robinson's brother. Lamb's 'Dissertation on Roast Pig' had been printed in the *London Magazine* in September 1822, and this pig was one of the first of many such gifts that came to him.

330. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

DEAR P.,

Wensd. 13 Nov. 22.

Owing to the inconvenience of having two lodgings I did not get your letter quite so soon as I should. The India Ho. is my proper address where I am sure for the forepart of every day. The instant I got it, I address a letter, for Kemble to see, to my friend Henry Robertson, the Treasurer of Covent Garden Theatre. He had a conference with Kemble, and the result is, that Robertson in the name of the management, recognized to me the full ratifying of your bargain £250 for Ali, the Slaves, & another piece which they have not received. He assures me that the whole will be paid you, or the proportion for the two former, as soon as ever the Treasury will permit it. He offered to write the same to you, if I pleased. He thinks in a month or two they will be able to liquidate it. He is positive no trick could be meant you, as Mr. Planché's alterations, which were trifling, were not at all considered as affecting your bargain. With respect to the copyright of Ali, he was of opinion no money would be given for it, as Ali is quite laid aside. This explanation being given, you would not think of printing the two copies together by way of recommendation. He told me the secret of the Two Galley Slaves at Drury Lane. Elliston, if he is informed right, engaged Poole to translate it, but before Poole's translation arrived, finding it coming out at Cov. Gar. he procured copies of two translations of it in London. So you see here are four translations reckoning yours. I fear no copyright could be got for it, for anybody may print it & nobody has done it. Yours has run 7 nights and R. is of opinion it will not exceed in number of nights the nights of Ali, about thirteen. But your full right to your bargain with the Management. is in the fullest manner recognized by him officially. He gave me every hope the money will be paid as soon they can spare it. He said a month or two but seem'd to mean about a month. A new Lady is coming out in *Juliet*, to whom they look very confidently for replenishing their Treasury. Robertson is a very good fellow, and I can rely upon his statement. Should you have any more pieces & want to get a copyright for them, I am the worst person to negotiate with any Bookseller, having been cheated by all I have had to do with (except Taylor & Hessey—but they do not publish theatrical pieces) & I know not how to go about it or who to apply to. But if you have no better negotiator, I should know the minimum you expect, for I should not like to make a bargain of my own head, being (after the Duke of Wellington) the worst of all negotiators.

I find from Robertson you have written to Bishop on the subject.

Have you nam'd anything of the copyright of the Slaves? R. thinks no publisher would pay for it, and you would not risque it on your own acco^t.

This is a mere letter of business—so I will just send my love to my little wife at Versailles, to her dear mother, &c.

Believe me, yours truly,

C. L.

I have no acquaintance with Kemble at all, having only met him once or twice, but any information, &c., I can get from R. who is a good fellow, you may command.

I am sorry the rogues are so dilatory, but I distinctly believe they mean to fulfill their engagement^t. I am sorry you are not here to see to these things—I am a poor man of business. But command me to the short extent of my tether.

My sister's kind rememb^{ces} ever—

[Addressed] Mr. Howard Payne, 156 Palais Royal, Paris.

[Payne's translation of the French play was produced at Covent Garden on 6th November 1822, under the title *The Soldier's Daughter*. On the same night appeared a rival version at Drury Lane entitled *Two Galley Slaves*. Payne's was played eleven times. The new lady as Juliet was the other Fanny Kelly, not Lamb's: Fanny H. Kelly, from Dublin. The revival began on 14th November. Planché was James Robinson Planché (1796–1880), the most prolific of librettists. Robert William Elliston, of whom Lamb later wrote so finely, was then managing Drury Lane.

'Having been cheated.' Lamb's particular reference was to Baldwin (see the letter to Barton, 9th January 1823).

'The Duke of Wellington.' A reference to the duke's failure in representing England at the Congress of Powers in Vienna and Verona.]

331. TO JAMES KENNEY

DEAR KENNEY,

[No date: ? November 1822.]

The £30 Draft I shall receive in January. When I have received that, I shall consider our account is quite cleared. I cannot rake into transactions between Mrs. Kenney and Miss James. Mrs. Kenney's services I owe her for still, and Payne's I should be happy to return. Harwood brings this. If the amount due to me in January will retard his fitting out, you may have a longer day. . . . But rub out of your brain any further items; that all goes into my Paris expences. As to Moore, I do not remember any coquetry about it; I readily agreed to meet him at H. Smith's. The illness of Mrs. S., which prevented it, was not of my inflicting. I had made a hit at him in the 'London'

in his name of Little; and, though I should have been happy to have met him, that surely was reason sufficient not to volunteer a visit to him. It has been my regret that I missed him.

Adieu (a dry letter)

Love to Louisa, Ellen, and all.

C. L.

[Miss Kelly added to this letter these few words of affection to Mrs. Kenney:

The real old original Fanny Kelly takes this opportunity of assuring Mrs. Kenny that she remembers with pleasure—Oh, how imperfect is expression, kind looks, and sayings, experience felt, understood and appreciated by the aforesaid real old original Fanny Kelly, who with sincere anxiety for another friendly squeeze of the hand, hopes soon to tell Mrs. Kenny that * * * is respectfully and faithfully attached.

Miss James was Mary Lamb's nurse. Harwood was Harwood Holcroft.

'H. Smith.' Horatio, or Horace, Smith (1779-1849), author, with his brother James, of *Rejected Addresses*. Lamb groups them together, in his letter to Wordsworth of 26th April 1819: 'the sneering brothers, the vile Smiths.'

The Horace Smiths were friends of the Kenneys, and in a letter from Mary Shelley to Leigh Hunt, on 18th August 1823, in *The Book of Shelley and Mary*, privately printed by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, there is some gossip picked up from the Kenneys, among which is the statement that Lamb, under the influence of French wine, was 'no favourite' with Horace Smith and his wife.

Thomas Moore had written anacreontics under the pseudonym of Thomas Little, and the reference is to Lamb's sonnet to Barry Cornwall in the *London Magazine* for September 1820, beginning:

Let hate, or grosser heats, their foulness mask
Neath riddling Junius, or in L—e's name.

The second line was altered in Lamb's *Album Verses*, 1830, to:

Under the vizor of a borrowed name.]

332. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 7th December 1822.]

I should like the enclosed Dedication to be printed, unless you dislike it. I like it. It is in the olden style. But if you object to it, put forth the book as it is. Only pray don't let the Printer mistake the word *curt* for *curst*.

Dec. 7, 1822.

C. L.

DEDICATION

TO THE FRIENDLY AND JUDICIOUS READER,

who will take these Papers, as they were meant; not understanding every thing perversely in the absolute and literal sense, but giving fair construction as to an after-dinner conversation; allowing for the rashness and necessary incompleteness of first thoughts; and not remembering,

for the purpose of an after taunt, words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass. The Author wishes (what he would will for himself) plenty of good friends to stand by him, good books to solace him, prosperous events to all his honest undertakings, and a candid interpretation to his most hasty words and actions. The other sort (and he hopes many of them will purchase his book too) he greets with the curt invitation of Timon, 'Uncover, dogs, and lap:' or he dismisses them with the confident security of the philosopher,—'you beat but on the case of ELIA.'

On better consideration, pray omit that Dedication. The Essays want no Preface: they are *all Preface*. A Preface is nothing but a talk with the reader; and they do nothing else. Pray omit it.

There will be a sort of Preface in the next Magazine, which may act as an advertisement, but not proper for the volume.

Let ELIA come forth bare as he was born.

C. L.

Dec. 7, 1822.

[*Elia. Essays which have appeared under that signature in the London Magazine* was just about to be published. The book came out with no preface.

'You beat but on the case.' When Anaxarchus, the philosopher, was being pounded to death in a mortar, after the death of his friend, Alexander the Great, he made use of a similar phrase.

The 'sort of Preface in the next Magazine' (January 1823) was the 'Character of the Late Elia,' used as a preface to the *Last Essays* in 1833.

The reference to the 'Late Elia' in the 'Character' in the *London Magazine* for January 1823 led to a series of jokes under 'The Lion's Head.' Hood wrote in the same number:

Elia is dead!—at least so a *Friend* says; but if he be dead, we have seen him in one of those hours 'when he is wont to walk'; and his *ghost-ship* has promised us very *material* assistance in our future numbers. We were greatly tempted to put the Irish question to him of 'Why did you die?'—But as we know how very unusual a thing it is for a gentleman to give his reasons for such a step, we resisted the temptation. Mercy on us!—we hope we are wrong,—but we have our shadowy suspicions, that Elia, poor gentleman! has not been honestly dealt by. Mercutio was killed by one Will Shakespeare, a poacher, though his death was laid to other hands;—and Sir Roger de Coverley (a gentleman more near our own time) perished under very mysterious circumstances. We could lay our finger upon the very man we suspect as being guilty of Elia's death! Elia's ghost, however, cannot sleep in its grave, for it has been constantly with us since his death, and vows it must still write for its peace of mind. Indeed the first paper in our present number is one of its grave consolations.

In March 1823 the subject is reopened by Lamb himself, in as misleading a mood as even he could indulge:

Elia is *not* dead!—We thought as much—and even hinted our thought in the number for January. The following letter declaring Elia's existence

is in his own handwriting, and was left by his own hand. We never saw a man so extremely alive, as he was, to the injury done him:

'Flia returns his thanks to the facetious Janus Weathercock, who, during his late unavoidable excursion to the Isles of Sark, Guernsey, and Jersey, took advantage of his absence to plot a sham account of his death; and to impose upon the town a posthumous essay, signed by his ghost—which, how like it is to any of the undoubted essays of the author, may be seen by comparing it with his volume just published. One or two former papers, with his signature, which are not reprinted in the volume, he has reason to believe were pleasant forgeries by the same ingenious hand.'

[There were, I fancy, no such impositions; but it was like Lamb to be so carelessly generous to young colleagues.]

333. TO WALTER WILSON

DEAR WILSON

E. I. H. 16 dec. 22.

Lightening I was going to call you—

You must have thought me negligent in not answering your letter sooner. But I have a habit of never writing letters, but at the office—'tis so much time cribbed out of the Company—and I am but just got out of the thick of a Tea Sale, in which most of the Entry of Notes, deposits &c. usually falls to my share. Dodwell is willing, but alas! slow. To compare a pile of my notes with his little hillock (which has been as long a building), what is it but to compare Olympus with a mole-hill. Then Wadd is a sad shuffler.—

I have nothing of Defoe's but two or three Novels, and the Plague History. I can give you no information about him. As a slight general character of what I remember of them (for I have not look'd into them latterly) I would say that 'in the appearance of *truth* in all the incidents and conversations that occur in them they exceed any works of fiction I am acquainted with. It is perfect illusion. The *Author* never appears in these self-narratives (for so they ought to be called or rather Autobiographies) but the *narrator* chains us down to an implicit belief in every thing he says. There is all the minute detail of a log-book in it. Dates are painfully pressed upon the memory. Facts are repeated over and over in varying phrases, till you cannot chuse but believe them. It is like reading Evidence given in a Court of Justice. So anxious the story-teller seems, that the truth should be clearly comprehended, that when he has told us a matter of fact, or a motive, in a line or two farther down he *repeats* it with his favorite figure of speech, "I say," so and so,—though he had made it abundantly plain before. This is in imitation of the common people's way of speaking, or rather of the way in which they are addressed by a master or mistress, who wishes to

impress something upon their memories; and has a wonderful effect upon matter-of-fact readers. Indeed it is to such principally that he writes. His style is elsewhere beautiful, but plain & homely. Robinson Crusoe is delightful to all ranks and classes, but it is easy to see that it is written in phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower conditions of readers: hence it is an especial favorite with seafaring men, poor boys, servant maids &c. His novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy from their deep interest to find a shelf in the Libraries of the wealthiest, and the most learned. His passion for *matter of fact narrative* sometimes betrayed him into a long relation of common incidents which might happen to any man, and have no interest but the intense appearance of truth in them, to recommend them. The whole latter half, or two thirds, of Colonel Jack is of this description. The beginning of Colonel Jack is the most affecting natural picture of a young thief that was ever drawn. His losing the stolen money in the hollow of a tree, and finding it again when he was in despair, and then being in equal distress at not knowing how to dispose of it, and several similar touches in the early history of the Colonel, evince a deep knowledge of human nature; and, putting out of question the superior *romantic* interest of the latter, in my mind very much exceed Crusoe. Roxana (1st Edition) is the next in Interest, though he left out the best part of it [in] subsequent Editions from a foolish hypercriticism of his friend, Southerne. But Moll Flanders, the account of the Plague &c. &c. are all of one family, and have the same stamp of character.'—

[At the top of the first page is added:]

Omitted at the end . . . believe me with friendly recollections, Brother
(as I used to call you) Yours C. LAMB.

[Below the 'Dear Wilson' is added in smaller writing:]

The review was not mine, nor have I seen it.

[Lamb's old India House friend, Walter Wilson, was beginning his *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe*, 1830. The passage sent to him in this letter by Lamb he printed in vol. iii, page 428. Some years later Lamb sent Wilson a further criticism.

In the recently discovered paper of recollections of Charles Lamb, with a very careful examination of his character, by Walter Wilson, printed in the *London Mercury* for December 1934, I do not find anything to explain the phrase 'Lightening I was going to call you,' but W. Wilson says that he and Lamb agreed to address each other as 'Brother.'

'Dodwell and Wadd.' Two India House clerks, old colleagues of Wilson too. We have already met them in Letter 224, and Wadd also in a note on page 334 of vol. i.]

334. TO JOHN TAYLOR

DR. SIR,

[No date: *Late 1822.*]

I will call upon you on Saturday with or without an Elia, *which is not yet begun*—I return your paper corrected—

About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 I will be with you. I am over head and ears in *profane* business.

E—

There are 2 more Reflectors, I don't care much about.

1. *Club of damn'd authors*—not good.

2. *5th of November*—pretty good.

Would they fill up gaps in the coming months, with some brief originals?

The Type is laudable.

[In August 1822 the *London Magazine* had reprinted Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard,' first published in 1813, and resuscitations from the *Reflector*, 1811-12, were also contemplated.

In 'The Lion's Head' section of the *London Magazine* for February 1823 appeared this notice:

The author of the *Essays of Elia* has promised A SERIES OF CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, the first of which will appear in our next number.

This intelligence will raise the spirit of Leila, who, since the death of Elia, has written a most feeling letter to his 'Shade,' from the shades below.

The series did not run long, beginning with 'Ritson *versus* John Scot, the Quaker,' in April 1823. In the *London Magazine* for November 1823 was 'Guy Raux,' which had begun in the *Reflector*. See vol. 1 of my edition of the Works.

'The Type.' Presumably of the *Elia* volume.]

335. TO ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS

East India House,

22nd December 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I beg you to accept my thanks for a copy of your poems, which I have found very elegant and full of fancy. I had seen and admired one of them attributed to Lord Byron. The volume is externally handsome, and the poetry of a kind, I should judge,

to have taken. But you
have described feelings too
inward, perhaps, to be
exposed to odious criticism.

I have inadvertently written this short acknowledgment sonnet fashion,—in fourteen lines—but where is the poetry! When your occupations give you leave, I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you.

Your obliged C. LAMB.

[Alaric Alexander Watts (1797–1864), poetaster and journalist, was destined to become known as the inventor, or adapter, of the Literary Souvenirs and Albums which were so popular in the 1820's and 1830's, and of which Lamb was to grow so tired.

The book, I think, was *Poetical Sketches*, privately printed.]

336. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 23rd December 1822.]

I have been so distracted with business and one thing or other, I have not had a quiet quarter of an hour for epistolary purposes. Christmas too is come, which always puts a rattle into my morning scull. It is a visiting unquiet un-Quakerish season. I get more and more in love with solitude, and proportionately hampered with company. I hope you have some holydays at this period. I have one day, Christmas day, alas! too few to commemorate the season. All work and no play dulls me. Company is not play, but many times hard work. To play, is for a man to do what he please, or to do nothing—to go about soothing his particular fancies. I have lived at a time of life, to have outlived the good hours, the nine o'Clock suppers, with a bright hour or two to clear up in afterw^{ds}.—Now you cannot get tea before that hour, and then sit gaping, music-bother'd perhaps, till half-past 12 brings up the tray, and what you steal of convivial enjoym^t after, is heavily paid for in the disquiet of to-morrow's head.

I am pleased with your liking John Woodvil, and amused with your knowledge of our drama being confined to Shakespeare and Miss Bailly. What a world of fine territory between Land's End and Johnny Grots have you missed traversing. I almost envy you to have so much to read. I feel as if I had read all the Books I want to read. O to forget Fielding, Steele, &c., and read 'em new.

Can you tell me a likely place where I could pick up cheap Fox's Journal?—There are no Quaker Circulating Libraries?—Ellwood, too, I must have.—I rather grudge that S[outhe]y has taken up the History of your People. I am afraid he will put in some Levity. I am afraid

I am not quite exempt from that fault in certain magazine Articles where I have introduced mention of them. Were they to do again, I would reform them.

Why should not you write a poetical Account of your old Worthies, deducing them from Fox to Woolman?—but I remember you did talk of something in that kind, as a counterpart to the Ecclesiastical Sketches. But would not a Poem be more consecutive than a string of Sonnets? You have no Martyrs *quite to the Fire*, I think, among you. But plenty of Heroic Confessors, Spirit-Martyrs—Lamb-Lions—Think of it—

It would be better than a series of Sonnets on 'Eminent Bankers.'—I like a hit at our way of life, tho' it does well for me, better than anything short of *all one's time to one's self*, for which alone I rankle with envy at the rich. Books are good, and Pictures are good, and Money to buy them therefore good, but to buy *TIME!* in other words, *LIFE*—

The 'compliments of the time to you' should end my letter, to a Friend I suppose I must say the 'sincerity of the season;' I hope they both mean the same. With excuses for this hastily penn'd note, believe me with great respect—

23 dec. 22.

C. LAMB.

[Miss Bailly would be Joanna Baillie (1762–1851), author of *Plays on the Passions*.

The copy of Fox's *Journal*, 1604, which was lent to Lamb is now in the possession of the Society of Friends. In it is written: 'This copy of George Fox's *Journal*, being the earliest edition of that work, the property of John T. Shewell of Ipswich, is lent for six months to Charles Lamb, at the request of Saml Alexander of Needham, Ipswich, 1st mo. 4 1823.' Lamb has added: 'Returned by Charles Lamb, within the period, with many thanks to the Lender for the very great satisfaction which he has derived from the perusal of it.'

Southey was meditating a Life of George Fox and corresponded with Barton on the subject. He did not write the book.

Barton had a plan to provide Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* with a Quaker pendant. He did not carry it out.]

337. TO ANNETTE (LANE)

Last day of poor 1822.

DEAR MADAM (I was going to write *Annette*)

Let me explain to you why you have not my acknowledgments sooner. Your kind note arrived a little after I had left the city on Saturday. On Sunday I had it not. Yesterday I saw it not for I was playing truant at Richmond. This morning at ten o'clock only did I find it and I have not lost a minute in thanking you for it.

Why, what a strange girl, *good* girl, I should say, you must be, to keep that Friday scratch eight years! I have a good mind to write out all the days:

Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Saturday.

And now give me leave to say for my sister & myself that on any-one of those days in any week we shall be happy to see *Mrs. Kenny's pupil & Mrs. Aders' friend*. Mary is at home most mornings, while we are at 20 Russell St., Covent Garden, where we shall be two or three weeks longer. Do pay her, if not me, a little visit. Your sister I hope will come with you.

Believe me with kind tho' imperfect rememb^{ces} of the little girl at Mrs. Kenny's

Your friend

CHARLES LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Referring back eight years, we find Mary Lamb (2nd November 1814) reminding Barbara Betham of her tears at sight of Mrs. Holcroft (afterwards Mrs. Kenney) from whose school she had recently eloped. We may therefore infer that "Annette" was one of Barbara's school-fellows, and that she had treasured some scrap of Lamb's writing—"Friday's scratch"—and that hearing of him again from Mrs. Aders after eight years' interval, she wrote him a letter for Christmas, addressed to the India House.'

338. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

DEAR PAYNE,

[January 1823.]

Your little books are most acceptable. 'Tis a delicate edition. They are gone to the binder's. When they come home I shall have two—the 'Camp' and 'Patrick's Day'—to read for the first time. I may say three, for I never read the 'School for Scandal.' 'Seen it I have, and in its happier days.' With the books Harwood left a truncheon or mathematical instrument, of which we have not yet ascertained the use. It is like a telescope, but unglazed. Or a ruler, but not smooth enough. It opens like a fan, and discovers a frame such as they weave lace upon at Lyons and Chambery. Possibly it is from those parts. I do not value the present the less, for not being quite able to detect its purport. When I can find any one coming your way I have a volume for you, my Elias collected. Tell Poole, his Cockney in the Lon. Mag. tickled me exceedingly. Harwood is to be with us this evening with Fanny, who comes to introduce a literary lady, who wants to see me,—and whose portentous name is *Plura*, in English 'many things.' Now, of all God's creatures, I detest letters-affecting, authors-hunting ladies. But Fanny 'will have it so.' So Miss Many Things and I are to have a conference, of which you shall have the result. I dare say she does not

play at whist. Treasurer Robertson, whose coffers are absolutely swelling with pantomimic receipts, called on me yesterday to say he is going to write to you, but if I were also, I might as well say that your last bill is at the Banker's, and will be honored on the instant receipt of the third Piece, which you have stipulated for. If you have any such in readiness, strike while the iron is hot, before the Clown cools. Tell Mrs. Kenney, that the Miss F. H. (or H. F.) Kelly, who has begun so splendidly in Juliet, is the identical little Fanny Kelly who used to play on their green before their great Lying-Inn Lodgings at Bayswater. Her career has stopt short by the injudicious bringing her out in a vile new Tragedy, and for a third character in a stupid old one,—the Earl of Essex. This is Macready's doing, who taught her. Her recitation, &c. (*not her voice or person*), is masculine. It is so clever, it seemed a male *Debut*. But cleverness is the bane of Female Tragedy especially. Passions uttered logically, &c. It is bad enough in men-actors. Could you do nothing for little Clara Fisher? Are there no French Pieces with a Child in them? By Pieces I mean here dramas, to prevent male-constructions. Did not the Blue Girl remind you of some of Congreve's women? Angelica or Millamant? To me she was a vision of Genteel Comedy realized. Those kind of people never come to see one. *N'import*—havn't I Miss Many Things coming? Will you ask Horace Smith to—[*The remainder of this letter has been lost.*]

[Payne seems to have sent Lamb the pretty Paris edition of Sheridan in three volumes. *The Camp and St. Patrick's Day* are among Sheridan's less-known plays.

Poole was writing articles on France in the *Tenden Magazine*. Lamb refers to 'A Cockney's Rural Sports,' in the number for December 1822.

Fanny was Fanny Holcroft. Could 'Pluta' have been Hannah More? A Lamb pun.

The new tragedy in which the wrong Miss Kelly had to play was probably *The Huguenot*, produced 11th December 1822. *The Earl of Essex* was revived 30th December 1822. Macready played in both.

'Cleverness is the bane.' See Lamb's little article on 'The New Acting' in my edition of Lamb's *Works*.

'The Blue Girl' seems to refer to the lady mentioned at the end of the first letter to Payne.

Angelica is in Congreve's *Love for Love*; Millamant in his *Way of the World*.]

339. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

[No date: January 1823.]

I beg your acceptance of ELIA, detached from any of its old companions which might have been less agreeable to you. I hope your eyes are better, but if you must spare them, there is nothing in my pages

which a Lady may not read aloud without indecorum, *which is more than can be said of Shakspeare.*

What a nut this last sentence would be for Blackwood!

You will find I availed myself of your suggestion, in curtailing the dissertation on Malvolio.

I have been on the Continent since I saw you.

I have eaten frogs.

I saw Monkhouse tother day, and Mrs. M. being too poorly to admit of company, the annual goosepye was sent to Russell Street, and with its capacity has fed 'A hundred head' (not of Aristotle's) but 'of Elia's friends.'

Mrs. Monkhouse is sadly confined, but chearful.—

This packet is going off, and I have neither time, place nor solitude for a longer Letter.

Will you do me the favor to forward the other volume to Southey?

Mary is perfectly well, and joins me in kindest rememb^{ers} to you all.

[Signature cut away.]

['What a nut . . . for Blackwood.' To help on Maga's great cause against Cockney arrogance.

'The dissertation on Malvolio.' When the *Elia* essay 'On Some of the Old Actors' had appeared in the *London Magazine* for February 1822 it was much longer than in the *Elia* volume of 1823. See vol. II of my edition of the *Works* for the full text. Wordsworth seems to have suggested abbreviation.]

340. TO MR. AND MRS. J. D. COLLIER

Twelfth Day [6th January], 1823.

The pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. There was some contention as to who should have the ears, but in spite of his obstinacy (deaf as these little creatures are to advice) I contrived to get at one of them.

It came in boots too, which I took as a favor. Generally those petty toes, pretty toes! are missing. But I suppose he wore them, to look taller.

He must have been the least of his race. His little foots would have gone into the silver slipper. I take him to have been Chinese, and a female.—

If Evelyn could have seen him, he would never have farrowed two such prodigious volumes, seeing how much good can be contained in—how small a compass!

He crackled delicately.

John Collier Jun^r has sent me a Poem which (without the smallest bias from the aforesaid present, believe me) I pronounce *sterling*.

I set about Evelyn, and finished the first volume in the course of a natural day. To-day I attack the second.—Parts are very interesting.—

I left a blank at top of my letter, not being determined *which* to address it to, so Farmer and Farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks. May your granaries be full, and your rats empty, and your chickens plump, and your envious neighbors lean, and your labourers busy, and you as idle and as happy as the day is long!

VIVE L'AGRICULTURE!

Frank Field's marriage of course you have seen in the papers, and that his brother Barron is expected home.

How do you make your pigs so little?

They are vastly engaging at that age.

I was so myself.

Now I am a disagreeable old hog—

A middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half.

My faculties, thank God, are not much impaired. I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect; and can read the Lord's Prayer in the common type, by the help of a candle, without making many mistakes.

Believe me, while my faculties last, a proper appreciator of your many kindnesses in this way; and that the last lingering relish of past flavors upon my dying memory will be the smack of that little Ear. It was the left ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns (not of the Pig) but of the New Year to both.—

Mary for her share of the Pig and the memoirs desires to send the same—

Dr. Mr. C. and Mrs. C.—

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[This letter is usually supposed to have been addressed by Lamb to Mr. and Mrs. Bruton of Mackery End. The address is, however, 'Mrs. Collier, Smallfield Place, East Grinstead, Sussex']

'If Evelyn could have seen him,' John Evelyn's *Diary* had recently been published, in 1818 and 1819, in two large quarto volumes.]

341. TO CHARLES ADERS

DEAR SIR,

[8th January 1823.]

We shall have great pleasure in surprising Mrs. Aders on her Birthday—You will perceive how cunningly I have contrived the direction of this note, to *evade postage*.

Yours truly

8 Jan. '23.

C. LAMB.

[This is the only note to Aders, a friend of Crabb Robinson, to whose house Lamb often went for talk and whist. Aders had a fine collection of German pictures. See Lamb's verses to him in my edition of the *Works*. The cunning in the address consisted apparently in obtaining the signature of an India House colleague to certify that it was 'official.'

On 8th January 1823 Crabb Robinson was at Lamb's, when Coleridge was again one of the chief subjects of conversation. Lamb said: 'He ought not to have a wife and children; he should have a sort of diocesan care of the world — no parish duty.']

342. TO BERNARD BARTON

9 Jan., 1823.

'Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of Booksellers would afford you'!!!

Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you had but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the Booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars, when they have poor Authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them. Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors for bread, some repining, others envying the blessed security of a Counting House, all agreeing they had rather have been Taylors, Weavers, what not? rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book drudgery, what he has found them. O you know not, may you never know! the miseries of subsisting by authorship. 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine, but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious TASK-WORK. Those fellows hate *us*. The reason I take to be, that, contrary to other trades, in which the Master gets all the credit (a Jeweller or Silversmith for instance), and the Journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background: in *our* work the world gives all the credit to *Us*, whom *they* consider as *their* Journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches. I contend, that a Bookseller has a *relative honesty* towards Authors, not like his honesty to the rest of the world. B[aldwin], who first engag'd me as Elia, has not paid me up yet (nor any of us without repeated mortifying applials), yet how the Knave fawned while I was of service

to him! Yet I dare say the fellow is punctual in settling his milk-score, &c. Keep to your Bank, and the Bank will keep you. Trust not to the Public, you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for anything that worthy *Personage* cares. I bless every star, that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the Banking Office; what, is there not from six to Eleven P.M. 6 days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding torturing tormenting thoughts, that disturb the Brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance. Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment, look upon them as Lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome, dead timber of a desk, that makes me live. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious. If you can send me Fox, I will not keep it six *weeks*, and will return it, with warm thanks to yourself and friend, without blot or dog's ear. You much oblige me by this kindness.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Please to direct to me at India Ho. in future. [? I am] not always at Russell St.

[Barton had long been meditating the advisability of giving up his place in the bank at Woodbridge and depending upon his pen. Lamb's letter of dissuasion is not the only one which he received. Byron had written to him in 1812: 'You deserve success; but we knew, before Addison wrote his *Cato*, that desert does not always command it. But suppose it attained:

You know what ill's the author's life assail—

Toil, envy, want, the *patron*, and the jail.

Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Barton had now broken again into dissatisfaction with his life. He did not, however, leave the bank.

Southey made no 'fortune' by his pen. He almost always had to forestall his new works.]

343. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

DEAR PAYNE,

23 January, '23.

I have no mornings (my day begins at 5 P.M.) to transact business in, or talents for it, so I employ Mary, who has seen Robertson, who says that the Piece which is to be Operafied was sent to you six weeks since by a Mr. Hunter, whose journey has been delayed, but he supposes you

have it by this time. On receiving it back properly done, the rest of your dues will be forthcoming. You have received £30 from Harwood, I hope? Bishop was at the theatre when Mary called, and he has put your other piece into C. Kemble's hands (the piece you talk of offering Elliston) and C. K. sent down word that he had not yet had time to read it. So stand your affairs at present. Glossop has got the Murderer. Will you address him on the subject, or shall I—that is, Mary? She says you must write more *showable* letters about these matters, for, with all our trouble of crossing out this word, and giving a cleaner turn to th' other, and folding down at this part, and squeezing an obnoxious epithet into a corner, she can hardly communicate their contents without offence. What, man, put less gall in your ink, or write me a biting tragedy!

C. LAMB.

344. TO BERNARD BARTON

January 24, 1823.

This notelet is to say, an *Elia* was book'd off to you from Spread Eagle, Gracechurch St. this 24 Jan 23—

When you have an opportunity I sh'd like to receive Fox at 20 Russell St—but no hurry. A month hence would suit me better than now.

Accept my thanks for the Sonnet, tho' I am not mad enough to take the last line for any thing more than a pretty alliteration.

Believe me with g^t respects,

Yrs. C. LAMB.

[The last line of Barton's sonnet *To Elia* links Lamb's name with those of Marvell, Browne, and Burton.]

345 TO THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS

SIR,

25 Jan 23

I return you the Manuscript, which Mess^r Taylor & Hessey do not consider as exactly adapted to their Publication, and am only sorry that they have kept it so long without deciding. I can very sincerely say, that I think with you that it is a very *graceful* and pretty narrative. Julia's hoarding up her choice playthings, which *came to nothing*, particularly struck me. I am only a contributor to the Lond. Mag. and am not invested with any editorial choice or function. Is it not probable that it might find a place in the Lady's Magazine, which is much improved from what we must remember it?—I believe it is published by Souter in St. Paul's Church Yard, but I have no interest in it.

Your obed^t Serv. ELIA—

[The Rev. William Harness (1790-1869) is chiefly known as the friend of Byron and of Mary Russell Mitford, whose life he wrote.]

346. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Russell House
2 feb. /23.

DEAR AYRTON,

The Burneys and Paynes dine with us on Wednesday at half past four. It will give us great pleasure (what a canting phrase!)—in short, lad, will Mrs. A. and your harmonious self join them? Get pen and ink forthwith and say so, Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[The Paynes were Payne the bookseller and his wife, *née* Burney.]

347. TO JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1 February [9th], 1823.

MY DEAR MISS LAMB—I have enclosed for you Mr. Payne's piece called Grandpapa, which I regret to say is not thought to be of the nature that will suit this theatre; but as there appears to be much merit in it, Mr. Kemble strongly recommends that you should send it to the English Opera House, for which it seems to be excellently adapted. As you have already been kind enough to be our medium of communication with Mr. Payne, I have imposed this trouble upon you; but if you do not like to act for Mr. Payne in the business, and have no means of disposing of the piece, I will forward it to Paris or elsewhere as you think he may prefer.

Very truly yours,

HENRY ROBERTSON.

L. R. C. G., 8 Feb. 1823.

DEAR P—

We have just received the above, and want your instructions. It strikes me as a very merry little piece, that should be played by *very young actors*. It strikes me that Miss Clara Fisher would play the *boy* exactly. She is just such a forward chit. No young *man* would do it without its appearing absurd, but in a girl's hands it would have just all the reality that a short dream of an act requires. Then for the sister, if Miss Stevenson that was, were Miss Stevenson and younger, they two would carry it off. I do not know who they have got in that young line, besides Miss C. F., at Drury, nor how you would like Elliston to have it—has he not had it? I am thick with Arnold, but I have always heard that the very slender profits of the English Opera House do not admit of his giving above a trifle, or next to none, for a piece of this kind. Write me what I should do, what you would ask, &c. The music (printed) is returned with the piece, and the French original. Tell Mr. Grattan I thank him for his book, which as far as I have read it is a *very companionable one*. I have but just received it. It came the

same hour with your packet from Cov. Gar., i.e. yester-night late, to my summer residence, where, tell Kenney, the cow is quiet. Love to all at Versailles. Write quickly.

C. L.

I have no acquaintance with Kemble at all, having only met him once or twice; but any information, &c., I can get from R., who is a good fellow, you may command. I am sorry the rogues are so dilatory, but I distinctly believe they mean to fulfill their engagement. I am sorry you are not here to see to these things. I am a poor man of business, but command me to the short extent of my tether. My sister's kind remembrance ever.

C. L.

[Grandpapa was eventually produced at Drury Lane, 25th May 1825, and played thrice. Miss Stevenson was an actress praised by Lamb in the *Examiner* (see vol. 1 of my edition of the *Works*). C. F. was Clara Fisher, mentioned above.]

Samuel James Arnold was manager of the Lyceum, then known as the English Opera House; he was the brother of Mrs. William Ayrton, Lamb's friend.

Mr. Grattan was Thomas Colley Grattan (1792-1864), who was then living in Paris. His book would be *Highways and Byways*, or, *Tales of the Road Side*, picked up in the French Provinces by a Walking Gentleman, 1823.

There is one other note to Payne in the *Century Magazine*, unimportant and undated, suggesting a walk one Sunday.]

348. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 17th February 1823.]

I have read quite through the ponderous folio of G. F. I think Sewell has been judicious in omitting certain parts, as for instance where G. F. has revealed to him the natures of all the creatures in their names, as Adam had. He luckily turns aside from that compendious study of natural history, which might have superseded Buffon, to his proper spiritual pursuits, only just hinting what a philosopher he might have been. The ominous passage is near the beginning of the Book. It is clear he means a physical knowledge, without trope or figure. Also, pretences to miraculous healing and the like are more frequent than I should have suspected from the epitome in Sewell. He is nevertheless a great spiritual man, and I feel very much obliged by your procuring me the Loan of it. How I like the Quaker phrases—though I think they were hardly completed till Woolman. A pretty little manual of Quaker language (with an endeavour to explain them) might be gathered out of his Book. Could not you do it? I have read through G. F. without finding any explanation of the term *first volume* in the title page. It

takes in all, both his life and his death. Are there more Last words of him? Pray, how may I venture to return it to Mr. Shewell at Ipswich? I fear to send such a Treasure by a Stage Coach. Not that I am afraid of the Coachman or the Guard *reading it*. But it might be lost. Can you put me in a way of sending it in safety? The kind hearted owner trusted it to me for six months. I think I was about as many days in getting through it, and I do not think that I skipt a word of it. I have quoted G. F. in my Quaker's meeting as having said he was 'lifted up in spirit' (which I felt at the time to be not a Quaker phrase), 'and the Judge and Jury were as dead men under his feet.' I find no such words in his Journal, and I did not get them from Sewell, and the latter sentence I am sure I did not mean to invent. I must have put some other Quaker's words into his mouth. Is it a fatality in me, that every thing I touch turns into a Lye? I once quoted two Lines from a translation of Dante, which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted in a Book as proof of the stupendous power of that poet, but no such lines are to be found in the translation, which has been searched for the purpose. I must have dreamed them, for I am quite certain I did not forge them knowingly. What a misfortune to have a Lying memory.—Yes, I have seen Miss Coleridge, and wish I had just such a—daughter. God love her—to think that she should have had to toil thro' five octavos of that cursed (I forget I write to a Quaker) Abbeypony History, and then to abridge them to 3, and all for £113. At her years, to be doing stupid Jesuits' Latin into English, when she should be reading or writing Romances. Heaven send her Uncle do not breed her up a Quarterly Reviewer!—which reminds me, that he has spoken very respectfully of you in the last number, which is the next thing to having a Review all to one's self. Your description of Mr. Mitford's place makes me long for a pippin and some carraways and a cup of sack in his orchard, when the sweets of the night come in.

Farewell.

C. LAMB.

[In the 1694 folio of George Fox's *Journal* the revelation of the names of creatures occurs twice, once under Notts in 1647 and again under Mansfield in 1648.

'Sewell.' *The History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People called Quakers*, 1722. By William Sewell (1645-1720).

'In my Quaker's meeting.' The *Elia* essay.

'I once quoted two Lines.' Possibly, the late A. R. Waller suggested to me, the lines:

Because on earth their names
In Fame's eternal volume shine for aye,

quoted by Hazlitt in his *Round Table* essay 'On Posthumous Fame,' and again in one of his *Edinburgh Review* articles. They are presumably based upon the

Inferno, Canto iv (see Haselfoot's translation, second edition, 1899, page 21, lines 74-8). But the 'manufacturer' of them must have had Spenser's line in his mind, 'On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthie to be fyled' (*Faerie Queene*, Book iv, canto ii, stanza 32). They have not yet been found in any translation of Dante. This explanation would satisfy Lamb's words 'quoted in a book,' i.e. *The Round Table*, published in 1817.

'Miss Coleridge.' Coleridge's daughter Sara, born in 1802, who had been brought up by her uncle, Southey. She had translated Martin Dobrizhoffer's Latin history of the Abipones in order to gain funds for her brother Derwent's college expenses. Her father considered the translation 'unsurpassed for pure mother English by anything I have read for a long time.' Sara Coleridge married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, in 1829. She edited her father's works, and died in 1852. At the present time she and her mother were visiting the Gillmans.

Mr. Mitford was John Mitford (1781-1859), rector of Benhall, in Suffolk, and editor of old poets. Later he became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He was a cousin of Mary Russell Mitford. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1838, is a review of Talfourd's edition of Lamb's *Letters*, almost certainly from his pen, in which he records a visit to the Lambs in 1827. He also reviewed the *Final Memorials* in 1848 with some more personal recollections of Lamb in it.]

349. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 11th March 1823.]

The approbation of my little book by your sister is very pleasing to me. The Quaker incident did not happen to me, but to Carlisle the surgeon, from whose mouth I have twice heard it, at an interval of ten or twelve years, with little or no variation, and have given it as exactly as I could remember it. The gloss which your sister, or you, have put upon it, does not strike me as correct. Carlisle drew no inference from it against the honesty of the Quakers, but only in favour of their surprising coolness; that they should be capable of committing a good joke, with an utter insensibility to its being any jest at all. I have reason to believe in the truth of it, because, as I have said, I heard him repeat it without variation at such an interval. The story loses sadly in print, for Carlisle is the best story teller I ever heard. The idea of the discovery of roasting pigs, I also borrowed from my friend Manning, and am willing to confess both my plagiarisms.

Should fate ever so order it that you shall be in town with your sister, mine bids me say that she shall have great pleasure in being introduced to her. I think I must give up the cause of the Bank—from nine to nine is galley-slavery, but I hope it is but temporary. Your endeavour at explaining Fox's insight into the nature of animals must fail, as I shall transcribe the passage. It appears to me that he stopt short in time, and was on the brink of falling with his friend Naylor, my

favourite.—The book shall be forthcoming whenever your friend can make convenient to call for it. They have dragged me again into the Magazine, but I feel the spirit of the thing in my own mind quite gone. 'Some brains' (I think Ben Jonson says it) 'will endure but one skimming.' We are about to have an inundation of poetry from the Lakes, Wordsworth and Southey are coming up strong from the North. The she Coleridges have taken flight, to my regret. With Sara's own-made acquisitions, her unaffectedness and no-pretensions are beautiful. You might pass an age with her without suspecting that she knew any thing but her mother's tongue. I don't mean any reflection on Mrs. Coleridge here. I had better have said her vernacular idiom. Poor C. I wish he had a home to receive his daughter in. But he is but as a stranger or a visitor in this world. How did you like Hartley's sonnets? The first, at least, is vastly fine. Lloyd has been in town a day or two on business, and is perfectly well. I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature anything but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. I never had a seal too of my own. Writing to a great man lately, who is moreover very Heraldic, I borrowed a seal of a friend, who by the female side quarters the Protectorial Arms of Cromwell. How they must have puzzled my correspondent!—My letters are generally charged as double at the Post office, from their inveterate clumsiness of foldure. So you must not take it disrespectful to your self if I send you such ungainly scraps. I think I lose £100 a year at the India House, owing solely to my want of neatness in making up Acco^{ts}. How I puzzle 'em out at last is the wonder. I have to do with millions. I?

It is time to have done my incoherencies—

Believe me Yours Truly

Tuesd 11 Ma 23.

C. LAMB.

[Bernard Barton's sister was Maria Hack, author of many books for children. The Quaker incident is in the essay 'Imperfect Sympathies.' Carlisle was Sir Anthony Carlisle.

'You endeavour at explaining Fox's insight.' See Letter 348.

'Naylor.' James Naylor (1617?–60), an early Quaker who permitted his admirers to look upon him as a new Christ. He went to extremes totally foreign to the spirit of the Society. Barton made a paraphrase of Naylor's *Last Testimony*.

'They have dragged me again.' Lamb had been quite ready to give up *Elia* with the first essays. 'Old China,' one of his most charming papers, was in the March *London Magazine*.

'Some brains . . . ' It is Swift who says this, not Ben Jonson. 'There is a brain that will endure but one scumming.'—Preface to *The Battle of the Books*.

'Hartley's sonnets.' Four sonnets by Hartley Coleridge were printed in the *London Magazine* for February 1823, addressed to R. S. Jameson.

'Writing to a great man lately.' This was Sir Walter Scott. The friend with the seal would be Francis Field, Barton Field's brother, and Lamb's fellow clerk. See letter 453.]

350. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 5th April 1823.]

You must think me ill mannered not to have replied to your first letter sooner, but I have an ugly habit of aversion from letter writing, which makes me an unworthy correspondent. I have had no spring, or cordial call to the occupation of late. I have been not well lately, which must be my lame excuse. Your poem, which I consider very affecting, found me engaged about a humorous Paper for the London, which I had called a 'Letter to an *Old Gentleman* whose Education had been neglected'—and when it was done Taylor and Hessey would not print it, and it discouraged me from doing any thing else, so I took up Scott, where I had scribbled some petulant remarks, and for a make shift father'd them on Ritson. It is obvious I could not make your Poem a part of them, and as I did not know whether I should ever be able to do to my mind what you suggested, I thought it not fair to keep back the verses for the chance. Mr. Mitford's sonnet I like very well; but as I also have my reasons against interfering at all with the Editorial arrangement of the London, I transmitted it (not in my own handwriting) to them, who I doubt not will be glad to insert it. What eventual benefit it can be to you (otherwise than that a kind man's wish is a benefit) I cannot conjecture. Your Society are eminently men of Business, and will probably regard you as an idle fellow, possibly disown you, that is to say, if you had put your own name to a sonnet of that sort, but they cannot excommunicate Mr. Mitford, therefore I thoroughly approve of printing the said verses. When I see any Quaker names to the Concert of Antient Music, or as Directors of the British Institution, or bequeathing medals to Oxford for the best classical themes, etc.—then I shall begin to hope they will emancipate you. But what as a Society can they do for you? you would not accept a Commission in the Army, nor they be likely to procure it; Posts in Church or State have they none in their giving; and then if they disown you—think—you must live 'a man forbid.'

I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore—half the Poetry of England constellated and clustered in Gloster Place! It was a delightful Even^g. Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk, had all the talk, and let 'em

talk as evilly as they do of the envy of Poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb, while Apollo lectured on his and their fine Art. It is a lie that Poets are envious, I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aking head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night. Marry, it was Hippocras rather. Pray accept this as a letter in the mean time, and do me the favor to mention my respects to Mr. Mitford, who is so good as to entertain good thoughts of Elia, but don't show this almost impertinent scrawl. I will write more respectfully next time, for believe me, if not in words, in feelings, yours most so.

['Your poem.' Barton's poem was entitled *A Poet's Thanks*, and was printed in the *London Magazine* for April 1823, the same number that contained Lamb's article on Ritson and Scott. It is one of his best poems, an expression of contentment in simplicity. Scott was John Scott of Amwell (Barton's predecessor as the Quaker poet), who had written a rather foolish book of prose, *Critical Essays on the English Poets*. Ritson was Joseph Ritson, the critic and antiquarian. See vol. 1 of my edition of the *Works* for the article. Barton seems to have suggested to Lamb that he should write an essay around the poem *A Poet's Thanks*. Mitford's sonnet, which was printed in the *London Magazine* for June 1823, was addressed commiseratingly to Bernard Barton. It began:

What to thy broken Spirit can atone,
Unhappy victim of the Tyrant's fears;

and continued in the same strain, the point being that Barton was the victim of his Quaker employers, who made him 'prisoner at once and slave.' Lamb's previous letter shows us that Barton was being worked from nine till nine, and we must suppose also that an objection to his poetical exercises had been lodged or suggested. The matter isn't I itself in time.

'I dined in Parnassus.' This dinner, at Thomas Monkhouse's, No. 34 Gloucester Place, is described both by Moore and by Crabb Robinson, who was present. Moore wrote in his *Journal*.

Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party. Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*), and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minori sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes; the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him.

Lamb told Moore that he had hitherto always felt an antipathy to him, but henceforward should like him.

Crabb Robinson writes:

April 4th. Dined at Monkhouse's. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth

and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in the very inverse order, except that it would place Moore above Rogers. During this afternoon, Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. He talked much and well. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and spirits. His subjects metaphysical criticism—Wordsworth he chiefly talked to. Rogers occasionally let fall a remark. Moore seemed conscious of his inferiority. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, whom he sat next. L. was in a good frame—kept himself within bounds and was only cheerful at last. . . . I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part. . . . I walked home late with Lamb.

Many years later Robinson sent to the *Athenaeum* (25th June 1853), on the publication of Moore's *Journal*, a further and fuller account of the evening.

Here might come two undated letters, one to Monkhouse which, although obviously written in December, can be inserted now, and one to Aytton.]

351. TO THOMAS MONKHOUSE

DEAR M.,

[No date.]

I am suffering under a most severe cold, which are always obstinate things with me, and on water gruel diet. Pray set me down as certainly not to dine with you on Saturday. I must, if I can be on my legs, dine out on Christmas day at a very old friend's, whom I have not failed on that day for many a long year; and two *dinners out* in one week would make me seriously an invalid. If we can drop in towards night, we will; but I am sure that would be imprudent. Still—

at all Events make up your *dinner* Table without us, and merry be your guests!

Yours most truly,

Monday.

C. LAMB.

[Addressed] T. Monkhouse, Esq., 67 Gloucester Place, Portman Square.

352. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

[No date: ? 1823.]

Cards & cold mutton in Russell St on Friday at 8 & 9

Gin and Jokes from $\frac{1}{2}$ past that time to 12

Pass this on to MR. PAYNE and apprize Martin thereof

353. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

DEAR LAD,

April 13th, 1823.

You must think me a brute beast, a rhinoceros, never to have acknowledged the receipt of your precious present. But indeed I am none of

those shocking things, but have arrived at that indisposition to letter-writing, which would make it a hard exertion to write three lines to a king to spare a friend's life. Whether it is that the Magazine paying me so much a page, I am loath to throw away composition—how much a sheet do you give your correspondents? I have hung up Pope, and a gem it is, in my town room; I hope for your approval. Though it accompanies the 'Essay on Man,' I think that was not the poem he is here meditating. He would have looked up, somehow affectedly, if he were just conceiving 'Awake, my St. John.' Neither is he in the 'Rape of the Lock' mood exactly. I think he has just made out the last lines of the 'Epistle to Jervis,' between gay and tender,

And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes.

I'll be damn'd if that isn't the line. He is brooding over it, with a dreamy phantom of Lady Mary floating before him. He is thinking which is the earliest possible day and hour that she will first see it. What a miniature piece of gentility it is! Why did you give it me? I do not like you enough to give you anything so good.

I have dined with T. Moore and breakfasted with Rogers, since I saw you; have much to say about them when we meet, which I trust will be in a week or two. I have been over-watched and over-poeted since Wordsworth has been in town. I was obliged for health sake to wish him gone: but now he is gone I feel a great loss. I am going to Dalston to recruit, and have serious thoughts—of altering my condition, that is, of taking to sobriety. What do you advise me?

T. Moore asked me your address in a manner which made me believe he meant to call upon you.

Rogers spake very kindly of you, as every body does, and none with so much reason as you

C. L.

[Procter had sent Lamb a portrait of Pope, of which we have an account in an article in the *Bookman* for 30th August 1930, by Mr. J. M. Turnbull.

'Lady Mary.' By Lady Mary, Lamb means, as Pope did in the first edition, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. But after his quarrel with that lady, Pope altered it to Worsley, signifying Lady Frances Worsley, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough and wife of Sir Robert Worsley.]

354. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

DEAR MISS H—,

[P.M. 25th April 1823.]

Mary has such an invincible reluctance to any epistolary exertion, that I am sparing her a mortification by taking the pen from her. The plain truth is, she writes such a pimping, mean, detestable hand, that

she is ashamed of the formation of her letters. There is an essential poverty and abjectness in the frame of them. They look like begging letters. And then she is sure to omit a most substantial word in the second draught (for she never ventures an epistle, without a foul copy first) which is obliged to be interlined, which spoils the neatest epistle, you know [*the word 'epistle' is added above*]. Her figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., where she has occasion to express numerals, as in the date (25 Apr 1823), are not figures, but Figurantes. And the combined posse go staggering up and down shameless as drunkards in the day time. It is no better when she rules her paper, her lines are 'not less erring' than her words—a sort of unnatural parallel lines, that are perpetually threatening to meet, which you know is quite contrary to Euclid [*here Lamb has ruled lines grossly unparallel*]. Her very blots are not bold like this, [*here a bold blot*] but poor [*here a poor smear*] smears half left in and half scratched out with another smear left in their place. I like a clean letter. A bold free hand, and a fearless flourish. Then she has always to go thro' them (a second operation) to dot her i s, and cross her t s. I don't think she can make a cork screw, if she tried—which has such a fine effect at the end or middle of an epistle—and fills up—

[*Here Lamb has made a corkscrew two inches long.*]

There is a corkscrew, one of the best I ever drew. By the way what incomparable whiskey that was of Monkhouse's. But if I am to write a letter, let me begin, and not stand flourishing like a fencer at a fair.

It gives me great pleasure (the letter now begins) to hear that you got down smoothly, and that Mrs. Monkhouse's spirits are so good and enterprising. It shews, whatever her posture may be, that her mind at least is not supine. I hope the excursion will enable the former to keep pace with its out-stripping neighbor. Pray present our kindest wishes to her, and all. (That sentence should properly have come in the Post Script, but we airy Mercurial Spirits, there is no keeping us in.) Time—as was said of one of us—toils after us in vain. I am afraid our co-visit with Coleridge was a dream. I shall not get away before the end (or middle) of June, and then you will be frog-hopping at Boulogne. And besides I think Gilmans would scarce trust him with us, I have a malicious knack at cutting of apron strings. The Saints' days you speak of have long since fled to heaven, with Astræa, and the cold piety of the age lacks fervor to recall them—only Peter left his key—the iron one of the two, that shuts amain—and that's the reason I am locked up. Meanwhile of afternoons we pick up primroses at Dalston, and Mary corrects me when I call 'em cowslips. God bless you all, and pray remember me euphoneously to Mr. Guwellegan. That Lee Priory

must be a dainty bower, is it built of flints, and does it stand at Kingsgate? Did you remem

[*This is apparently the proper end of the letter. At least there is no indication of another sheet.*]

[Addressed to 'Miss Hutchinson, 17 Sion Hill, Ramsgate, Kent,' where she was staying with Mrs. Monkhouse.

'Not less erring,' A reminiscence of Cowley's line in his poem *On the Death of Sir Anthony Van dyck*:

His pen was not less erring than his heart.

Quoted by Lamb about Tupp in the essay on 'The South-Sea House.'

""Time"—as was said of one of us.' Johnson wrote of Shakespeare, in the Prologue at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747:

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

'The Saints' days.' See note to the letter to Mrs. Wordsworth, 18th February 1818.

'Fled to heaven with Astræa.' Astræa, Goddess of Justice, was the last of the heavenly ones to abandon the earth and return to heaven.—Ovid, *Mt.* i. 150.

'Iron one.' From Milton's *Lyidas*:

Two massy keyes he bore of metals twain,
The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain.

'Mr. Guwellegan.' Probably Lamb's effort to write the name of Edward Quillinan, afterwards Wordsworth's son-in-law, whose first wife had been a Miss Brydges of Lee Priory.

'Lee Priory.' The home of Sir Egerton Brydges, at Ickham, near Canterbury. He had, however, now left, and his famous private press was closed.]

355. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[No date: probably 1823.]

It is hard when a Gentleman cannot remain concealed, who affecteth obscurity with greater avidity than most do seek to have their good deeds brought to light—to have a prying inquisitive finger, (to the danger of its own scorching), busied in removing the little peck measure (scripturally a bushel) under which one had hoped to bury his small candle. The receipt of fern-seed, I think, in this curious age, would scarce help a man to walk invisible.

Well, I am discovered—and thou thyself, who thoughtest to shelter under the pease-cod of initiality (a stale and shallow device), art no less dragged to light—Thy slender anatomy—thy skeletonian D—fleshed and sinewed out to the plump expansion of six characters—thy tuneful genealogy deduced—

By the way, what a name is Timothy!

Lay it down, I beseech thee, and in its place take up the properer sound of Timotheus—

Then mayst thou with unblushing fingers handle the Lyre 'familiar to the D——n name.'

With much difficulty have I traced thee to thy lurking-place. Many a goodly name did I run over, bewildered between Dorrien, and Doxat, and Dover, and Dakin, and Daintry—a wilderness of D's—till at last I thought I had hit it—my conjectures wandering upon a melancholy Jew—you wot the Israelite upon Change—Master Daniels—a contemplative Hebrew—to the which guess I was the rather led, by the consideration that most of his nation are great readers—

Nothing is so common as to see them in the Jews' Walk, with a bundle of scrips in one hand, and the Man of Feeling, or a volume of Sterne, in the other—

I am a rogue if I can collect what manner of face thou carriest, though thou seemest so familiar with mine—If I remember, thou didst not resemble the man Daniels, whom at first I took thee for—a careworn, mortified, economical, commercio-political countenance, with an agreeable limp in thy gait, ff Elia mistake thee not. I think I sh^d. shake hands with thee, if I met thee.

[John Bates Dibdin, the son of Charles Dibdin the younger, and grandson of the great Charles Dibdin, was at this time a young man of about twenty-four, engaged as a clerk in a shipping office in the city. I borrow from Canon Ainger an interesting letter from a sister of Dibdin on the beginning of the correspondence:

My brother . . . had constant occasion to conduct the giving or taking of cheques, as it might be, at the India House. There he always selected 'the little clever man' in preference to the other clerks. At that time the *Elia Essays* were appearing in print. No one had the slightest conception who 'Elia' was. He was talked of everywhere, and everybody was trying to find him out, but without success. At last, from the style and manner of conveying his ideas and opinions on different subjects, my brother began to suspect that Lamb was the individual so widely sought for, and wrote some lines to him, anonymously, sending them by post to his residence, with the hope of sifting him on the subject. Although Lamb could not *know* who sent him the lines, yet he looked very hard at the writer of them the next time they met, when he walked up, as usual, to Lamb's desk in the most unconcerned manner, to transact the necessary business. Shortly after, when they were again in conversation, something dropped from Lamb's lips which convinced his hearer, beyond a doubt, that his suspicions were correct. He therefore wrote some more lines (anonymously, as before), beginning:

I've found thee out, O Elia!

and sent them to Colebrook Row. The consequence was that at their next meeting Lamb produced the lines, and after much laughing, confessed himself to be *Elia*. This led to a warm friendship between them.

Dibdin's letter of discovery was signed D. Hence Lamb's fumbling after his surname, which he probably knew all the time.

'Fern-seed.' 'We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.'—*Henry IV*, II. i. 96.

'The Lyre.' Glancing at Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*.]

356. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 3rd May 1823.]

DEAR SIR,

I am vexed to be two letters in your debt, but I have been quite out of the vein lately. A philosophical treatise is wanting, of the causes of the backwardness with which persons after a certain time of life set about writing a letter. I always feel as if I had nothing to say, and the performance generally justifies the presentiment. Taylor and Hessey did foolishly in not admitting the sonnet. Surely it might have followed the B. B. I agree with you in thinking Bowring's paper better than the former. I will inquire about my Letter to the Old Gentleman, but I expect it to go in, after those to the Young Gent are completed. I do not exactly see why the Goose and little Goslings should emblemize a Quaker poet that has no children. But after all—perhaps it is a Pelican. The Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin around it I cannot decypher. The songster of the night pouring out her effusions amid a Silent Meeting of Madge Owlets, would be at least intelligible. A full pause here comes upon me, as if I had not a word more left. I will shake my brain. Once—twice—nothing comes up—George Fox recommends waiting on these occasions. I wait. Nothing comes. G. Fox—that sets me off again. I have finished the Journal, and 400 more pages of the *Doctrinals*, which I picked up for 7s. 6d. If I get on at this rate, the Society will be in danger of having two Quaker poets—to patronise. I am at Dalton now, but if, when I go back to Cov. Gar., I find thy friend has not call'd for the Journal, thee must put me in a way of sending it; and if it should happen that the Lender of it, having that volume, has not the other, I shall be most happy in his accepting the *Doctrinals*, which I shall read but once certainly. It is not a splendid copy, but perfect, save a leaf of Index.

I cannot but think the London drags heavily. I miss Janus. And O how it misses Hazlitt—Procter too is affronted (as Janus has been) with their abominable curtailment of his things—some meddling Editor or other—or phantom of one—for neither he nor Janus know their busy friend. But they always find the best part cut out; and they have done well to cut also. I am not so fortunate to be served in this manner,

for I would give a clean sum of money in sincerity to leave them handsomely. But the dogs—T. and H. I mean—will not affront me, and what can I do? Must I go on to drivelling? Poor Relations is tolerable—but where shall I get another subject—or who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I assure you it teases me more than it used to please me. Ch. Lloyd has published a sort of Quaker poem, he tells me, and that he has order'd me a copy, but I have not got it. Have you seen it? I must leave a little wafer space, which brings me to an apology for a conclusion. I am afraid of looking back, for I feel all this while I have been writing nothing, but it may show I am alive. Believe me, cordially yours.

C. LAMB.

[The sonnet probably was Mitford's to Barton, which, however, was printed in the June number of the *London Magazine*. Bowring, afterwards Sir John, was writing in the *London Magazine* on 'Spanish Romances.'

'The Goose and little Goslings.' Probably the design for a B. B. title-page.

John Taylor, Hood, and perhaps John Hamilton Reynolds, made up the *London Magazine* for press. In the May number, in addition to Lamb's 'Poor Relations,' were contributions from De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, Cary, and Barton. But it was not what it had been.

[Lloyd's Quaker poem would probably be one of those in his *Poems*, 1823, which contains some of his most interesting work.]

357. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

ELIA

[P.M. 6th May 1823.]

DEAR SIR,

Your verses were very pleasant, and I shall like to see more of them—I do not mean *addressed to me*.

I do not know whether you live in town or country, but if it suits your convenience I shall be glad to see you some evening—say Thursday—at 20 Great Russell Street, Cov^t Garden. If you can come, do not trouble yourself to write. We are old fashioned people who *drink tea* at six, or not much later, and give cold mutton and pickle at nine, the good old hour. I assure you (if it suit you) we shall be glad to see you.—

Yours, etc.

C. LAMB.

E. I. H., Tuesday,
Some day of May 1823.
Not official.

My love to Mr. Railton.
The same to Mr. Rankin,
to the whole Firm indeed.

[The verses are not, I fear, now recoverable. Dibdin's firm was Railton, Rankin & Co., in Old Jewry.]

358. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR SIR,

E. I. H. 19 May, '23.

I have been very agreeably entertained with your present, which I found very curious and amusing. What wisecracks our forefathers appear to have been! It should make *us* thankful who are grown so rational and polite. I should call to thank you for the book, but go home to Dalston at present. I shall beg your acceptance (when I see you) of my little book. I have Ray's *Collections of English Words not generally Used*, 1691; and in page 60 ('North Country words') occurs 'Rynt ye'—(by your leave, 'stand handsomely.' As, 'Rynt you, witch,' quoth Besse Locket to her mother; Proverb, Cheshire.—Doubtless this is the 'Aroint' of Shakspeare.

In the same collection I find several Shaksperisms. 'Rooky wood: a Northern word for 'reeky,' 'misty,' &c. 'Shandy' a north country word for 'wild.' Sterne was York.

Yours obliged,

C. LAMB.

I am at 14, Kingsland Row, Dalston. Will you take a walk over on Sunday? We dine exactly at 4, and shall be most glad to see you. If I don't hear from you (by note to E. I. Ho.) I will expect you.

Mr. Hone,

45, Ludgate Hill.

[Hone had just published his *Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle Plays*; but it may have been another of his very numerous works that he had sent to Lamb.

'Rynt ye.' Meaning 'get out of the way.' The *Oxford Shakespeare Glossary* supports this derivation of 'aroint.' 'Stand handsomely' is obscure without explanation. As Halliwell points out in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, it is a milkmaid's injunction, accompanied by a push, to a cow to move aside so that she can have space for her milking stool and pail.

'Rooky wood.' See *Macbeth*, III. ii. 51. Meaning uncertain, but Tennyson uses 'roky' for misty in *The Last Tournament*.

'Shandy.' 'Eccentricity and singularity of temper belonged to all the Shandy family by virtue of their blood.'—*Tristram Shandy*, vol. 1, chap. 21.]

359. TO MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO

MADONA,

[Dated at end: 24th May 1823.]

We agree to your proposal with this difference, that the viands shall be entirely of your providing—let me suggest that the wine shall be orange and the pye will be seasoned—and that the coach shall be our

affair. I must meet you at the Gallery between three and four,—but Mary goes with you, and you will see her before the day appointed.

Yours sincerely,

Saturday 24 May

C. LAMB.

Anno Salvationis Nostræ 1823.

360. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 51b June 1823.]

I am up to my elbows in business—not a choice phrase, but I have no time to pick—clearing away office work, in order to get off smoothly for a month into the country. I set off tomorrow for Hastings, or Hampton I don't know which. I shall think of you at the desk, to enhance my pleasure, and feel an insolent compassion.

I like friend Lockwood very much, and have begged his acceptance of the *Doctrinals*, which (1090 Pages) I have waded thro', without feeling it a loss of time. I found your system in them, tho' not formally drawn out & made a Creed of. I admire how consistent it is from Page first to last. It seems all born at the beginning perfect. One thing I wondered at (if I did not miss it) that there is nothing against Slavery, tho' G. F. was in the West Indies. And one thing I smiled at, that, tho' he perpetually cries down the Languages (which he prettily girds by the allusion to Pilate setting them up, viz 'Hebrew Greek & Latin over our Savior on the Cross') yet once in support of his opinion he starts a contested Text & maintains it by the authority of *Epiphanius's Commentary* on the Greek Text. What could he mean by fancying the Grand Turk would read his appeals? Did he send them in English? he quotes the Alcoran too upon him Page so & so, which I suppose means in the Translation. But these incuriæ excepted, which only proves, like the apostles, G. F. was not always fully inspired, I think his by far the best Exposition of Xtianity, & the Quakers the only *Professors*. Your critique on Lloyd is accurate & not a bit too much. Your reasons for epistolary fervors cooling mostly just, yet I think you have not at last quite hit the nail upon the head. W. L. brings this, and so you will excuse brevity once more. Believe me with best regards—

Your about-to-rusticate friend

C. LAMB.

[W. Lockwood would be a Quaker friend of Barton's, probably living at Woodbridge.

'The *Doctrinals*.' *Gospel Truths . . . A Collection of Doctrinal Books by George Fox, 1706.*

'Nothing against slavery.' The first petition to the House of Commons for the abolition of the slave-trade came from the Quakers in 1783.

'The Grand Turk.' A Quakeress actually travelled to the East to convert the Turks, and returned unmolested.

'Incuriæ.' Pieces of carelessness. Lamb doubtless derived the word from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 352: 'Maculis . . . quas incuria fudit,' blots inattention has let drop.

'Quakers the only Professors.' Lamb was opposed, like Fox, to sacerdotalism and formal ceremonial. He did not preserve his early ardour for the Unitarianism of Priestley (see vol. 1, pages 9, 60, 64), and acquired the vaguer creed which Pater in his *Appreciations* calls 'the religion of men of letters.' Sundays were trying to him (see this volume, pages 282 and 336). 'Professors' was a term used by Bunyan for acknowledged Christians.

'Your critique on Lloyd.' Barton had presumably read and written about the 'sott of Quaker poem' by Lloyd, a copy of which Lamb was expecting to receive at the end of Letter 356, page 87.]

361. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[No date: 1823.]

I am going out of town for a month; you should have had this before, but I have been at Dalston where the Book was not.

Farewell. You to the Desk

I to the Green Sea.

C. L.

[This note is pasted in a copy of *John Woodvil*: 'To T. B. Dibdin from the Author'—'T' being Lamb's mistake

Lamb went to the 'green sea,' and apparently disliked it very much, year after year. This was the Hastings year.]

362. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 10th July 1823.]

I shall be happy to read the MS. and to forward it, but T. and H. must judge for themselves of publication. If it prove interesting (as I doubt not) I shall not spare to say so, you may depend upon it. Suppose you direct it to Acco^{ts}. Office, India House.

I am glad you have met with some sweetening circumstances to your unpalatable draught. I have just returned from Hastings, where are exquisite views and walks, and where I have given up my soul to walking, and I am now suffering sedentary contrasts. I am a long time reconciling to Town after one of these excursions. Home is become strange, and will remain so yet a while. Home is the most unforgiving of friends and always resents Absence; I know its old cordial looks will return, but they are slow in clearing up. That is one of the features

of this *our* galley slavery, that peregrination ended makes things worse. I felt out of water (with all the sea about me) at Hastings, and just as I had learned to domiciliate there, I must come back to find a home which is no home. I abused Hastings, but learned its value. There are spots, inland bays, etc., which realise the notions of Juan Fernandez.

The best thing I lit upon by accident was a small country church (by whom or when built unknown) standing bare and single in the midst of a grove, with no house or appearance of habitation within a quarter of a mile, only passages diverging from it thro' beautiful woods to so many farm houses. There it stands, like the first idea of a church, before parishioners were thought of, nothing but birds for its congregation, or like a Hermit's oratory (the Hermit dead), or a mausoleum, its effect singularly impressive, like a church found in a desert isle to startle Crusoe with a home image; you must make out a vicar and a congregation from fancy, for surely none come there. Yet it wants not its pulpit, and its font, and all the seemly additaments of *our* worship.

Southey has attacked Elia on the score of infidelity, in the *Quarterly Article*, 'Progress of Infidels [Infidelity].' I had not, nor have, seen the *Monthly*. He might have spared an old friend such a construction of a few careless flights, that meant no harm to religion. If all his *UNGUARDED* expressions on the subject were to be collected—

but I love and respect Southey—and will not retort. I HATE HIS *REVIEW*, and his being a *Reviewer*.

The hint he has dropped will knock the sale of the book on the head, which was almost at a stop before.

Let it stop. There is corn in Egypt, while there is cash at Leadenhall. You and I are something besides being Writers. Thank God.

Yours truly

C. L.

[What the MS. was I do not know. Lamb recurs more fully to the description of the little church—no doubt Hollington Rural, about three miles north-west from the town—in later letters to Hood and Dibdin.

'Southey has attacked Elia.' In an article in the *Quarterly* for January 1823, in a review of a work by Grégoire on Deism in France, under the title 'The Progress of Infidelity,' Southey had a reference to *Elia* in the following terms:

Unbelievers have not always been honest enough thus to express their real feelings; but this we know concerning them, that when they have renounced their birthright of hope, they have not been able to divest themselves of fear. From the nature of the human mind this might be presumed, and in fact it is so. They may deaden the heart and stupify the conscience, but they cannot destroy the imaginative faculty. There is a remarkable proof of this in *Elia's Essays*, a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling, to be as delightful as it is original.

And then Southey went on to draw attention to the case of Thornton Hunt,

the little child of Leigh Hunt, the (to Southey) notorious free-thinker, who, as Lamb had stated in the essay 'Witches, and Other Night Fears,' would wake at night in terror of images of fear.

'I will not retort.' Lamb changed his mind, and wrote the famous letter to R. S. about Westminster Abbey.

'Almost at a stop before.' *Elia* was never popular until long after Lamb's death. It did not reach a second edition until 1835.]

363. TO MARY HAZLITT

DEAR MISS HAZLITT,

24 July, 1823.

Mary is very much busied about moving. We are exchanging our two residences for a Cottage at Islington with a large garden, having pears, gooseberries, grapes (these latter ripen once in three years), cabbages (they are always bearing and good for nothing), carrots &c. &c.

She has no time to write, but begs me to say we shall read the Manuscript with pleasure. Pray send it to me at the India House. Your scrap of Latin was pleasant but neither you nor I excell in Latinity. Our kindest rem^{em}es to father and mother. Two or three weeks hence will be better to send the manuscript, we shall then read it in our garden. Val:, et Vive memor nostrum.

CHS. LAMB.

[Mary Hazlitt was the daughter of John Hazlitt and therefore the essayist's niece.]

*64. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[Dated at end: 2nd September (1823).]

What will you say to my not writing? You cannot say I do not write now. Hussy has not used your kind sonnet, nor have I seen it. Pray send me a Copy. Neither have I heard any more of your Friend's MS., which I will reclaim, whenever you please. When you come Londonward you will find me no longer in Cov^t Gard. I have a Cottage, in Colebrook row, Islington. A cottage, for it is detach'd; a white house, with 6 good rooms; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house; and behind is a spacious garden, with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining room, all studded over and rough with old Books, and above is a lightsome Drawing room, 3 windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great Lord, never having had a house before.

The London I fear falls off.—I linger among its creaking rafters

like the last rat. It will topple down, if they don't get some Buttresses. They have pull'd down three, W. Hazlitt, Proctor, and their best stay, kind light hearted Wainwright—their Janus. The best is, neither of our fortunes is concern'd in it.

I heard of you from Mr. Pulham this morning, and that gave a fillip to my Laziness, which has been intolerable. But I am so taken up with pruning and gardening, quite a new sort of occupation to me. I have gather'd my Jargonels, but my Windsor Pears are backward. The former were of exquisite raciness. I do now sit under my own vine, and contemplate the growth of vegetable nature. I can now understand in what sense they speak of FATHER ADAM. I recognise the paternity, while I watch my tulips. I almost FELL with him, for the first day I turned a drunken gard'ner (as he let in the serpent) into my Eden, and he laid about him, lopping off some choice boughs, etc., which hung over from a neighbor's garden, and in his blind zeal laid waste a shade, which had sheltered their window from the gaze of passers by. The old gentlewoman (fury made her not handsome) could scarcely be reconciled by all my fine words. There was no buttering her parsnips. She talk'd of the Law. What a lapse to commit on the first day of my happy 'garden-state.'

I hope you transmitted the Fox-Journal to its Owner with suitable thanks.

Mr. Cary, the Dante-man, dines with me to-day. He is a model of a country Parson, lean (as a Curate ought to be), modest, sensible, no obtruder of church dogmas, quite a different man from Southey, you would like him.

Pray accept this for a Letter, and believe me with sincere regards

Yours

C. L.

2 Sept.

[It is worth noting that Lamb at last drops the formality of 'My dear Sir,' and calls his new friend 'B. B.,' but he quickly reverts to the old style.

'Your kind sonnet.' Barton's well-known sonnet to Elia had been printed in the *London Magazine* long before—in the previous February. The reference seems to be to a new one.

Colebrook Cottage, which the Lambs occupied from 1823 to 1827, still stands (1935), with new commercial surroundings, but it has been converted into tenements and the New River has been covered in and enclosed.

Barton was so attracted by one at least of Lamb's similes that, I fancy, he borrowed it for an account of his grandfather's house at Tottenham, which he wrote some time later; for I find that gentleman's garden described as 'equal to that of old Alcinous.' Alcinous, in the *Odyssey*, had a great orchard full of fruit trees. According to Mrs. Novello, Lamb had only one pear-tree.

'Mr. Pulham.' Brook Pulham of the India House, who made the caricature etching of Elia.

'While I watch my tulips.' Lamb is, of course, embroidering here, but we have it on the authority of George Daniel, the antiquary, that with his removal to Colebrook Cottage began an interest in horticulture, particularly in roses.]

365. TO JAMES KENNEY

DEAR LAD,

[No date: ? September 1823.]

I send a book for friend Howard, and shall have one for thee, when I shall receive a certificate from the Curè of your parish, that you have in your possession my two other volumes. Keepsakes are good for nothing but as they are kept. Books lent ought also to be returned, which was not the case with a No. of the London you abstracted last visit. But rest you merry, I do not send so far to chide, but to say I regret Mrs. K. & you went off so abruptly without viewing my Colebrook Cottage. It is the most original thing of the sort you ever saw, with a garden larger than yours, a genuine pot-herb garden, so much better than flowers & such trifles. Cabbages, leeks, parsnips, carrots &c.—I do think it the most exactly fitted to my notion of a house, of any in Europe. The New River floweth majestically in front, yielding a sweet & wholesome water, being left a little to stand. I am Lord of (1st time in my life) a dunghill. I walk and admire the vegetable kingdom, with wasps, cats, spiders, & ten thousand little creatures that haunt gardens about me. It is pretty to see Arachne weaving her fine silks from gooseberry tree to currant; sometimes lurking among vines, not at first sight easy to be distinguished from the purple fruit. Vines I have, I assure you, and little grapes, & six garden glasses for cauliflowers. I am as rich as Alcinous: if you do not know who he was, he was a great Market Gardner, and had a [? fruit stall] in Stocks Market in the latter end of the reign of Charles 2d.

Well the Post is going—Good bye, salute for me my little RACHEL LEAH & shake hands for me with the Elder Lasses, Mrs. Kenny you may kiss for me, if you like—or for yourself.—

Yours Ever

C. LAMB

Pray tell Mr. Grattan I sh^d have been better pleased if he had taken a meal with me. I hope he will do so another time.

366. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALSOP,

[Dated at end: 6th September (1823).]

I am snugly seated at the cottage; Mary is well but weak, and comes home on Monday; she will soon be strong enough to see her friends here.

In the mean time will you dine with me at $\frac{1}{2}$ past four to-morrow? Ayrton and M. Burney are coming.

Colebrook Cottage, left hand side, end of Colebrook Row on the western brink of the New River, a detach'd whitish house.

No answer is required but come if you can. C. LAMB.

Saturday 6th Sep.

I call'd on you on Sunday. Respects to Mrs. A. & boy.

367. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR A.,

[P.M. 9th September 1823.]

I am going to ask you to do me the greatest favour which a man can do to another. I want to make my will, and to leave my property in trust for my sister. N.B. I am not *therefore* going to die.—Would it be unpleasant for you to be named for one? The other two I shall beg the same favor of are Talfourd and Proctor. If you feel reluctant, tell me, and it sha'n't abate one jot of my friendly feeling toward you.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

E. I. House, Aug. [i.e. Sept.] 9, 1823.

[This project may, however, have been postponed. The only will of Lamb's that is known, and was proved, was made in 1830, as we shall see, and the executors were Talfourd and Charles Ryle.]

368. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR A.,

[P.M. 10th September 1823.]

Your kindness in accepting my request no words of mine can repay. It has made you overflow into some romance which I should have check'd at another time. I hope it may be in the scheme of Providence that my sister may go first (if ever so little a precedence), myself next, and my good Ex^{rs} survive to rememb^r us with kindness many years. God bless you.

I will set Proctor about the will forthwith.

C. LAMB.

[The following is an extract from a letter from Mary Shelley to Leigh Hunt, 9th September 1823:]

This same evening (Saturday, 30th August), on my return to the Strand, I saw Lamb, who was very entertaining and amiable, though a little deaf. . . . Lamb said one thing, which I am sure will give you pleasure. He corrected for Hazlitt a new edition of *Elegant Extracts*, in which living poets are included. He said he was much pleased with many of your things, with a little of Montgomery and a little of Crabbe. Scott he found tiresome,

Byron had many fine things, but was tiresome, but yours appeared to him the freshest and best of all. These extracts have never been published; they have been offered to Mr. Hunter; and seeing the book at his house I had the curiosity to look at what the extracts were that pleased Lamb. There was the canto of the Fatal Passion from *Rimini*, several things from *Foliage* and from *Amyntas*. L. mentioned also your 'Conversations with Coleridge,' and was much pleased with it. He was very gracious to me, and invited me to see him when Miss L. should be well.]

369. TO A CORRESPONDENT UNKNOWN

10th September (1823).

I write in great haste, surrounded with office business, to thank you for the spirited little call upon Neptune, whom you invoked to cheerful purpose. I will send it to the London Magazine, but have no control over what goes in it, though some interest. I fear it is a little too late. My letters do not come free, but you will affront me, more than you have obliged me, by talking of reimbursing a shilling or so.

I have not heard from the Wordsworths lately.

[In 'The Lion's Head' for November Hood inserts the paragraph: 'Elia requests us to say, he is not the Lion some of his correspondents take him for.'

In the same department for December there is a jocular commentary on De Quincey's *Letters to a Young Gentleman whose Education has been Neglected*, beginning: 'Can Neptune sleep?—Is Willich dead?' This may be the 'spirited little call' to which Lamb refers.]

370. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR A.,

[P.M. 17th September 1823.]

Your Cheese is the best I ever tasted; Mary will tell you so hereafter. She is at home, but has disappointed me. She has gone back rather than improved. However, she has sense enough to value the present, for she is greatly fond of Stilton. Yours is the delicatest rain-bow-hued melting piece I ever flavoured. Believe me, I took it the more kindly, following so great a kindness.

Depend upon 't, yours shall be one of the first houses we shall present ourselves at, when we have got our Bill of Health.

Being both yours and Mrs. Allsop's truly. C. L. & M. L.

[C. C. Clarke to Leigh Hunt, 20th September 1823: '[Lamb's] spirits have lately been sadly clouded by a return of his sister's mysterious malady; you are no doubt acquainted with its nature.']

371. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 17th September 1823.]

I have again been reading your stanzas on Bloomfield, which are the most appropriate that can be imagined, sweet with doric delicacy. I like that

Our more chaste Theocritus—

just hinting at the fault of the Grecian. I love that stanza ending with

Words phrases fashions pass away
But Truth and nature live through all.

But I shall omit in my own copy the one stanza which alludes to Lord B. I suppose. It spoils the sweetness and oneness of the feeling. Cannot we think of Burns, or Thompson, without sullyng the thought with a reflection out of place upon Lord Rochester? These verses might have been inscribed upon a tomb; are in fact an epitaph; satire does not look pretty upon a tombstone. Besides, there is a quotation in it, always bad in verse; seldom advisable in prose.

I doubt if their having been in a Paper will not prevent T. and H. from insertion, but I shall have a thing to send in a day or two, and shall try them. Omitting that stanza, a *very little* alteration is want^d in the beginn^g of the next. You see, I use freedom. How happily (I flatter not!) you have bro^d in his subjects; and, (*I suppose*) his favorite measure, though I am not acquainted with any of his writings but the Farmer's Boy. He dined with me once, and his manners took me exceedingly.

I rejoyce that you forgive my long silence. I continue to estimate my own-roof comforts highly. How could I remain all my life a lodger! My garden thrives (I am told) tho' I have yet reaped nothing but some tiny sallad, and withered carrots. But a garden's a garden anywhere, and twice a garden in London.

Somehow I cannot relish that word Horkey. Cannot you supply it by circumlocution, and direct the reader by a note to explain that it means the Horkey. But Horkey choaks me in the Text. It raises crowds of mean associations, Hawking and sp—g, Gauky, Stalky, Maukin. The sound is every thing, in such dulcet modulations 'specially. I like

Gilbert Meldrum's sterner tones,

without knowing who Gilbert Meldrum is. You have slipt in your rhymes as if they grew there, so natural-artificially, or artificial-naturally. There's a vile phrase.

Do you go on with your Quaker Sonnets—[to] have 'em ready

with Southey's *Book of the Church*? I meditate a letter to S. in the London, which perhaps will meet the fate of the Sonnet.

Excuse my brevity, for I write painfully at office, liable to 100 callings off. And I can never sit down to an epistle elsewhere. I read or walk. If you return this letter to the Post Office, I think they will return 4^d, seeing it is but half a one. Believe me tho' entirely yours C. L.

['Doric delicacy.' From a letter of Sir H. Wotton to Milton, published in the edition of *Comus*, 1645.

Barton's *Verses to the Memory of Bloomfield, the Suffolk Poet* (who died in August 1823), were printed in book form in his *Poetic Vigils*, 1824. This is the stanza that Lamb most liked:

It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its powers unletter'd minds to sway,
It is not *these* that most display
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
Words, phrases, fashions, pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

The stanza referring to Byron was not reprinted, nor was the word *Horkey*, which means harvest home in Suffolk. The allusion, in B. B. and so here, is to Bloomfield's poem *The Horkey, a Provincial Ballad*, in *Wild Flowers*, 1806. Meldrum is in the same volume of Bloomfield's.

'Quaker Sonnets.' Barton did not carry out this project. Southey's *Book of the Church* was published in 1824.

'I meditate a letter to S.' The 'Letter of Elia to Mr. Southey' was published in the *London Magazine* for October 1823.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This shows that Lamb sometimes did not send in his articles even till after the 18th, since on the 17th he was still only meditating the letter to S., and hadn't sent it in yet.'

I put here an undated scrap added by Lamb to a letter from his sister, probably to Miss Hutchinson.]

372. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON (?)

(Fragment)

Apropos of birds—the other day at a large dinner, being call'd upon for a toast, I gave, as the best toast I knew, 'Wood-cock toast,' which was drunk with 3 cheers.

Yours affect^y

C. LAMB.

373. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR SIR,

Saturday, 4 October, 1823.

Will Mrs. A. and you dine with us to-morrow at half past 3? Do not think of troubling yourself to send (if you cannot come), as we shall

provide only a goose (which is in the House), and your not coming will make no difference in our arrangements.

Your obliged,

C. LAMB.

374. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

India Office, 14th Oct., 1823.

If convenient, will you give us house room on Saturday next? I can sleep anywhere. If another Sunday suit you better, pray let me know. We were talking of Roast *Shoulder* of Mutton with onion sauce; but I scorn to prescribe to the hospitalities of mine host.

With respects to Mrs. C., yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Cary, who afterwards had an official residence at the British Museum, where he was Assistant Keeper of the Printed Books, was at this time living in Hogarth's house at Chiswick. This being so, we can look upon that house, now preserved as a national memorial, as yet another of those still to be visited in which Lamb set foot.]

375. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

MY DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 28th October 1823.]

Your Pig was a *picture* of a pig, and your Picture a *pig* of a picture. The former was delicious but evanescent, like a hearty fit of mirth, or the crackling of thorns under a pot; but the latter is an *idea*, and abideth. I never before saw swine upon satin. And then that pretty strawy canopy about him! he seems to purr (rather than grunt) his satisfaction. Such a gentlemanlike porker too! Morland's are absolutely clowns to it. Who the deuce painted it?

I have ordered a little gilt shrine for it, and mean to wear it for a locket; a shirt-pig.

I admire the petty-toes shrouded in a veil of something, not *mud*, but that warm soft consistency with [? which] the dust takes in Elysium after a spring shower—it perfectly engloves them.

I cannot enough thank you and your country friend for the delicate double present—the *Utile et Decorum*—three times have I attempted to write this sentence and failed; which shows that I am not cut out for a pedant.

Sir

(as I say to Southey) will you come and see us at our poor cottage of Colebrook to tea tomorrow evening, as early as six? I have some friends coming at that hour—

The panoply which covered your material pig shall be forthcoming, the pig pictorial, with its trappings, domesticate with me.

Your greatly obliged

Tuesd^y.

ELIA.

['Morland's are . . . clowns to it.' Referring to the many farm scenes of George Morland, where English rural life was made so comfortable and sweet. 'Sir (as I say to Southey).' Elia's 'Letter to Southey' in the *London Magazine* began thus.]

376. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR SIR,

[No date: 1st November 1823.]

Mary has got a cold, and the nights are dreadful; but at the first indication of Spring (*alias* the first dry weather in Nov^r early) it is our intention to surprise you early some even^g.

Believe me, most truly yours,

C. L.

The Cottage, Saturday night.

Mary regrets very much Mrs. Allsop's fruitless visit. It made her swear! She was gone to visit Miss Hutchinsⁿ, whom she found out.

377. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

E. I. H., 7th November [1823].

Our dinner-hour on Sundays is four, at which we shall be most happy to see Mrs. A. and yourself—I mean next Sunday, but I also mean any Sunday. Pray come. I am up to my very ears in business, but pray come.

Yours most sincerely,

C. L.

378. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR MRS. H.,

[No date: ? 10th November 1823.]

Sitting down to write a letter is such a painful operation to Mary, that you must accept me as her proxy. You have seen our house. What I now tell you is literally true. Yesterday week George Dyer called upon us, at one o'clock (*bright noon day*) on his way to dine with Mrs. Barbauld at Newington. He sat with Mary about half an hour, and took leave. The maid saw him go out from her kitchen window; but suddenly losing sight of him, ran up in a fright to Mary. G. D., instead of keeping the slip that leads to the gate, had deliberately, staff

in hand, in broad open day, marched into the New River. He had not his spectacles on, and you know his absence. Who helped him out, they can hardly tell; but between 'em they got him out, drrenched thro' and thro'. A mob collected by that time and accompanied him in. 'Send for the Doctor!' they said: and a one-eyed fellow, dirty and drunk, was fetched from the Public House at the end, where it seems he lurks, for the sake of picking up water practice, having formerly had a medal from the Humane Society for some rescue. By his advice, the patient was put between blankets; and when I came home at four to dinner, I found G. D. a-bed, and raving, light-headed with the brandy and water which the doctor had administered. He sung, laughed, whimpered, screamed, babbled of guardian angels, would get up and go home; but we kept him there by force; and by next morning he departed sobered, and seems to have received no injury. All my friends are open-mouthed about having paling before the river, but I cannot see that, because a . . . lunatic chooses to walk into a river with his eyes open at mudday, I am any the more likely to be drowned in it, coming home at midnight.

I had the honour of dining at the Mansion House on Thursday last, by special card from the Lord Mayor, who never saw my face, nor I his; and all from being a writer in a magazine! The dinner costly, served on massy plate, champagne, pines, &c.; forty-seven present, among whom the Chairman and two other directors of the India Company. There's for you! and got away pretty sober! Quite saved my credit!

We continue to like our house prodigiously. Does Mary Hazlitt go on with her novel, or has she begun another? I would not discourage her, tho' we continue to think it (so far) in its present state not saleable.

Our kind remembrances to her and hers and you and yours.—

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

I am pleased that H. liked my letter to the Laureate.

[Addressed] Mrs. Hazlitt, Alphington, near Exeter.

[This letter is the first draft of the *Elia* essay, 'Amicus Redivivus,' which was printed in the *London Magazine* in December 1823. George Dyer, who was then sixty-eight, had been getting blind steadily for some years. A visit to Lamb's cottage to-day, bearing in mind that the ribbon of green between iron railings that extends along the street was at that time an open stream, will make the nature of G. D.'s misadventure quite plain.

'I am pleased that H. liked my letter to the Laureate.' Hazlitt wrote, in the essay 'On the Pleasures of Hating': 'I think I must be friends with Lamb again, since he has written that magnanimous letter to Southey, and told him a piece of his mind!' Coleridge also approved of it, and Crabb Robinson's praise was excessive.]

379. TO MARY SHELLEY

DEAR MRS. S.,

November 12, 1823.

Our friends from Shacklewell drink tea on Saturday at six; we shall have much pleasure in your joining them.

Yours truly

[Signature cut off.]

G. Dyer walk'd into the New River on Sunday week at one o'clock in the daytime! with his eyes open. Mind how you come.

380. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR SOUTHEY,

E. I. H., 21st November, 1823.

The kindness of your note has melted away the mist which was upon me. I have been fighting against a shadow. That accursed 'Quarterly Review' had vexed me by a gratuitous speaking, of its own knowledge, that the 'Confessions of a Drunkard' was a genuine description of the state of the writer. Little things, that are not ill meant, may produce much ill. *That* might have injured me alive and dead. I am in a public office, and my life is insured. I was prepared for anger, and I thought I saw, in a few obnoxious words, a hard case of repetition directed against me. I wished both magazine and review at the bottom of the sea. I shall be ashamed to see you, and my sister (though innocent) will be still more so; for the folly was done without her knowledge, and has made her uneasy ever since. My guardian angel was absent at that time.

I will muster up courage to see you, however, any day next week (Wednesday excepted). We shall hope that you will bring Edith with you. That will be a second mortification. She will hate to see us; but come and heap embers. We deserve it, I for what I've done, and she for being my sister.

Do come early in the day, by sun-light, that you may see my *Milton*.

I am at Colebrook Cottage, Colebrook Row, Islington. A detached whitish house, close to the New River, end of Colebrook Terrace, left hand from Sadler's Wells.

Will you let me know the day before?

Your penitent

C. LAMB.

P.S.—I do not think your handwriting at all like Hunt's. I do not think many things I did think.

[For the right appreciation of this letter Elia's 'Letter to Southey' must be read. It was hard hitting, but Southey, in a reference to Elia, had taken an

offensive line of moral superiority and rebuke, and much that was said by Lamb was justified.

Southey's reply, on 19th November 1823, ran thus:

MY DEAR LAMB—On Monday I saw your letter in the *London Magazine*, which I had not before had an opportunity of seeing, and I now take the first interval of leisure for replying to it.

Nothing could be further from my mind than any intention or apprehension of any way offending or injuring a man concerning whom I have never spoken, thought, or felt otherwise than with affection, esteem, and admiration.

If you had let me know in any private or friendly manner that you felt wounded by a sentence in which nothing but kindness was intended—or that you found it might injure the sale of your book—I would most readily and gladly have inserted a note in the next *Review* to qualify and explain what had hurt you.

You have made this impossible, and I am sorry for it. But I will not engage in controversy with you to make sport for the Philistines.

The provocation must be strong indeed that can rouse me to do this, even with an enemy. And if you can forgive an unintended offence as heartily as I do the way in which you have resented it, there will be nothing to prevent our meeting as we have heretofore done, and feeling towards each other as we have always been wont to do.

Only signify a correspondent willingness on your part, and send me your address, and my first business next week shall be to reach your door, and shake hands with you and your sister. Remember me to her most kindly and believe me—Yours, with unabated esteem and regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The matter closed with this exchange of letters, and no hostility remained on either side.

Lamb's quarrel with the *Quarterly* began in 1811, when in a review of Weber's edition of Ford he was described as a 'poor maniac.' It was renewed in 1814, when his article on Wordsworth's *Excursion* was mutilated. It broke out again in 1822, as Lamb says here, when a reviewer of Reid's treatise on *Hypochondriasis and other Nervous Affections* (supposed to be Dr. Gooch, a friend of Dr. Henry Southey's) referred to Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard' as being, from his own knowledge, true. Thus Lamb's patience was naturally at breaking point when his own friend Southey attacked *Elia* a few numbers later.

'I do not think your handwriting at all like Hunt's.' Lamb had said, in the 'Letter,' of Leigh Hunt: 'His handwriting is so much the same with your own, that I have opened more than one letter of his, hoping, nay, not doubting, but it was from you, and have been disappointed (he will bear with my saying so) at the discovery of my error.'

381. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 22nd November 1823.]

I am ashamed at not acknowledging your kind little poem, which I must needs like much, but I protest I thought I had done it at the moment. Is it possible a letter has miscarried? Did you get one in

which I sent you an extract from the poems of Lord Sterling? I should wonder if you did, for I sent you none such.—There was an incipient LYE strangled in the birth. Some people's conscience is so tender! But in plain truth I thank you very much for the verses. I have a very kind letter from the Laureat, with a self-invitation to come and shake hands with me. This is truly handsome and noble. 'Tis worthy of my OLD IDEA of Southey. Shall not I, think you, be covered with a red suffusion?

You are too much apprehensive of your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him) who when his Medical Adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest LIVER of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner construction of the Animal Man—not to be conscious of a midriff—to hold kidneys (save of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction—not to know whereabouts the gall grows—to account the circulation of the blood an idle whimsey of Harvey's—to acknowledge no mechsansim not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like bad humours. Those medical gentries chuse each his favourite part—one takes the lungs—another the aforesaid liver—and refer to *that* whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tampering with hard terms of art—viscosity—schirrossity, and those bugbears, by which simple patients are scared into their grave. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of taylors—think how long the Chancellor sits—think of the Brooding Hen.

I protest I cannot answer thy Sister's kind enquiry, but I judge I shall put forth no second volume. More praise than buy, and T. and H. are not particularly disposed for Martyrs.

Thou wilt see a funny passage, and yet a true History, of George Dyer's Aquatic IncurSION in the next 'London.' Beware his fate, when thou comest to see me at my Colebrook Cottage. I have filled my little space with my little thoughts. I wish thee ease on thy sofa, but not too much indulg^{ce}. on it. From my poor desk, thy fellow-sufferer this bright November.

C. L.

[Again I do not identify the kind little poem. It may have been a trifle enclosed in a letter, which Barton did not print and Lamb destroyed.]

382. TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

India-House, 9th Dec., 1823.

(If I had time I would go over this letter again, and dot all my *i's*.)

DEAR SIR,

I should have thanked you for your Books and Compliments sooner, but have been waiting for a revise to be sent, which does not come, tho' I returned the proof on the receipt of your letter. I have read Warner with great pleasure. What an elaborate piece of alliteration and antithesis! why it must have been a labour far above the most difficult versification. There is a fine simile of or picture of Semiramis arming to repel a siege. I do not mean to keep the Book, for I suspect you are forming a curious collection, and I do not pretend to any thing of the kind. I have not a Blackletter Book among mine, old Chaucer excepted, and am not Bibliomaniac enough to like Blackletter. It is painful to read. Therefore I must insist on returning it at opportunity, not from contumacity and reluctance to be oblig'd, but because it must suit you better than me. The loss of a present *from* should never exceed the gain of a present *to*. I hold this maxim infallible in the accepting Line. I read your Magazines with satisfaction. I thoroughly agree with you as to the German Faust, as far [as] I can do justice to it from an English translation. 'Tis a disagreeable canting tale of Seduction, which has nothing to do with the Spirit of Faustus—Curiosity. Was the dark secret to be explored to end in the seducing of a weak girl, which might have been accomplished by earthly agency? When Marlow gives *his* Faustus a mistress, he flies him at Helen, flower of Greece, to be sure, and not at Miss Betsy, or Miss Sally Thoughtless.

Cut is the branch that bore the goodly fruit,
And wither'd is Apollo's laurel tree:
Faustus is dead.

What a noble natural transition from metaphor to plain speaking! as if the figurative had flagged in description of such a Loss, and was reduced to tell the fact simply.—

I must now thank you for your very kind invitation. It is not out of prospect that I may see Manchester some day, and then I will avail myself of your kindness. But Holydays are scarce things with me, and the Laws of attendance are getting stronger and stronger at Leadenhall. But I shall bear it in mind. Meantime something may (more probably) bring you to town, where I shall be happy to see you. I am always to be found (alas!) at my desk in the forepart of the day.

I wonder why they do not send the revise. I leave late at office, and

my abode lies out of the way, or I should have seen about it. If you are impatient, Perhaps a Line to the Printer, directing him to send it me, at Accountant's Office, may answer. You will see by the scrawl that I only snatch a few minutes from intermitting Business.

Your oblig. Ser.,

C. LAMB.

[‘Warner.’ *Albion’s England*, by William Warner, published in two parts, 1586 and 1606.

Goethe’s *Faust*. Lamb, as we have seen, had read the account of the play in Madame de Staël’s *Germany*. He might also have read the translation by Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, 1823, or the summary in prose and verse with Retzsch’s illustrations, 1821. Hayward’s translation was not published till 1833. The preface to the second edition is dated 1834. That printed for private circulation notes that the translation was ‘first suggested to me by a remark made by Mr. Charles Lamb to an honoured friend of mine’ [H. F. Cary]. Lamb had praised the Latin versions of the Greek tragedians. Crabb Robinson told Lamb that Goethe admired his sonnet on his family name.

‘Cut is the branch.’ From *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, by Christopher Marlowe, Act v, Epilogue. The full text is:

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo’s laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone. . . .]

383. TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

MY DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 29th (December 1823).]

You talk of months at a time and I know not what inducements to visit Manchester, Heaven knows how gratifying! but I have had my little month of 1823 already. It is all over, and without incurring a disagreeable favor I cannot so much as get a single holyday till the season returns with the next year. Even our half-hour’s absences from office are set down in a Book! Next year, if I can spare a day or two of it, I will come to Manchester, but I have reasons at home against longer absences.—

I am so ill just at present—(an illness of my own procuring last night; who is Perfect?)—that nothing but your very great kindness could make me write. I will bear in mind the letter to W. W., you shall have it quite in time, before the 12.

My aking and confused Head warns me to leave off.—With a muddled sense of gratefulness, which I shall apprehend more clearly to-morrow, I remain, your friend unseen,

C. L.

I. H. 29th.

Will your occasions or inclinations bring you to London? It will give me great pleasure to show you every thing that Islington can boast, if you know the meaning of that very Cockney sound. We have the New River!

I am ashamed of this scrawl: but I beg you to accept it for the present. I am full of qualms.

A fool at 50 is a fool indeed.

[W. W. was Wordsworth.

'A fool at 50 is a fool indeed.' 'A fool at forty is a fool indeed' is Young's line in *Satire II* of the series *Love of Fame*. Lamb was nearing forty-nine.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Ainsworth wrote to Charles Kent in 1875 that some very characteristic little notes that Lamb sent him had been mislaid, or lost. "One of the earliest communications I received from him when I came to town in 1825 was an invitation to dinner. I was then a pupil of Mr. Jacob Phillips in the Inner Temple, and I had rooms in Devereux Court. Lamb took the trouble to particularize every street and turning between the court and his own abode at Islington, and ended his note thus: 'You *can't* miss your way, but the probability is that you *will*.'"]

384. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[9th January 1824.]

Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day mare—a whoreson lethargy, Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do any thing, or to be any thing—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb soporifical good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events—a mind-stupor,—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience—did you ever have a very bad cold with a total irresolution to submit to water gruel processes?—this has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse—my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and so my thinking it is three and twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demu-sheet—I have not a thing to say—nothing is of more importance than another—I am flatter than a denial or a pancake—emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it—duller than a country stage when the actors are off it—a cypher—an O—I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest—I am weary of the world—Life is weary of me—My day is gone into Twilight and I don't think it worth the expence of candles—my wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it—I inhale suffocation—I can't distinguish veal from mutton—nothing interests me—tis 12 o'clock and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop—Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his

greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection—if you told me the world will be at end tomorrow, I should just say, ‘will it?’—I have not volition enough to dot my i’s—much less to comb my EYEBROWS—my eyes are set in my head—my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they’d come back again—my scull is a Grub street Attic, to let—not so much as a joint stool or a crackd jordan left in it—my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off—O for a vigorous fit of gout, cholic, tooth ache—an ear-wig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs—pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life—but this apathy, this death—did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six or seven weeks’ unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing—yet do I try all I can to cure it, I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse, instead of better—I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o’ nights, but do not find any visible amendment.

Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

It is just 15 minutes after 12. Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps, Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat, the Jew demurs at first at three half crowns, but on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing ‘em in the Town, finally closes.—

C. L.

[‘Judge Park’s wig.’ Sir James Alan Park, of the Bench of Common Pleas, who tried Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. William Weare of Lyon’s Inn, in Gill’s Hill Lane, Radlett, on 24th October 1823. The trial was on 6th and 7th January 1824, and Thurtell was hanged at Hertford on 9th January on a gallows of his own design. Ketch was in those days the dynastic name of our hangmen, after John Ketch, who had beheaded Monmouth. The dead man’s clothes were a perquisite of the office.

‘Baiting at Scorpion.’ The zodiacal sign, passed *en route* to the next world.

On 10th January 1824 Crabb Robinson walked to Islington to see Miss Lamb, while her brother was at the India House, and looked over the library of ‘shabby books.’]

385. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 23rd January 1824.]

That peevish letter of mine, which was meant to convey an apology for my incapacity to write, seems to have been taken by you in too serious a light. It was only my way of telling you I had a severe cold. The fact is I have been insuperably dull and lethargic for many weeks,

and cannot rise to the vigour of a Letter, much less an Essay. The London must do without me for a time, a time, and half a time, for I have lost all interest about it, and whether I shall recover it again I know not. I will bridle my pen another time, & not tease and puzzle you with my aridities. I shall begin to feel a little more alive with the spring. Winter is to me (mild or harsh) always a great trial of the spirits. I am ashamed not to have noticed your tribute to Woolman, whom we love so much. It is done in your good manner. Your friend Tayler called upon me some time since, and seems a very amiable man. His last story is painfully fine. His Book I 'like.' It is only too stuff with scripture, too Parsonish. The best thing in it is the Boy's own story. When I say it is too full of Scripture, I mean it is too full of direct quotations; no book can have too much of SILENT SCRIPTURE in it. But the natural power of a story is diminished when the uppermost purpose in the writer seems to be to recommend something else, viz Religion. You know what Horace says of the DEUS INTERSIT. I am not able to explain myself, you must do it for me.—

My Sister's part in the Leicester School (about two thirds) was purely her own; as it was (to the same quantity) in the Shakspeare Tales which bear my name. I wrote only the Witch Aunt, the first going to Church, and the final Story about a little Indian girl in a Ship.

Your account of my Black Balling amused me. *I think, as Quakers, they did right.* There are some things hard to be understood.

The more I think the more I am vexed at having puzzled you with that Letter, but I have been so out of Letter writing of late years, that it is a sore effort to sit down to it, & I felt in your debt, and sat down awkwardly to pay you in bad money. Never mind my dulness, I am used to long intervals of it. The heavens seem brass to me—then again comes the refreshing shower. 'I have been merry once or twice ere now.'

You said something about Mr. Mitford in a late letter, which I believe I did not advert to. I shall be happy to show him my Milton (it is all the show things I have) at any time he will take the trouble of a jaunt to Islington. I do also hope to see Mr. Taylor there some day. Pray say so to both.

Coleridge's book is good part printed, but sticks a little for *more copy*. It bears an unsaleable Title, Extracts from Bishop Leighton, but I am confident there will be plenty of good notes in it, more of Bishop Coleridge than Leighton, I hope, for what is Leighton?

Do you trouble yourself about Libel cases? The Decision against Hunt for the 'Vision of Judgment' made me sick. What is to become of the old talk about OUR GOOD OLD KING—his personal virtues saving us from a revolution &c. &c. Why, none that think it can utter it

now. It must stink. And the Vision is really, as to Him-ward, such a tolerant good humour'd thing. What a wretched thing a Lord Chief Justice is, always was, & will be!

Keep your good spirits up, dear B B—mine will return—They are at present in abeyance. But I am rather lethargic than miserable. I don't know but a good horse whip would be more beneficial to me than Physic. My head, without aching, will teach yours to ache. It is well I am getting to the conclusion. I will send a better letter when I am a better man. Let me thank you for your kind concern for me (which I trust will have reason soon to be dissipated) & assure you that it gives me pleasure to hear from you.—

Yours truly

C. L.

['The London must do without me.' Lamb contributed nothing between December 1823 ('Amicus Redivivus') and September 1824 ('Blakesmoor in H—shire').

Barton's tribute to Woolman was the poem *A Memorial to John Woolman*, printed in *Poetic Vigils*.

Tayler was Charles Benjamin Tayler (1797–1875), the curate of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, and the author of many religious books. Lamb refers to *May You Like It*, 1823.

'What Horace says':

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incident.

Ars Poetica, 191–2.

Neither let a god interfere, unless a difficulty worth a god's unravelling should happen (Smart's translation).

'My Black Balling.' *Elia* had been rejected by a book club in Woodbridge.

'The heavens seem brass.' 'The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass.'—Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, IV. II.

'Coleridge's book.' *The Aids to Reflection*, 1825. The first intention had been a selection of 'Beauties' from Bishop Leighton (1611–84), Archbishop of Glasgow, and author, among other works, of *Rules and Instructions for a Holy Life*.

'The Decision against Hunt.' John Hunt, the publisher of the *Liberal*, in which Byron's *Vision of Judgment* had been printed in 1822, had just been fined £100 for the libel therein contained on George III.]

386. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 25th February 1824.]

MY DEAR SIR,

Your title of *Poetic Vigils* arrides me much more than *A Volume of Verse*, which is no meaning. The motto says nothing, but I cannot suggest a better. I do not like mottoes but where they are singularly felicitous; there is foppery in them. They are unplain, un-Quakerish.

They are good only where they flow from the Title, and are a kind of justification of it. There is nothing about watchings or lucubrations in the one you suggest, no commentary on Vigils. By the way, a wag would recommend you to the Line of Pope

Sleepless himself—to give his readers sleep—

I by no means wish it. But it may explain what I mean, that a neat motto is child of the Title. I think Poetic Vigils, as short and sweet as can be desired, only have an eye on the Proof, that the Printer do not substitute Virgils, which would ill accord with modesty or meaning. Your suggested motto is antique enough in spelling, and modern enough in phrases; a good modern antique: but the matter of it is germane to the purpose only supposing the title proposed a vindication of yourself from the presumption of authorship. The 1st title was liable to this objection, that if you were disposed to enlarge it, and the bookseller insisted on its appearance in Two Tomes, how oddly it would sound—

A Volume of Verse
in Two Volumes
2d edition &c—

You see thro' my wicked intention of curtailing this Epistolet by the above device of large margin. But in truth the idea of letterising has been oppressive to me of late above your candour to give me credit for. There is Southey, whom I ought to have thank'd a fortnight ago for a present of the Church Book. I have never had courage to buckle myself in earnest even to acknowledge it by six words. And yet I am accounted by some people a good man. How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kittens neck off, or disturb a congregation, &c.—your business is done. I know things (thoughts or things—thoughts are things) of myself which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once ***, and set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a moss of sea weeds, a pretty little feeler.—Oh! pah! how sick I am of that; and a lie, a mean one, I once told!—

I stink in the midst of respect.

I am much hypt; the fact is, my head is heavy, but there is hope, or if not, I am better than a poor shell fish—not morally when I set the whelp upon it, but have more blood and spirits; things may turn up, and I may creep again into a decent opinion of myself. Vanity will return with sunshine. Till when, pardon my neglects and impute it to the wintry solstice.

C. LAMB.

[The motto eventually adopted for Barton's *Poetic Vigils* was from Vaughan's *Silex Scintillans*:

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!

Pope's exact words are:

Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

Dunciad, i. 94.

On 5th March 1824 Crabb Robinson walked to Colebrook Cottage, where he found Monkhouse and Manning and, after whist, discussed theology. Lamb, he remarks, although impatient with dogma, 'has the organ of theosophy and is by nature pious.')

387. TO BERNARD BARTON

[(*Early spring*), 1824.]

I am sure I cannot fill a letter, though I should disfigure my scull to fill it. But you expect something, and shall have a Note-let. Is Sunday, not divinely speaking, but humanly and holydaysically, a blessing? Without its institution, would our rugged taskmasters have given us a leisure day, so often, thank you, as once in a month? — or, if it had not been instituted, might they not have given us every 6th day? Solve me this problem. If we are to go 3 times a day to church, why has Sunday slipped into the notion of a *Holliday*? A Holyday I grant it. The puritans, I have read in Southey's Book, knew the distinction. They made people observe Sunday rigorously, would not let a nursery maid walk out in the fields with children for recreation on that day. But *then*—they gave the people a holliday from all sorts of work every second Tuesday. This was giving to the Two Cæsars that which was *his* respective. Wise, beautiful, thoughtful, generous Legislators! Would Wilberforce give us our Tuesdays? No, d—n him. He would turn the six days into sevenths,

And those 3 smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter.

Old Play.

I am sitting opposite a person who is making strange distortions with the gout, which is not unpleasant—to me at least. What is the reason we do not sympathise with pain, short of some terrible Surgical operation? Hazlitt, who boldly says all he feels, avows that not only he does not pity sick people, but he hates them. I obscurely recognise his meaning. Pain is probably too selfish a consideration, too simply a consideration of self-attention. We pity poverty, loss of friends etc.

more complex things, in which the Sufferers feelings are associated with others. This is a rough thought suggested by the presence of gout; I want head to extricate it and plane it. What is all this to your Letter? I felt it to be a good one, but my turn, when I write at all, is perversely to travel out of the record, so that my letters are any thing but answers. So you still want a motto? You must not take my ironical one, because your book, I take it, is too serious for it. Bickerstaff might have used it for *his* lucubrations. What do you think of (for a Title)

RELIGIO TREMULI
OR TREMEBUNDI

There is Religio-Medici and Laici.—But perhaps the volume is not quite Quakerish enough or exclusively for it—but your own VIGILS is perhaps the Best. While I have space, let me congratulate with you the return of Spring, what a Summery Spring too! all those qualms about the dog and cray-fish melt before it. I am going to be happy and *vain* again.

A hasty farewell

C. LAMB.

['Southey's Book.' *The Book of the Church*.

'Would Wilberforce give us our Tuesdays?' William Wilberforce, the abolitionist and the principal 'Puritan' of that day.

Old Play. The lines are from Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, which Lamb had quoted from a little while before.]

388. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 24th March 1824.]

DEAR B. B.,

I hasten to say that if my opinion can strengthen you in your choice, it is decisive for your acceptance of what has been so handsomely offered. I can see nothing injurious to your most honourable sense. Think that you are called to a poetical Ministry—nothing worse—the Minister is worthy of the hire.—

The only objection I feel is founded on a fear that the acceptance may be a temptation to you to let fall the bone (hard as it is) which is in your mouth and must afford tolerable pickings, for the shadow of independence. You cannot propose to become independent on what the low state of interest could afford you from such a principal as you mention; and the most graceful excuse for the acceptance, would be, that it left you free to your voluntary functions. That is the less *light* part of the

scruple. It has no darker shade. I put in *darker*, because of the ambiguity of the word *light*, which Donne in his admirable poem on the Metempsychosis, has so ingeniously illustrated in his invocation,

Make my ¹dark ²heavy poem, ¹light and ²light—

where the two senses of *light* are opposed to different opposites. A trifling criticism.—I can see no reason for any scruple then but what arises from your own interest; which is in your own power of course to solve. If you still have doubts, read over Sanderson's Cases of Conscience, and Jeremy Taylor's Ductor Dubitantium, the first a moderate Octavo, the latter a folio of 900 close pages, and when you have thoroughly digested the admirable reasons pro and con which they give for every possible Case, you will be—just as wise as when you began. Every man is his own best Casuist; and after all, as Ephraim Smooth, in the pleasant comedy of Wild Oats, has it, 'there is no harm in a Guinea.' A fortiori there is less in 2000.

I therefore most sincerely congratulate with you, excepting so far as excepted above. If you have fair Prospects of adding to the Principal, cut the Bank; but in either case do not refuse an honest Service. Your heart tells you it is not offered to bribe you *from* any duty, but *to* a duty which you feel to be your vocation. Farewell heartily C. L.

[In the memoir of Barton by Edward FitzGerald, prefixed to the *Poems and Letters*, it is stated that in this year Barton received a handsome addition to his income. 'A few members of his Society, including some of the wealthier of his own family, raised £1200 among them for his benefit [not 2000 guineas, as Lamb says]. It seems that he felt some delicacy at first in accepting this munificent testimony which his own people offered to his talents.' Barton had written to Lamb on the subject.]

389. TO MRS. THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 13th April 1824.]

DEAR MRS. A.

Mary begs me to say how much she regrets we can not join you to Reigate. Our reasons are—1st I have but one holyday namely Good Friday, and it is not pleasant to solicit for another, but that might have been got over. 2^{dly} Manning is with us, soon to go away and we should not be easy in leaving him. 3^{dly} Our school girl Emma comes to us for a few days on Thursday. 4^{thly} and lastly, Wordsworth is returning home in about a week, and out of respect to them we should not like to absent ourselves just now. In summer I shall have a month, and if it shall suit, should like to go for a few days of it out with you both *any*

MRS. THOMAS ALLSOP

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where. In the mean time, with many acknowledgments etc. etc., I remain yours (both) truly,

C. LAMB.

India Ho. 13 Apr.

Remember Sundays.

[Emma Isola here makes a reappearance after a long silence respecting her.]

390. TO WILLIAM HONE

[No date: April 1824.]

DEAR SIR,

Miss Hazlitt (niece to Pygmalion) begs us to send to you *for Mr. Hardy* a parcel. I have not thank'd you for your Pamphlet, but I assure you I approve of it in all parts, only that I would have seen my Calumniators at hell, before I would have told them I was a Xtian, *tho' I am one*, I think as much as you. I hope to see you here, some day soon. The parcel is a novel which I hope Mr. H. may sell for her. I am with greatest friendliness

Yours

C. LAMB.

Sunday.

['Pygmalion.' A reference to Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*; or, *The New Pygmalion*, 1823.

Hone's pamphlet would be his *Aspersions Answered: an Explanatory Statement to the Public at Large and Every Reader of the 'Quarterly Review'*, 1824.]

391. TO WILLIAM HONE

[No date: ? April 1824.]

DEAR SIR,

Miss Hazlitt is anxious about her MS. novel. Would you be so kind as to transmit it some way or other to Mr Hardy, 30, Queen's Row, or Queen's Square, Pimlico, if he has not already got it? I am afraid I have not duly acknowledged the present of your excellent pamphlet, for which much thanks and approbation, tho' late.

I remain, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Mr Hone,

45, Ludgate Hill.

392. TO THOMAS HARDY

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: *24th April 1824.*]

Miss Hazlitt has begged me to say to you that the novel which you kindly promised to introduce to Mr. Ridgway, is lying for that purpose at Mr. Hone's, Ludgate Street, where you will perhaps be so kind as to send for it. She is going on 10th May as Governess into the family of Mrs. Brookes, Dawlish, where she shall be thankful to receive any communications respecting the novel. She is now at 14 Queen's Square, Bristol.

I am, Sir,
With great respect

Yours &c.

India House.

24 April 1824.

CH. LAMB.

[The only letter to this correspondent, Thomas Hardy (1752-1832), radical politician, who in 1794 was arraigned for high treason, with two of Lamb's friends, Holcroft and Thelwall, among the other offenders, but was acquitted.

On 3rd May 1824, at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, George Dyer (aged 69) married Honour Mather (widow).]

393. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

May 15, 1824.

I am oppressed with business all day, and Company all night. But I will snatch a quarter of an hour. Your recent acquisitions of the Picture and the Letter are greatly to be congratulated. I too have a picture of my father and the copy of his first love verses; but they have been mine long. Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the Robert [William] Blake, whose wild designs accompany a splendid folio edition of the 'Night Thoughts,' which you may have seen, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human form floating off, God knows how, from a lumpish mass (*fac Simile to itself*) left behind on the dying bed. He paints in water colours marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. They have great merit. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowdon—he has seen the Beautifullest, the strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has painted them from memory (I have seen his paintings), and asserts them to be as good

as the figures of Raphael and Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-visions and prophetic visions with themselves [himself]. The painters in oil (which he will have it that neither of them practised) he affirms to have been the ruin of art, and affirms that all the while he was engaged in his Water paintings, Titian was disturbing him, Titian the Ill Genius of Oil Painting. His Pictures—one in particular, the Canterbury Pilgrims (far above Stothard's)—have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have been sold hitherto only in Manuscript. I never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the 'Sweep Song.' There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
Thro' the desarts of the night,

which is glorious, but, alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age. Montgomery's book I have not much hope from. The Society, with the affected name, has been labouring at it for these 20 years, and made few converts. I think it was injudicious to mix stories avowedly colour'd by fiction with the sad true statements from the parliamentary records, etc., but I wish the little Negroes all the good that can come from it. I batter'd my brains (not butter'd them—but it is a bad *a*) for a few verses for them, but I could make nothing of it. You have been luckier. But Blake's are the flower of the set, you will, I am sure, agree, tho' some of Montgomery's at the end are pretty; but the Dream awkwardly paraphras'd from B.

With the exception of an Epilogue for a Private Theatrical, I have written nothing now for near 6 months. It is in vain to spur me on. I must wait. I cannot write without a genial impulse, and I have none. 'Tis barren all and dearth. No matter; life is something without scribbling. I have got rid of my bad spirits, and hold up pretty well this rain-damn'd May.

So we have lost another Poet. I never much relished his Lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, and I never can make out his great *power*, which his admirers talk of. Why, a line of Wordsworth's is a lever to lift the immortal spirit! Byron can only move the Spleen. He was at best a Satyrist,—in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice; but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the

Radicals, 'If they don't like their country, damn 'em, let 'em leave it,' they possessing no rood of ground in England, and he 10,000 acres. Byron was better than many Curtises.

Farewell, and accept this apology for a letter from one who owes you so much in that kind.

Yours ever truly,

C. L.

[Lamb's portrait of his father is reproduced in vol. ii of my edition of the *Works*. The first love verses are no more.

William Blake was at this time sixty-six years of age. He was living in poverty and neglect at 3 Fountain Court, Strand. Blake made 537 illustrations to Young's *Night Thoughts*, of which only forty-seven were published. Lamb is, however, thinking of his edition of *Blair's Grave*. The exhibition of his works was held in 1809, and it was for this that Blake wrote the descriptive catalogue. Lamb had sent *The Chimney Sweeper*, in the *Songs of Innocence*, to James Montgomery for his *Chimney-Sweepers' Friend and Climbing Boys' Album*, 1824, a little book designed to ameliorate the lot of those children, in whose interest a society existed. Barton also contributed something. It was Blake's poem which had excited Barton's curiosity. Probably he thought that Lamb wrote it. Lamb's mistake concerning Blake's name is curious in so far as that it was Blake's brother Robert who in a vision revealed to the poet the method by which the *Songs of Innocence* were to be reproduced. He died in 1787. It might be added that Lamb's enthusiasm for Blake seems to have converted Barton, who, in 1830, was corresponding with John Linnell, the painter, about him.

'The Dream awkwardly paraphras'd from B.' The book ended with three Climbing-Boys' Soliloquies by Montgomery. The second was a dream in which the dream in Blake's song was extended and prosified.

'The Society with the affected name.' The Society for Ameliorating the Condition of Infant Chimney-Sweepers.

'An Epilogue for a Private Theatrical.' Probably the epilogue for the amateur performance of *Richard II*, given by the family of Henry Field, Barron Field's father (see vol. iv of my edition of the *Works*).

'Another Poet.' Byron died on 19th April 1824.

'Alderman Curtis.' Sir William Curtis, M.P.; Lord Mayor of London, 1795; a favourite butt of the wits of the period. Cf. Letter 178.

On 1st June 1824 Crabb Robinson dined with Lamb, and then walked with him to Newington to call on Mrs. Barbauld. Lamb, however, was disputatious. 'He reasons from feelings.'

On 10th June Crabb Robinson dined at Lamb's and walked with him to Highgate. Henry Taylor was there, and talked so much about the East that when he rose to go Lamb asked: 'Are you looking for your turban, sir?']

394. TO FANNY KELLY

[Dated at end: 26th June 1824.]

C. and M. Lamb have just come from Ware, where they have been confined in a dull Inn for 3 days by wet weather. They will be most

happy to see Miss K. and her friends any evening they will name, but should like to know in time, it being C. L.'s holyday, and they purposing to go out here and there for a night or two during the next 3 weeks. Inclosed, or inclosing, is a receipt for Mrs. Arnold, whom they hope to see too with Mr. A. or at least the latter. They are sure to be at home before Wednesday.

Saturday, Islington,
June 26th, 1824.

[On 5th July 1824 Crabb Robinson took tea at Lamb's and found Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle there. Although there was evidently a lack of sympathy, he describes it as 'an agreeable evening enough.' Carlyle, who a few years later, after another visit, was to set on paper so narrow-minded and inimical an impression of Lamb, was then twenty-eight, Irving nearly thirty-two and, as a preacher in the Hatton Garden Chapel, at the height of his fame.

On the next day Robinson was again at Lamb's, Hessey being also there. The conversation turning on De Quincey's bodily sufferings, Lamb said he should be published by Pain and Fuss (Payne & Foss; see Letter 702).]

395. TO BERNARD BARTON

July 7th, 1824.

DEAR B. B.,

I have been suffering under a severe inflammation of the eyes, notwithstanding which I resolutely went through your very pretty volume at once, which I dare pronounce in no ways inferior to former lucubrations. '*Abroad*' and '*lord*' are vile rhymes notwithstanding, and if you count you will wonder how many times you have repeated the word *uneartly*—thrice in one poem. It is become a slang word with the bards; avoid it in future lustily. '*Time*' is fine; but there are better a good deal, I think. The volume does not lie by me; and, after a long day's smarting fatigue, which has almost put out my eyes (not blind however to your merits), I dare not trust myself with long writing. The verses to Bloomfield are the sweetest in the collection. Religion is sometimes lugged in, as if it did not come naturally. I will go over carefully when I get my seeing, and exemplify. You have also too much of singing metre, such as requires no deep ear to make; lilting measure, in which you have done Woolman injustice. Strike at less superficial melodies. The piece on Nayler is more to my fancy.

My eye runs waters. But I will give you a fuller account some day. The book is a very pretty one in more than one sense. The decorative part, perhaps, too ostentatious; a simple pipe preferable.

Farewell, and many thanks.

C. LAMB.

[Barton's new book was *Poetic Vigils*, 1824. It contained among other poems *An Ode to Time*, *Verses to the Memory of Bloomfield*, *A Memorial of John Woolman*, beginning:

There is glory to me in thy Name,
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child,
More touching by far than the splendour of Fame
With which the vain world is beguil'd,

and *A Memorial of James Nayler*. Also the *Sonnet to Elia*.]

396. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

[No date: Probably July 1824.]

Mr. Ainsworth of Manchester, whom I believe to be a very estimable man, and know to be an Enthusiast in Poetry, etc. desires to be introduced to you. Have I credit enough with you to effect it? I am almost shy of doing it, because I want to introduce to you in a few weeks my friend Barron Field from Sydney, who has desired such letters, being on his travels northward. You must be often troubled with intruders, but I think I have not added many to the number.

My poor holydays are over. We have sneak'd about to Ware, Kingston, etc.—sleeping out a night or two at a time, but have ventured on no more daring excursion—

I hope your Eyes are tolerable. I have suffer'd sadly from one lately. How do you manage about *reading* in that case? There are books, which are as good to read out, or hear read, as to read by oneself; but the lighter offal, Mags., Newspapers etc. it is indispensable to glance over per se. I cannot be the auditor of a paragraph.

No news stirring. Coleridge is seen daily trudging on Highgate Hill, and blooming. Mary is in capital health, and I have a hope at bottom, that it be better for her, that we did not go out of town this summer. I have a conceit, that she has one, that she may escape illness by this moderation. Her thinking so (tho' we say nothing about it) may go a great way.

Do you know Watery Ware? It is redolent in springs & clear brooks, two or three rivers meet there. It is quite far enough for a Gentleman to purge off town air, a snug and safe distance, and shall be my future ether. The Trouts in particular are admirable.

The Dyers were with us on Sunday. Mrs. D. amus'd a Lady at our house with an account of her family economy. It seems G. D. shifts every other day, besides night shirts, etc.—He on tother hand, commends her as the most *cleanly creature*; as you would commend a cat. Matrimony I take it is a great cleanser. Everybody says how clean he is

now. That is all the idea *Freud* seems to have of his old college crony. Beasts! not to have discerned G. D. but by the courtesy of a Little Soap.

My head akes with a dull opera last night. I do not know a flatness comparable to coming home after a Play that has not amused—nor a pleasanter thing, than to talk over a contrary one at Supper.

N.B. This is no letter, only a letter of recommendation.

God bless you. Love to all

C. LAMB.

[Ainsworth (see Letter 383) had evidently postponed his visit to Wordsworth from January to July. A letter of introduction for Barron Field will be found on page 126.]

397. TO W. MARTER

DEAR MARTER,

[Dated at end: 19th July (1824).]

I have just rec^d your letter, having returned from a month's holydays. My exertions for the London are, tho' not dead, in a dead sleep for the present. If your club like scandal, Blackwood's is your magazine; if you prefer light articles, and humorous without offence, the *New Monthly* is very amusing. The best of it is by Horace Smith, the author of the *Rejected Addresses*. The *Old Monthly* has more of matter, information, but not so merry. I cannot safely recommend any others, as not knowing them, or knowing them to their disadvantage. Of Reviews, beside what you mention, I know of none except the Review on Hounslow Heath, which I take it is too expensive for your ordering. Pity me, that have been a Gentleman these four weeks, and am reduced in one day to the state of a ready writer. I feel, I feel, my gentlemanly qualities fast oozing away—such as a sense of honour, neckcloths twice a day, abstinence from swearing, &c. The desk enters into my soul.

See my thoughts on business next Page.

SONNET

Who first invented *work*?—and bound the free
And holyday-rejoicing Spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of *Business* in the green fields, and the Town—
To plough, loom, [anvil,] spade, and (oh most sad!)
To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! He, who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from whence are no returnings;
Where toiling & turmoilng ever & aye
He and his Thoughts keep pensive worky-day.

With many recollections of pleasanter times, my old compeer,
happily released before me, Adieu. C. LAMB.

E. I. H.

19 July.

[Marter was an old India House clerk; we do not meet with him again. The sonnet had been printed in the *Examiner* in 1819. Lamb, who was fond of it, reprinted it in *Album Verses*, 1830.]

398. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

MY DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 28th July 1824.]

I must appear negligent in not having thanked you for the very pleasant books you sent me. Arthur, and the Novel, we have both of us read with unmixed satisfaction. They are full of quaint conceits, and running over with good humour and good nature. I naturally take little interest in story, but in these the manner and not the end is the interest; it is such pleasant travelling, one scarce cares whither it leads us. Pray express our pleasure to your father with my best thanks.

I am involved in a routine of visiting among the family of Barron Field, just ret^d. from Botany Bay—I shall hardly have an open Evening before TUESDAY next. Will you come to us then?

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

Wensday 28 July 24.

[*Arthur* and the novel were two books by Charles Dibdin the younger, the father of Lamb's correspondent. *Arthur* was *Young Arthur*; or, *The Child of Mystery: A Metrical Romance*, 1819, and the novel was *Isn't It Odd?* three volumes of high-spirited rambles something in the manner of *Tristram Shandy*, nominally written by Marmaduke Merrywhistle, and published in 1822.

Barron Field had returned from his judgeship in New South Wales on 18th June.]

399. TO THOMAS HOOD

[P.M. 10th August 1824.]

And what dost thou at the Priory? *Cucullus non facit Monachum*. English me that, and challenge old Lignum Janua to make a better.

My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately; but there Hope sits every day, speculating upon traditionary gudgeons. I think she has taken the fisheries. I now know the reason why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn; for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the

pump every morning thick as motelings,—little things o o o like *that*, that perish untimely, and never taste the brook. You do not tell me of those romantic land bays that be as thou goest to Lover's Seat: neither of that little churchling in the midst of a wood (in the opposite direction, nine furlongs from the town), that seems dropped by the Angel that was tired of carrying two packages; marry, with the other he made shift to pick his flight to Loretto. Inquire out, and see my little Protestant Loretto. It stands apart from trace of human habitation; yet hath it pulpit, reading-desk, and trim font of massiest marble, as if Robinson Crusoe had reared it to soothe himself with old church-going images. I forget its Christian name, and what she-saint was its gossip.

You should also go to No. 13, Standgate Street,—a baker, who has the finest collection of marine monsters in ten sea counties,—sea dragons, polypi, mer-people, most fantastic. You have only to name the old gentleman in black (not the Devil) that lodged with him a week (he'll remember) last July, and he will show courtesy. He is by far the foremost of the savans. His wife is the funniest thwarting little animal! They are decidedly the Lions of green Hastings. Well, I have made an end of my say. My epistolary time is gone by when I could have scribbled as long (I will not say as agreeable) as thine was to both of us. I am dwindled to notes and letterets. But, in good earnest, I shall be most happy to hail thy return to the waters of Old Sir Hugh. There is nothing like inland murmurs, fresh ripples, and our native minnows.

He sang in meads how sweet the brooklets ran,
To the rough ocean and red restless sands.

I design to give up smoking; but I have not yet fixed upon the equivalent vice. I must have *quid pro quo*; or *quo pro quid*, as Tom Woodgate would correct me. My service to him.

C. L.

[The Hoods were staying at Hastings, and, like the Lambs, near the Priory. '*Cucullus non facit Monachum.*' A 'Lamb-pun.' The Hood does not make the monk.]

'Old Lignum Janua.' The Tom Woodgate mentioned at the end of the letter, a boatman at Hastings. Hood wrote some verses to him.

'My old New River.' This passage was placed by Hood as the motto of his verses *Walton Redivivus*, in *Whims and Oddities*, 1826.

'Little churchling.' This is Lamb's second description of Hollington Rural. The third and best is in Letter 462.

'A baker.' In a letter to his sister, written from Hastings at this time, Hood says: 'We have tried, but in vain, to find out the baker and his wife recommended to us by Lamb as the very lions of green Hastings. There is no such street as he has named throughout the town.'

'Sir Hugh.' Myddleton, the father of the New River Company. Hood also lived at Islington at that time.

'There is nothing like inland murmurs.' Lamb is here remembering Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey lines:

With a soft inland murmur.

'He sang.'

In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose,
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!

Landor, *Gebir*, book iv.

In the *Elia* essay 'The Old Margate Hoy' Lamb, in speaking of Hastings, had made the same objection.]

400. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 17th August 1824.]

I congratulate you on getting a house over your head. I find the comfort of it I am sure. At my town lodgings the Mistress was always quarrelling with our maid; and at my place of rustication, the whole family were always beating one another, brothers beating sisters (one a most beautiful girl lamed for life), father beating sons and daughters, and son again beating his father, knocking him fairly down, a scene I never before witnessed, but was called out of bed by the unnatural blows, the parricidal colour of which, tho' my morals could not but condemn, yet my reason did heartily approve, and in the issue the house was quieter for a day or so than I had ever known. I am now all harmony and quiet, even to the sometimes wishing back again some of the old rufflings. There is something stirring in these civil broils.

The Album shall be attended to. If I can light upon a few appropriate rhymes (but rhymes come with difficulty from me now) I shall beg a place in the neat margin of your young housekeeper.

The Prometheus Unbound is a capital story. The Literal rogue! What if you had ordered Elfrida in *sheets*! She'd have been sent up, I warrant you. Or bid him clasp his bible (*i.e.* to his bosom)—he'd ha clapt on a brass clasp, no doubt.—

I can no more understand Shelley than you can. His poetry is 'thin sewn with profit or delight.' Yet I must point to your notice a sonnet conceivd and expressed with a witty delicacy. It is that addressed to one who hated him, but who could not persuade him to hate *him* again. His coyness to the other's passion (for hate demands a return as much as Love, and starves without it) is most arch and pleasant. Pray, like it very much.

For his theories and nostrums they are oracular enough, but I either comprehend 'em not, or there is miching malice and mischief in 'em. But for the most part ringing with their own emptiness. Hazlitt said

well of 'em—Many are wiser and better for reading Shakspeare, but nobody was ever wiser or better for reading Sh—y.

I wonder you will sow your correspondence on so barren a ground as I am, that make such poor returns. But my head akes at the bare thought of letter writing. I wish all the ink in the ocean dried up, and would listen to the quills shivering [† shrivelling] up in the candle flame, like parching martyrs. The same indispositⁿ to write it is has stopt my Elias, but you will see a futile Effort in the next No., 'wrung from me with slow pain.'

The fact is, my head is seldom cool enough. I am dreadfully indolent. To have to do anything, to order me a new coat, for instance, tho' my old buttons are shelled like beans, is an effort.

My pen stammers like my tongue. What cool craniums those old enduers of Folios must have had. What a mortify'd pulse. Well, once more I throw myself on your mercy—Wishing peace in thy new dwelling—
C. LAMB.

[The Lambs gave up their 'country lodgings' at Dalston on moving to Colebrook Row.

'The Album.' See next letter to Barton.

'The Prometheus Unbound.' A bookseller, asked for *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley's poem, had replied that *Prometheus* was not to be had 'in sheets': a joke worked up by Theodore Hook into a thymed epigram. *Elfrieda* was a dramatic poem by William Mason, Gray's friend.

Hazlitt writes of Shelley in his essay 'On Paradox and Commonplace' in *Table Talk*; but he does not make this remark there, but in the essay 'On People of Sense' in *The Plain Speaker*.

'Thun sewn . . .' From Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 345.

'The next Number.' The 'futile Effort' was 'Blakesmoor in H—shire' in the *London Magazine* for September 1824.

'Wrung from me . . .' Misquoting Polonius's words (*Hamlet*, I. ii. 58-9):

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition.]

401. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

East-India House, August 19, 1824.

I shall have much pleasure in dining with you on Wednesday next, with much shame that I have not noticed your kind present of the *Birds*, which I found very chirping and whimsical. I believe at the time I was daily thinking of paying you a visit, and put it off—till I should come. Somehow it slipt, and [I] must crave your pardon.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Cary's translation of *The Birds* of Aristophanes appeared in 1824.]

402. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

2 Sep., 1824.

The Bearer of this is Mr. *Barron Field*, late Judge in Civil Causes at New Holland, and author of a little poem on the 'Kangaroo,' which he sent you, & I remember you admired. He is travelling northwards & very much wishes to see you. You have formerly met him at my rooms in the Temple. I can recommend him as a most excellent & very cordial old acquaintance.

All well at home & our kindest rememb^{ers} to you all.

Yours most truly,

CHAS. LAMB.

From my desk, very busy, 2, Sep. 24.

[Barron Field wrote a Life of Wordsworth, which for some reason was never published.]

403. TO THOMAS HOLCROFT JUNIOR

DEAR T.,

[No date: 29th September ? 1824.]

Mary thanks you kindly for the orders. She is laid up with a most severe cold, which will prevent her going; but Emma, and some friends of hers, mean to avail themselves of them. We shall not have occasion to trouble you this time, but are obliged to you for your offer to accompany us.

404. TO BERNARD BARTON

[Dated at end: 30th September 1824.]

Little Book! surnam'd of White;
Clean, as yet, and fair to sight;
Keep thy attribution right.

Never disproportion'd scrawl;
Ugly blot, that 's worse than all;
On thy maiden clearness fall.

In each Letter, here design'd,
Let the Reader emblem'd find
Neatness of the Owner's mind.

Gilded margins count a sin;
Let thy leaves attraction win
By the Golden Rules within:

Sayings, fetch'd from Sages old;
Saws, which Holy Writ unfold,
Worthy to be writ in Gold:

Lighter Fancies not excluding;
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in
Sometimes mildly interluding

Amid strains of graver measure:—
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.

Riddles dark, perplexing sense;
Darker meanings of offence;
What but *shades*, be banish'd hence.

Whitest Thoughts, in whitest dress—
Candid Meanings - best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

DEAR B. B.,

'I am ill at these numbers;' but if the above be not too mean to have a place in thy Daughter's Sanctum, take them with pleasure. I assume that her Name is Hannah, because it is a pretty scriptural cognomen. I began on another sheet of paper, and just as I had penn'd the second line of Stanza 2 an ugly Bolt [*here is a blot*] as big as this, fell, to illustrate my counsel.—I am sadly given to blot, and modern blotting-paper gives no redress; it only smears and makes it worse, as for example [*here is a smear*]. The only remedy is scratching out, which gives it a Clerkish look. The most innocent blots are made with red ink, and are rather ornamental. [*Here are two or three blots in red ink.*] Marry, they are not always to be distinguished from the effusions of a cut finger.

Well, I hope and trust thy Tick doleru, or however you spell it, is vanished, for I have frightful impressions of that Tick, and do altogether hate it, as an unpaid score, or the Tick of a Death Watch. I take it to be a species of Vitus's dance (I omit the Sanctity, writing to 'one of the men called Friends'). I knew a young Lady who could dance no other, she danced thro life, and very queer and fantastic were her steps. Heaven bless thee from such measures, and keep hee from the Foul Fiend, who delights to lead after False Fires in the night, Flibbertigibit, that gives the web and the pin &c. I forget what else.—

From my den, as Bunyan has it, 30 Sep. 24.

C. L.

[The verses were for the album of Barton's daughter, Lucy (not Hannah), afterwards Mrs. Edward FitzGerald. Lucy was her only name. Lamb afterwards printed them in his *Album Verses*, 1830.

Barton suggests 'agnomen' for 'cognomen.'

'Flibbertigibit.' See *King Lear*, III. iv. 120.]

405. TO MRS. JOHN DYER COLLIER

DEAR MRS. COLLIER, [Dated at end: 2nd November 1824.]

We receive so much pig from your kindness, that I really have not phrase enough to vary successive acknowledg^{mts}.

I think I shall get a printed form to serve on all occasions.

To say it was young, crisp, short, luscious, dainty-toed, is but to say what all its predecessors have been. It was eaten on Sunday and Monday, and doubts only exist as to which temperature it eat best, hot or cold. I incline to the latter. The Petty-feet made a pretty surprising pre-gustation for supper on Saturday night, just as I was loathingly in expectation of bren-cheese. I spell as I speak.

I do not know what news to send you. You will have heard of Alsager's death, and your Son John's success in the Lottery. I say he is a wise man, if he leaves off while he is well. The weather is wet to weariness, but Mary goes puddling about a-shopping after a gown for the winter. She wants it good & cheap. Now I hold that no good things are cheap, pig-presents always excepted. In this mournful weather I sit moping, where I now write, in an office dark as Erebus, jammed in between 4 walls, and writing by Candle-light, most melancholy. Never see the light of the Sun six hours in the day, and am surprised to find how pretty it shines on Sundays. I wish I were a Caravan driver or a Penny post man, to earn my bread in air & sunshine. Such a pedestrian as I am, to be tied by the legs, like a Fauntleroy, without the pleasure of his Exactions. I am interrupted here with an official question, which will take me up till it's time to go to dinner, so with repeated thanks & both our kindest rememb^{ces} to Mr. Collier & yourself, I conclude in haste.

Yours & his sincerely,

C. LAMB.

from my den in Leadenhall, 2 Nov. 24.

On further enquiry Alsager is not dead, but Mrs. A. is bro^t. to bed.

[Mrs. Collier was the mother of John Payne Collier. Alsager we have already met. Henry Fauntleroy was the banker, who had just been found guilty of forgery and on the day that Lamb wrote was sentenced to death. He was executed on the 30th (see Letter 409).]

406. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

MY DEAR PROCTER, [Dated at end: 11th November '24.]

I do agnise a shame in not having been to pay my congratulations Mrs. Procter and your happy self, but on Sunday (my only mornin

I was engaged to a country walk; and in virtue of the hypostatical union between us, when Mary calls, it is understood that I call too, we being univocal.

But indeed I am ill at these ceremonious inductions. I fancy I was not born with a call on my head, though I have brought one down upon it with a vengeance. I love not to pluck that sort of fruit crude, but to stay its ripening into visits. In probability Mary will be at Southampton Row this morning, and something of that kind be matured between you, but in any case not many hours shall elapse before I shake you by the hand.

Meantime give my kindest felicitations to Mrs. Procter, and assure her I look forward with the greatest delight to our acquaintance. By the way, the deuce a bit of Cake has come to hand, which hath an inauspicious look at first, but I comfort myself that that Mysterious Service hath the property of Sacramental Bread, which mice cannot nibble, nor time moulder.

I am married myself—to a severe step-wife, who keeps me, not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations. I can not slip out to congratulate kinder unions. It is well she leaves me alone o' nights—the damn'd Day-hag *BUSINESS*. She is even now peeping over me to see I am writing no Love Letters. I come, my dear—Where is the Indigo Sale Book?

Twenty adieus, my dear friends, till we meet.

Yours most truly,

C. LAMB.

Leadenhall, 11 Nov. '24.

[Procter married Anne Skepper, stepdaughter of Basil Montagu, in October 1824. One of their daughters was Adelaide Ann Procter.

'Agnise.' Acknowledge. It has been suggested that Lamb also favoured this old word on account of its superficial association with *agnus*.

'Born with a call.' Perhaps a note on this pun may not be superfluous. To be born with a caul was said to be lucky.

On 21st November 1824 Crabb Robinson went to Lamb's after dinner and there met Allsop. 'An amiable man.')

407. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

MY DEAR MISS HUTCHINSON,

Desk 11, Nov. 25 [1824.]

Mary bids me thank you for your kind letter. We are a little puzzled about your whereabouts; Miss Wordsworth writes Torkay, and you have queerly made it Torquay. Now Tokay, we have heard of, and Torbay, which we take to be the true *male* spelling of the place, but

somewhere we fancy it to be on 'Devon's leafy shores,' where we heartily wish the kindly breezes may restore all that is invalid among you. Robinson is returned, and speaks much of you all. We shall be most glad to hear good news from you from time to time. The best is, Proctor is at last married. We have made sundry attempts to see the Bride, but have accidentally failed, she being gone out a gadding.

408. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DR. R.,

[P.M. 29th November 1824.]

Barron Field bids me say that he is resident at his brother Henry's, a surgeon &c., a few doors west of Christ Church Passage Newgate Street; and that he shall be happy to accompany you up thence to Islington, when next you come our way, but not so late as you sometimes come. I think we shall be out on Tuesd^y.

Yours ever

Sat^y.

C. LAMB.

We had promised our dear friends the Monkhouses, promised ourselves rather, a visit to them at Ramsgate, but I thought it best, and Mary seemed to have it at heart too, not to go far from home these last holy days. It is connected with a sense of unsettlement, and secretly I know she hoped that such abstinence would be friendly to her health. She certainly has escaped her sad yearly visitation, whether in consequence of it, or of faith in it, and we have to be thankful for a good 1824. To get such a notion into our heads may go a great way another year. Not that we quite confined ourselves; but assuming Islington to be head quarters, we made timid flights to Ware, Watford &c. to try how the trouts tasted, for a night out or so, not long enough to make the sense of change oppressive, but sufficient to scour the rust of home.

Coleridge is not returned from the Sea. As a little scandal may divert you recluses—we were in the Summer dining at a Clergyman of Southey's 'Church of England,' at Hertford, the same who officiated to Thurtell's last moments, and indeed an old contemporary Blue of C.'s and mine at School. After dinner we talked of C., and F. who is a mighty good fellow in the main, but hath his cassock prejudices, inveighed against the moral character of C. I endeavoured to enlighten him on the subject, till having driven him out of some of his holds, he stopt my mouth at once by appealing to me whether it was not very well known that C. 'at that very moment was living in a state of open a——y with Mrs. * * * * * at Highgate?' Nothing I

could say serious or bantering after that could remove the deep inrooted conviction of the whole company assembled that such was the case! Of course you will keep this quite close, for I would not involve my poor blundering friend, who I dare say believed it all thoroughly. My interference of course was imputed to the goodness of my heart, that could imagine nothing wrong &c. Such it is if Ladies will go gadding about with other people's husbands at watering places. How careful we should be to avoid the appearance of Evil. I thought this Anecdote might amuse you. It is not worth resenting seriously; only I give it as a specimen of orthodox candour. O Southey, Southey, how long would it be before you would find one of us *Unitarians* propagating such unwarrantable Scandal! Providence keep you all from the foul fiend Scandal, and send you back well and happy to dear Gloster Place.

C. L.

['Devon's leafy shores.' Quoting Wordsworth.

Thomas Monkhouse, who was in a decline, had been ordered to Torquay.

Crabb Robinson had been in Normandy for some weeks.

The too credulous clergyman at Hertford was Frederick William Franklin, master of the Blue Coat School there (from 1801 to 1827), who was at Christ's Hospital with Lamb.

'Mrs. * * * * *' Mrs. Gillman, whose name Lamb was capable of spelling with only one 'l.')

409. TO BERNARD BARTON AND LUCY BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 1st December 1824.]

If Mr. Mitford will send me a full and circumstantial description of his desired vases, I will transmit the same to a Gentleman resident at Canton, whom I think I have interest enough in to take the proper care for their execution. But Mr. M. must have patience. China is a great way off, further perhaps than he thinks; and his next year's roses must be content to wither in a Wedgwood pot. He will please to say whether he should like his Arms upon them, &c. I send herewith some patterns which suggest themselves to me at the first blush of the subject, but he will probably consult his own taste after all.



The last pattern is obviously fitted for ranunculuses only. The two

former may indifferently hold daisies, marjoram, sweet williams, and that sort. My friend in Canton is Inspector of Teas, his name Ball; and I can think of no better tunnel [? channel]. I shall expect Mr. M.'s decision.

Taylor and Hessey finding their magazine goes off very heavily at 2s. 6d. are prudently going to raise their price another shilling; and having already more authors than they want, intend to increase the number of them. If they set up against the New Monthly, they must change their present hands. It is not tying the dead carcass of a Review to a half-dead Magazine will do their business. It is like G. D. multiplying his volumes to make 'em sell better. When he finds one will not go off, he publishes two; two stick, he tries three; three hang fire, he is confident that four will have a better chance.

And now, my dear Sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as by a parity of situation are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the change of theme. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into others' property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence. But so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated, as he hath done. You are as yet upright. But you are a Banker, at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass thro' your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian, or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone; not to mention higher considerations. I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the Law at one time of their life made as sure of never being hanged as I in my presumption am too ready to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable? I ask you. Think of these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, &c. No one that is so framed, I maintain it, but should tremble.

Postscript for your Daughter's eyes only.

DEAR MISS—Your pretty little letterets make me ashamed of my great straggling coarse handwriting. I wonder where you get pens to write so small. Sure they must be the pinions of a small wren, or a robin. If you write so in your Album, you must give us glasses to read by. I have seen a Lady's similar book all writ in following fashion. I think it pretty and fanciful.

O how I love in early dawn

To bend my steps o'er flowery dawn [lawn],

which I think has an agreeable variety to the eye. Which I recommend to your notice, with friend Elia's best wishes.

[The *London Magazine* began a new series at half a crown with the number for January 1825. It had begun to decline very noticeably. The *New Monthly Magazine*, to the January number of which, 1825, Lamb contributed his 'Illustrious Defunct' essay, was its most serious rival. Lamb returned to some of his old vivacity and copiousness in the *London Magazine* for January 1825 (see note to Letter 412).

'G. D.' George Dyer again.

We have heard of Lamb's friend Ball before, in Letters 144 and 146.

'Fauntleroy.' See page 128. Fauntleroy's fate seems to have had great fascination for Lamb. He returned to the subject, in the vein of this letter, in 'The Last Peach,' a little essay printed in the *London Magazine* for April 1825 (see vol. 1 of my edition); and in *Memories of Old Friends, being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox . . . from 1835 to 1871, 1882*, I find the following entry:

25th October [1839]—G. Wightwick and others dined with us. He talked agreeably about capital punishments, greatly doubting their having any effect in preventing crime. Soon after Fauntleroy was hanged, an advertisement appeared, 'To all good Christians! Pray for the soul of Fauntleroy.' This created a good deal of speculation as to whether he was a Catholic, and at one of Coleridge's soirées it was discussed for a considerable time; at length Coleridge, turning to Lamb, asked, 'Do you know anything about this affair?' 'I should think I d-d-d-did,' said Elia, 'for I paid s-s-s-seven and sixpence for it!'

Lamb's postscript is written in extremely small characters, and the letters of the two lines of verse are all alternate red and black inks. It was this letter which, Edward FitzGerald tells us, Thackeray pressed to his forehead, with the remark: 'Saint Charles!' Until then, the postscript not having been thought worthy of print by previous editors, it was a little difficult to understand why this particular letter had been selected for Thackeray's epithet. But when one thinks of the patience with which, after making gentle fun of her father, Lamb sat down to amuse Lucy Barton, and, as Thackeray did, thinks also of his whole life, it becomes more clear.]

410. TO ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS

DEAR SIR,

December 28 1824.

Thanks for your volume. If any verse is forthcoming next year, you shall have it, but I do not make two lines on an average any year now.

My poor prose, which is near exhausted, is the London's, and my dry spring is not likely to overflow to a second reservoir. I saw S. T. C. on Sunday, who exprest his high satisfaction at the contents as well as exterior of the Souvenir.

You will oblige me by not *thinking* of sending me a second superior Copy. This already outshines and puts to blush my old dusty library. With much respect,

Yours,

C. LAMB.
Elia.

[Watts's *Literary Souvenirs* flourished annually from 1824 to 1838.

Mrs. Anderson's note finishes with the following quotation from a letter from Alaric A. Watts to W. Blackwood, 17th December 1821: 'Charles Lamb delivers himself with infinite pain and labour of a silly piece of trifling every month in this magazine, under the signature of Elia. . . . Charles Lamb says he can make no way in an article under at least a week.']

411. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

MY DEAR SIR,

[P.M. 11th January 1825.]

Pray return my best thanks to your father for his little volume. It is like all of his I have seen, spirited, good humoured, and redolent of the wit and humour of a century ago. He should have lived with Gay and his set. The Chessiad is so clever that I relish'd it in spite of my total ignorance of the game. I have it not before me, but I remember a capital simile of the Charwoman letting in her Watchman husband, which is better than Butler's Lobster turned to Red. Hazard is a grand Character, Jove in his Chair. When you are disposed to leave your one room for my six, Colebrooke is where it was, and my sister begs me to add that as she is disappointed of meeting your sister *your way*, we shall be most happy to see her *our way*, when you have an even^g. to spare. Do not stand on ceremonies and introductions, but come at once. I need not say that if you can induce your father to join the party, it will be so much the pleasanter. Can you name an evening *next week*? I give you long credit.

Meantime am

as usual

E. I. H.

yours truly

11 Jan. 25.

C. L.

When I saw the Chessiad advertised by C. D. the Younger, I hoped it might be yours. What title is left for you—

Charles Dibdin *the Younger, Junior*.

O No, you are Timothy.

[Charles Dibdin the younger wrote a mock-heroic poem, *The Chessiad*, which was published with *Comic Tales* in 1825. The simile of the charwoman runs thus:

Now Morning, yawning, rais'd her from her bed,
Slipp'd on her wrapper blue and 'kerchief red,
And took from Night the key of Sleep's abode;
For Night within that mansion had bestow'd
The Hours of day; now, turn and turn about,
Morn takes the key and lets the Day-hours out;
Laughing, they issue from the ebony gate,
And Night walks in. As when, in drowsy state,
Some watchman, wed to one who chars all day,
Takes to his lodging's door his creeping way;
His rib, arising, lets him in to sleep,
While she emerges to scrub, dust, and sweep.

This is the lobster simile in *Hudibras*, Part II, canto II, lines 29-32:

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Hazard is the chief of the gods in *The Chessiad's* little drama.

'You are Timothy.' See Letter 355.

I have included in my edition of Lamb's *Works* a review of Dibdin's book, in the *New Times*, 27th January 1825, which both from internal evidence and from the quotation of the charwoman passage I take to be by Lamb, who was writing for that paper at that time.]

412. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

[P.M. 20th January 1825.]

The brevity of this is owing to scratching it off at my desk amid expected interruptions. By habit, I can write Letters only at office.

DEAR MISS H.,

Thank you for a noble Goose, which wanted only the massive Encrustation that we used to pick-axe open about this season in old Gloster Place. When shall we eat another Goosepye together? The pheasant too must not be forgotten, twice as big and half as good as a partridge. You ask about the editor of the *Lond.* I know of none. This first specimen is flat and pert enough to justify subscribers who grudge at t'other shilling. De Quincey's Parody was submitted to him before printed, and had his Probatum. The 'Horns' is in a poor taste, resembling the most laboured papers in the *Spectator*. I had sign'd it 'Jack Horner:' but Taylor and Hessey said, it would be thought an offensive article, unless I put my known signature to it;

and wrung from me my slow consent. But did you read the 'Memoir of Liston'? and did you guess whose it was? Of all the Lies I ever put off, I value this most. It is from top to toe, every paragraph, Pure Invention; and has passed for Gospel, has been republished in newspapers, and in the penny play-bills of the Night, as an authentic Account. I shall certainly go to the Naughty Man some day for my Fibblings. In the next No. I figure as a Theologian! and have attacked my late brethren, the Unitarians. What Jack Pudding tricks I shall play next, I know not. I am almost at the end of my Tether.

Coleridge is quite blooming; but his Book has not budded yet. I hope I have spelt Torquay right now, and that this will find you all mending, and looking forward to a London flight with the Spring. Winter *we* have had none, but plenty of foul weather. I have lately pick'd up an Epigram which pleased me.

Two noble Earls, whom if I quote,
Some folks might call me Sinner;
The one invented half a coat;
The other half a dinner.

The plan was good, as some will say
And fitted to console one:
Because, in this poor starving day,
Few can afford a whole one.

I have made the Lame one still lamer by imperfect memory, but spite of bald diction, a little done to it might improve it into a good one. You have nothing else to do at [*'Talk kay' here written and scratched out*] Torquay. Suppose you try it. Well God bless you all, as wishes Mary, [most] sincerely, with many thanks for Letter &c. ELIA.

['Gloster Place.' A reference to the hospitable Monkhouses, at No. 34.

The *London Magazine* included in the January issue three essays by Lamb: the 'Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been Neglected,' held over from 1823, the 'Vision of Horns,' and the bogus 'Biographical Memoir of Mr. Liston.' The theological paper in 'the next number' of the *London Magazine* was 'Unitarian Protests' accompanied by another 'flam,' the 'Autobiography of Mr. Munden.' There is a little mystery in the phrase 'late brethren,' for it must have been long since Lamb attended any conventicle. He had begun by 'adoring' Priestley, but was now quite unattached.

'Coleridge's book.' The *Aids to Reflection*, published in May or June 1825.

'I have lately pick'd up an Epigram.' 'Recalled to memory' would be more exact, I think, for the author was Henry Man, an old South-Sea House clerk, whom in his South-Sea House essay Lamb mentions as a wit. The epigram, which refers to Lord Spencer and Lord Sandwich, was printed in Man's *Miscellaneous Works*, 1802.]

413. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR CORELLI,

[P.M. 25th January 1825.]

My sister's cold is as obstinate as an old Handelian whom a modern amateur is trying to convert to Mozart-ism. As company must & always does injure it, Emma and I propose to come to you in the evening of tomorrow, *instead of meeting here*. An early bread-and-cheese supper at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eight will oblige us. Loves to the Bearer of many Children.

C. LAMB.

Tuesday

Colebrooke.

I sign with a black seal, that you may begin to think her cold has killed Mary, which will be an agreeable UNSURPRISE when you read the Note.

[This is the first letter to Novello, who was the peculiar champion of Mozart and Haydn. Lamb calls him Corelli after Archangelo Corelli (1653-1713), the violinist and composer. It was part of a joke between Lamb and Novello that Lamb should affect to know a great deal about music. See the *Elia* essay 'A Chapter on Ears' for a description of Novello's playing. Mrs. Novello was the mother of eleven children.]

414. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

DEAR D.,

[P.M. Islington.] January 1825.

My sister's cold continues strong and obstinate. We therefore propose to see you etc. sometime in the latter end of next week, instead of this. But *come you must*.

Believe us, with apologies to your sister,

Yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

[The following letter is in reply to one from Manning asking if he may repeat a visit (in 1824) to Colebrook Cottage. He writes thus:]

415. TO THOMAS MANNING

MY DEAR M.,

[Not dated: ? 26th January 1825.]

You might have come inopportunately a week since, when we had an inmate. At present and for as long as *ever* you like, our castle is at your service. I saw Tuthill yesternight, who has done for me what may

To all my nights and days to come,
Give solely sovran sway and masterdom.

But I dare not hope, for fear of disappointment. I cannot be more explicit at present. But I have it under his own hand, that I am *non-capacitated* (I cannot write it *in*) for business. O joyous imbecility! Not a susurraton of this to *anybody*!

Mary's love.

C. LAMB.

[Lamb had just taken a most momentous step in his career and had consulted Tuthill as to his health, in the hope of perhaps obtaining release and a pension from the East India House. We learn more of this soon.

The couplet is from *Macbeth*, 1. v. 70-1.]

416. TO LEIGH HUNT

ILLUSTREZZIMO SIGNOR,

[No date: ? *Early 1825.*]

I have obeyed your mandate to a tittle. I accompany this with a volume. But what have you done with the first I sent you?—have you swapt it with some lazzaroni for macaroni? or pledged it with a gondolierer for a passage? Peradventuri the Cardinal Gonsalvi took a fancy to it:—his Eminence has done my Nearness an honour. 'Tis but a step to the Vatican. As you judge, my works do not enrich the workman, but I get vat I can for 'em. They keep dragging me on, a poor, worn mill-horse, in the eternal round of the damn'd magazine; but 'tis they are blind, not I. Colburn (where I recognize with delight the gay W. Honeycomb renovated) hath the ascendancy.

I was with the Novellos last week. They have a large, cheap house and garden, with a dainty library (magnificent) without books. But what will make you bless yourself (I am too old for wonder), something has touched the right organ in Vincentio at last. He attends a Wesleyan chapel on Kingsland Green. He at first tried to laugh it off—he only went for the singing; but the cloven foot—I retract—the Lamb's trotters—are at length apparent. Mary Isabella attributes it to a lightness induced by his headaches. But I think I see in it a less accidental influence. Mister Clark is at perfect staggers! the whole fabric of his infidelity is shaken. He has no one to join him in his coarse insults and indecent obstreperousnesses against Christianity, for Holmes (the bonny Holmes) is gone to Salisbury to be organist, and Isabella and the Clark make but a feeble quorum. The children have all nice, neat little clasped pray-books, and I have laid out 7s. 8d. in Watts's Hymns for Christmas presents for them. The eldest girl alone holds out; she has been at Boulogne, skirting upon the vast focus of Atheism, and imported bad principles in patois French. But the strongholds are crumbling. N. appears as yet to have but a confused

notion of the Atonement. It makes him giddy, he says, to think much about it. But such giddiness is spiritual sobriety.

Well, Byron is gone, and — is now the best poet in England. Fill up the gap to your fancy. Barry Cornwall has at last carried the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle-moon. Hope it won't clog his wings—gaum we used to say at school.

Mary, my sister, has worn me out with eight weeks' cold and tooth-ache, her average complement in the winter, and it will not go away. She is otherwise well, and reads novels all day long. She has had an exempt year, a good year, for which, forgetting the minor calamity, she and I are most thankful.

Alsager is in a flourishing house, with wife and children about him, in Mecklenburg Square—almost too fine to visit.

Barron Field is come home from Sydney, but as yet I can hear no tidings of a pension. He is plump and friendly, his wife really a very superior woman. He resumes the bar.

I have got acquainted with Mr. Irving, the Scotch preacher, whose fame must have reached you. He is a humble disciple at the foot of Gamaliel S. T. C. Judge how his own sectarists must stare when I tell you he has dedicated a book to S. T. C., acknowledging to have learnt more of the nature of Faith, Christianity, and Christian Church, from him than from all men he ever conversed with. He is a most amiable, sincere, modest man in a room, this Boanerges in the temple. Mrs. Montague told him the dedication would do him no good. 'That shall be a reason for doing it,' was his answer. Judge now, whether this man be a quack.

Dear H., take this imperfect notelet for a letter; it looks so much the more like conversing on nearer terms. Love to all the Hunts, old friend Thornton, and all.

C. LAMB.

[Leigh Hunt was still living at Genoa. Shelley and Byron, whom he had left England to join, were both dead; Shelley in 1822, and Byron on 19th April 1824. Hunt's "Family Journal," by Harry Honeycomb, had begun in the *New Monthly Magazine* for January 1825.

Cardinal Gonsalvi was Ercole Consalvi (1757-1824), secretary to Pius VII, and a patron of the arts. Lawrence painted him.

By Mary Isabella, Lamb meant Mary Sabilla Novello, Vincent Novello's wife. The eldest girl was Mary Victoria, afterwards the wife of Charles Cowden Clarke, the 'Mister Clark' mentioned here. Novello (now at Shacklewell Green) remained a good Roman Catholic to the end. Holmes was Edward Holmes (1797-1859), a pupil of Cowden Clarke's father at Enfield and schoolfellow of Keats. He had lived with the Novellos, studying music, and later became a musical writer and teacher and the biographer of Mozart. Lamb is also remembering Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited*—'the bonny holms of Yarrow.'

'A. S.' Anne Skepper.

'We used to say.' Leigh Hunt was also at Christ's Hospital.

Mrs. Barron Field was a Miss Jane Carncroft, to whom Lamb addressed some album verses (see my edition of *Lamb's Works*). Leigh Hunt knew of Field's return, for he—or so is probable, but the poem is unsigned—had contributed to the *New Monthly* in 1824 a rhymed letter to him in which he welcomed him home again.

Irving was then drawing people to the chapel in Hatton Garden, attached to the Caledonian Asylum. The dedication, to which Lamb alludes more than once in his correspondence, was that of his work, *For Missionaries after the Apostolical School, a series of orations in four parts*. . . . 1825.

'Old friend Thornton' was Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Leigh Hunt, whom Lamb had addressed in verse in 1815 as 'my favourite child.' He was now fourteen.]

417. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 8th February 1825.]

DEAR SIR,

Leadenhall Street.

We expect you of course to-morrow. As to the time, 6 is pleasanter to us than 7, & 7 than 8. But at any hour we shall be most glad to see you and sisters.

Yours &c.,

Tuesday.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The late R. W. Dibdin said he remembered his aunt, Mrs. Tonna (one of the sisters of J. B. D.), telling how she went to tea with Charles and Mary Lamb at Colebrook Cottage.']

418. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[Dated at end: 10th February 1825.]

I am vexed that ugly paper should have offended. I kept it as clear from objectionable phrases as possible, and it was Hessey's fault, and my weakness, that it did not appear anonymous. No more of it for God's sake.

The Spirit of the Age is by Hazlitt. The characters of Coleridge, &c. he had done better in former publications, the praise and the abuse much stronger, &c. but the new ones are capitally done. Horne Tooke is a matchless portrait. My advice is, to borrow it rather than read [i.e. buy] it. I have it. He has laid on too many colours on my likeness, but I have had so much injustice done me in my own name, that I make a rule of accepting as much over-measure to Elia as Gentlemen think proper to bestow. Lay it on and spare not.

Your Gentleman Brother sets my mouth a watering after Liberty.

O that I were kicked out of Leadenhall with every mark of indignity, and a competence in my fob. The birds of the air would not be so free as I should. How I would prance and curvet it, and pick up cowslips, and ramble about purposeless as an idiot! The Author-mometer is a good fancy. I have caused great speculation in the dramatic (not *thy*) world by a Lying Life of Liston, all pure invention. The Town has swallowed it, and it is copied into News Papers, Play Bills, etc., as authentic. You do not know the Droll, and possibly missed reading the article (in our 1st No., New Series). A life more improbable for him to have lived would not be easily invented. But your rebuke, coupled with 'Dream on J. Bunyan,' checks me. I'd rather do more in my favorite way, but feel dry. I must laugh sometimes. I am poor Hypochondriacus, and *not* Liston.

Our 2nd No is all trash. What are T. and H. about? It is whip syllabub, 'thin sown with aught of profit or delight.' Thin sown! not a germ of fruit or corn. Why did poor Scott die! There was comfort in writing with such associates as were his little band of Scribblers, some gone away, some affronted away, and I am left as the solitary widow looking for water cresses.

The only clever hand they have is Darley, who has written on the Dramatists, under name of John Lacy. But his function seems suspended.

I have been harassed more than usually at office, which has stopt my correspondence lately. I write with a confused aching head, and you must accept this apology for a Letter.

I will do something soon if I can as a peace offering to the Queen of the East Angles. Something she shan't scold about.

For the Present, farewell.

Thine

C. L.

10 Feb. 1825.

I am fifty years old this day. Drink my health.

[That ugly paper' was 'A Vision of Horns.'

Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* had just been published, containing criticisms, among others, of Coleridge, Horne Tooke, and Lamb. Lamb was very highly praised. Here is a passage from the article:

How admirably he has sketched the former inmates of the South-Sea House; what 'fine fretwork he makes of their double and single entries!' With what a firm yet subtle pencil he has embodied 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist!' How notably he embalms a battered *beau*; how delightfully an amour, that was cold forty years ago, revives in his pages! With what well-disguised humour he introduces us to his relations, and how freely he serves up his friends! Certainly, some of his portraits are *fixtures*, and will do to hang up as lasting and lively emblems of human infirmity. Then there is no

one who has so sure an ear for 'the chimes at midnight,' not even excepting Mr. Justice Shallow; nor could Master Silence himself take his 'cheese and pippins' with a more significant and satisfactory air. With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the Inns and Courts of law, the Temple and Gray's Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years, and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon as he is with his portrait or writings! It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He haunts Watling Street like a gentle spirit; the avenues to the play-houses are thick with panting recollections; and Christ's Hospital still breathes the balmy breath of infancy in his description of it!

'Your Gentleman Brother.' John Barton, Bernard's younger half-brother.

'The Author-mometer.' I have not discovered to what Lamb refers.

'Dream on J. Bunyan.' Probably a poem by Barton, but I have not traced it.

Hypochondriacus is one of the figures pictured in the frontispiece to Burton's *Anatomy*.

'T. and H.' Taylor & Hessey.

'Poor Scott.' John Scott (1784-1821), first editor of the *London Magazine*; fatally injured in a duel with Lockhart's friend Christie.

'The solitary widow.' In Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

'The Queen of the East Angles.' Possibly Lucy Barton, possibly Anne Knight, a friend of Barton's.]

419. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

DEAR P.,

[No date: ? 1st March 1825.]

We shall be most glad to see you, though more glad to have seen double you, but we will expect finer walking-weather. Bring my *Congreve*, second vol., in your hand. I have 2 books of yours lock'd up, but how shall I tell it—*horresco referens*—that I miss, and can't possibly account for it, *Hollis on Johnson's Milton*! I will march the town thro', but I will repair the loss. You will be sorry to hear that poor Monkhouse died on Saturday at Clifton.

C. L.

420. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

DEAR MISS HUTCHINSON,

[Dated at end: 1st March 1825.]

Your news has made us all very sad. I had my hopes to the last. I seem as if I were disturbing you at such an awful time even by a reply. But I must acknowledge your kindness in presuming upon the interest we shall all feel on the subject. No one will more feel it than Robinson, to whom I have written. No one more than he and we acknowledged the nobleness and worth of what we have lost. Words are perfectly idle. We can only pray for resignation to the Survivors. Our dearest

expressions of condolence to Mrs. M— at this time in particular. God bless you both. I have nothing of ourselves to tell you, and if I had, I could not be so unreverent as to trouble you with it. We are all well, that is all. Farewell, the departed—and the left. Your's and his, while memory survives, cordially

C. LAMB.

1 Mar. 1825.

[The letter refers to the death of Thomas Monkhouse, 26th February 1825.]

421. TO T. HILL

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: *3rd March 1825.*]

The Warehouse rents on Sago are reduced one half. Your old Sago is still warehoused. It is thought a petition might procure a remission of the old Rates.

ELIA.

3 Mar 1825

[I assume T. Hill to be Tommy Hill, the drysalter, the friend of Theodore Hook, whom Lamb is supposed to have used as a model in his 'Lepus' paper, 'Tom Pry.' See page 177.]

422. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. *23rd March 1825.*
Wednesday.]

I have had no impulse to write, or attend to any single object but myself, for weeks past. My single self. I by myself I. I am sick of hope deferred. The grand wheel is in agitation that is to turn up my Fortune, but round it rolls and will turn up nothing. I have a glimpse of Freedom, of becoming a Gentleman at large, but I am put off from day to day. I have offered my resignation, and it is neither accepted nor rejected. Eight weeks am I kept in this fearful suspence. Guess what an absorbing stake I feel it. I am not conscious of the existence of friends present or absent. The E. I. Directors alone can be that thing to me—or not.—

I have just learn'd that nothing will be decided this week. Why the next? Why any week? It has fretted me into an itch of the fingers, I rub 'em against Paper and write to you, rather than not allay this Scorbuta.

While I can write, let me adjure you to have no doubts of Irving.

Let Mr. Mitford drop his disrespect. Irving has prefixed a dedication (of a Missionary Subject 1st part) to Coleridge, the most beautiful cordial and sincere. He there acknowledges his obligation to S. T. C. for his knowledge of Gospel truths, the nature of a Xtian Church, etc., to the talk of S. T. C. (at whose Gamaliel feet he sits weekly) [more] than to that of all the men living. This from him—The great dandled and petted Sectarian—to a religious character so equivocal in the world's Eye as that of S. T. C., so foreign to the Kirk's estimate!—Can this man be a Quack? The language is as affecting as the Spirit of the Dedication. Some friend told him, 'This dedication will do you no Good,' *i.e.* not in the world's repute, or with your own people. 'That is a reason for doing it,' quoth Irving.

I am thoroughly pleased with him. He is firm, outspoken, intrepid—and docile as a pupil of Pythagoras.

You must like him.

Yours, in tremors of painful hope,

C. LAMB.

[In the first paragraphs Lamb refers to the great question of his release from the India House.

In a letter dated 19th February 1825 of Mary Russell Mitford, who looked upon Irving as quack absolute, we find her discussing the preacher with Charles Lamb.]

423. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

I have left the d——d India House for Ever!

[29th March] 1825.

Give me great Joy.

C. LAMB.

[Robinson states in his *Reminiscences* of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb, preserved in MS. at Dr. Williams's Library: 'A most important incident in Lamb's life, tho' in the end not so happy for him as he anticipated, was his obtaining his discharge, with a pension of almost £400 a year, from the India House. This he announced to me by a note put into my letter box: "I have left the India House. D—— Time. I'm all for eternity." He was rather more than fifty years of age.' See the next letters for Lamb's own account of the event.

At a Court of Directors of the India House held on 29th March 1825 it was resolved 'that the resignation of Mr. Charles Lamb of the Accountant-General's Office, on account of certified ill-health, be accepted, and, it appearing that he has served the Company faithfully for 33 years, and is now in the receipt of an income of £730 per annum, he be allowed a pension of £450 (four hundred and fifty pounds) per annum, under the provisions of the act of the 53 Geo. III, cap. 155, to commence from this day.'

424. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Colebrook Cottage,
6 April, 1825.

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I have been several times meditating a letter to you concerning the good thing which has befallen me, but the thought of poor Monkhouse came across me. He was one that I had exulted in the prospect of congratulating me. He and you were to have been the first participants, for indeed it has been ten weeks since the first motion of it.

Here I am then after 33 years slavery, sitting in my own room at 11 o'clock this finest of all April mornings a freed man, with £441 a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity and starved at 90. £441, i.e. £450, with a deduction of £9 for a provision secured to my sister, she being survivor, the Pension guaranteed by Act Georgii Tertii, &c.

I came home for ever on Tuesday in last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelm'd me. It was like passing from life into Eternity. Every year to be as long as three, i.e. to have three times as much real time, time that is my own, in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holydays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys: their conscious fugitiveness—the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holyday, there are no holydays. I can sit at home in rain or shine without a restless impulse for walkings. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master. Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us.

Leigh Hunt and Montgomery after their releasements describe the shock of their emancipation much as I feel mine. But it hurt their frames. I eat, drink, and sleep sound as ever. I lay no anxious schemes for going hither and thither, but take things as they occur. Yesterday I excursed 20 miles, to day I write a few letters. Pleasuring was for fugitive play days, mine are fugitive only in the sense that life is fugitive. Freedom and life co-existent.

At the foot of such a call upon you for gratulation, I am ashamed to advert to that melancholy event. Monkhouse was a character I learnt to love slowly, but it grew upon me, yearly, monthly, daily. What a chasm has it made in our pleasant parties! His noble friendly face was always coming before me, till this hurrying event in my life came, and for the time has absorpt all interests. In fact it has shaken me a little. My old desk companions with whom I have had such

merry hours seem to reproach me for removing my lot from among them. They were pleasant creatures, but to the anxieties of business, and a weight of possible worse ever impending, I was not equal. Tuthill and Gilman gave me my certificates. I laughed at the friendly lie implied in them, but my sister shook her head and said it was all true. Indeed this last winter I was jaded out, winters were always worse than other parts of the year, because the spirits are worse, and I had no daylight. In summer I had daylight evenings. The relief was hinted to me from a superior power, when I poor slave had not a hope but that I must wait another 7 years with Jacob—and lo! the Rachel which I coveted is bro't. to me—

Have you read the noble dedication of Irving's 'Missionary Orations' to S. T. C. Who shall call this man a Quack hereafter? What the Kirk will think of it neither I nor Irving care. When somebody suggested to him that it would not be likely to do him good, videlicet among his own people, 'That is a reason for doing it' was his noble answer.

That Irving thinks he has profited mainly by S. T. C., I have no doubt. The very style of the Ded. shows it.

Communicate my news to Southey, and beg his pardon for my being so long acknowledging his kind present of the 'Church,' which circumstances I do not wish to explain, but having no reference to himself, prevented at the time. Assure him of my deep respect and friendliest feelings.

Divide the same, or rather each take the whole to you, I mean you and all yours. To Miss Hutchinson I must write separate. What's her address? I want to know about Mrs. M.

Farewell! and end at last, long selfish Letter!

C. LAMB.

[Lamb expanded the first portion of this letter into the *Elia* essay 'The Superannuated Man,' which ought to be read in connection with it.

Leigh Hunt and James Montgomery, the poet, had both undergone imprisonment for libel.]

425. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 6th April 1825.]

My spirits are so tumultuary with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more mind, to compose a letter.

I am free, B. B.—free as air.

The little bird that wings the sky
Knows no such Liberty!

I was set free on Tuesday in last week at 4 o'Clock.

I came home for ever!

I have been describing my feelings as well as I can to Wordsworth in a long letter, and don't care to repeat. Take it briefly that for a few days I was painfully oppressed by so mighty a change, but it is becoming daily more natural to me.

I went and sat among 'em all at my old 33 years desk yester morning; and deuce take me if I had not yearnings at leaving all my old pen and ink fellows, merry sociable lads, at leaving them in the Lurch, fag, fag, fag.

The comparison of my own superior felicity gave me any thing but pleasure.

B. B., I would not serve another 7 years for seven hundred thousand pounds!

I have got £441 net for life, sanctioned by Act of Parliament, with a provision for Mary if she survives me.

I will live another 50 years; or, if I live but 10, they will be thirty, reckoning the quantity of real time in them, *i.e.* the time that is a man's own.

Tell me how you like 'Barbara S.'—will it be received in atonement for the foolish Vision, I mean by the Lady?

Apropos, I never saw Mrs. Crauford in my life, nevertheless it's all true of Somebody.

Address me in future

Colebrook Cottage, Islington.

I am really nervous (but that will wear off) so take this brief announcement.

Yours truly

C. L.

['The little bird.' From Lovelace's lines *To Anthea*.

'Barbara S.' The *Elia* essay relating an incident in the early life of Miss Kelly. Lamb states that the anecdote was given to him by Mrs. Crawford.]

426. TO DR. STODDART

[No date: *Early April 1825*.]

(*Concluding part only*.)

My friend Allsop waits on you to know if you can insert the inclosed.

I am going to send you a Review-let or little critique on Hood's pleasant little volume. Can you find room?

C. LAMB.

Dr. Stoddart, Doctor's Commons.

[Dr. Stoddart, Hazlitt's brother-in-law, was now editing the *New Times*, to which Lamb had been contributing the 'Lepus' papers. (See my edition of Lamb's *Works*.) Hood's *Odes and Addresses to Great People* came out in 1825 and was reviewed by Lamb on April 12th. (Again see my edition.) It had drawn from Coleridge the following letter:

S. T. COLERIDGE TO CHARLES LAMB

[Spring 1825.]

MY DEAR CHARLES,

This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub-streetish in all its exteriors, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, *Odes and Addresses to Great Men*, which connected itself in my head with *Rejected Addresses* and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to *Peter Bell*, the Ode to the Great Unknown, and to Mrs. Fry—he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

Thursday night, 10 o'clock.—No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are nine in ten good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendent! And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasantness on any man in his senses—saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despoiler of your *lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an ovation. Then moreover and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?

Here 's Gillman come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles (Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! What will he do in Paradise? I must have a pair or two of nostril plugs or nose-goggles laid in his coffin), stands at the door, reading that to McAdam, and the washerwoman's letter, and he admits *the facts*. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say; so, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up, and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Matv. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLLRIDGE.]

427. TO SARAH HUTCHINSON

DEAR MISS HUTCHINSON

[P.M. 18th April 1825.]

You want to know all about my gaol delivery. Take it then. About 12 weeks since I had a sort of intimation that a resignation might be well accepted from me. This was a kind bird's whisper. On that

hint I spake. Gilman and Tuthill furnished me with certificates of wasted health and sore spirits—not much more than the truth, I promise you—and for 9 weeks I was kept in a fright—I had gone too far to recede, and they might take advantage and dismiss me with a much less sum than I had reckoned on. However Liberty came at last with a liberal provision. I have given up what I could have lived on in the country, but have enough to live here by managem^t. and scribbling occasionally. I would not go back to my prison for seven years longer for £10000 a year. 7 years after one is 50 is no trifle to give up. Still I am a young *Pensioner*, and have served but 33 years, very few I assure you retire before 40, 45, or 50 years' service.

You will ask how I bear my freedom. Faith, for some days I was staggered. Could not comprehend the magnitude of my deliverance, was confused, giddy, knew not whether I was on my head or my heels as they say. But those giddy feelings have gone away, and my weather glass stands at a degree or two above

CONTENT

I go about quiet, and have none of that restless hunting after recreation which made holydays formerly uneasy joys. All being holydays, I feel as if I had none, as they do in heaven, where 'tis all red letter days.

I have a kind letter from the Words^{wths} congratulatory not a little.

It is a damp, I do assure you, amid all my prospects that I can receive *none* from a quarter upon which I had calculated, almost more than from any, upon receiving congratulations. I had grown to like poor M. more and more. I do not esteem a soul living or not living more warmly than I had grown to esteem and value him. But words are vain. We have none of us to count upon many years. That is the only cure for sad thoughts. If only some died, and the rest were permanent on earth, what a thing a friend's death would be then!

I must take leave, having put off answering [a load] of letters to this morning, and this, alas! is the 1st. Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Monkhouse and believe us

Yours most Truly,

C. LAMB.

[On 22nd April 1825 Crabb Robinson called and found both Charles and Mary in excellent spirits. 'He says he would not be condemned to a seven years' return to his office for a hundred thousand pounds.']

428. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR W.,

[No date: May 1825.]

I write post-haste to ensure a frank. Thanks for your hearty congratulations. I may now date from the 6th week of my Hegira or Flight from Leadenhall. I have lived so much in it, that a Summer seems already past, and 'tis but early May yet with you and other people. How I look down on the Slaves and drudges of the world! its inhabitants are a vast cotton-web of spin spin spinners. O the carking cares! O the money-grubbers—sempiternal muckworms!

Your Virgil I have lost sight of, but suspect it is in the hands of Sir G. Beaumont. I think that circumstances made me shy of procuring it before. Will you write to him about it? and your commands shall be obeyed to a tittle.

Coleridge has just finished his prize Essay, which if it get the Prize he'll touch an additional £100 I fancy. His Book too (commentary on Bishop Leighton) is quite finished and *penes* Taylor and Hessey.

In the London which is just out (1st May) are 2 papers entitled the *Superannuated Man*, which I wish you to see, and also 1st Apr. a little thing called Barbara S—— a story gleaned from Miss Kelly. The L. M. if you can get it will save my enlargement upon the topic of my manumission.

I must scribble to make up my hiatus crumenæ, for there are so many ways, pious and profligate, of getting rid of money in this vast city and suburbs that I shall miss my third: but couragio. I despair not. Your kind hint of the Cottage was well thrown out. An anchorage for *age* and school of economy when necessity comes. But without this latter I have an unconquerable terror of changing Place. It does not agree with us. I say it from conviction. Else—I do sometimes ruralize in fancy.

Some d——d people are come in and I must finish abruptly. By d——d, I only mean *deuced*. 'Tis these suitors of Penelope that make it necessary to authorise a little for gin and mutton and such trifles.

Excuse my abortive scribble.

Yours not in more haste than heart

C. L.

Love and recollects to all the Wms. Doras, Maries round your Wrekin.
Mary is capitally well.

Do write to Sir G. B. for I am shyish of applying to him.

[Coleridge had been appointed to one of the ten Royal Associateships of the newly chartered Royal Society of Literature, thus becoming entitled to an annuity of 100 guineas. An essay was expected from each associate. Coleridge

wrote on the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and read it on 18th May. His book was *Aids to Reflection*. See note on page 136.

'Hiatus crumenæ.' A reference to his loss of income (a third) through his retirement. For 'thirds,' says Mrs. Anderson, see Fleckno's *Road to Ruin*, where Silky says: "I must come in for my thirds." See also Letter to Mary Betham, 5th June 1833: "we will take our thirds."

'Some d——d people.' A hint for No. XII of Lamb's *Popular Fallacies*, 'That Home is Home,' soon then to be written. The suitors of Penelope, as Telemachus complained, 'resorting to our house day by day, sacrifice oxen and sheep and fat goats and make merry, and drink the dark wine recklessly.'—*Odyssey*, ii. 55.

'Round your Wrekin.' Lamb repeats this phrase twice in the next few months. He got it from the dedication to Farquhar's play, *The Recruiting Officer*—"To all friends round the Wrekin."]

429. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR A.,

Tuesday, May 29, 1825.

I am as mad as the devil—but I had engaged myself and Mary to accompany Mrs. Kenny to Kentish-Town to dinner at a common friend's on Friday, before I knew of Mary's engaging you.

Can you and Mrs A. exchange the day for Sunday, or what other.

Write.

Success to the Gnomes!

C. LAMB.

430. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

[P.M. 2nd July 1825.]

We are going off to Enfield, to Allsop's, for a day or 2, with some intention of succeeding them in their lodging for a time, for this damn'd nervous Fever (vide Lond. Mag. for July) indisposes me for seeing any friends, and never any poor devil was so befriended as I am. Do you know any poor solitary human that wants that cordial to life—a true friend? I can spare him twenty, he shall have 'em good cheap. I have gallipots of 'em—genuine balm of cares—a going—a going—a going. Little plagues plague me a 1000 times more than ever. I am like a disembodied soul—in this my eternity. I feel every thing entirely, all in all and all in etc. This price I pay for liberty, but am richly content to pay it. The Odes are 4⁵^{ths} done by Hood, a silentish young man you met at Islinton one day, an invalid. The rest are Reynolds's, whose sister H. has recently married. I have not had a broken finger in them.

They are hearty good-natured things, and I would put my name to 'em cheerfully, if I could as honestly. I complimented them in a News-paper, with an abatement for those puns you laud so. They are generally an excess. A Pun is a thing of too much consequence to be thrown in as a makeweight. You shall read one of the addresses over, and miss the puns, and it shall be quite as good and better than when you discover 'em. A Pun is a Noble Thing per se: O never lug it in as an accessory. A Pun is a sole object for reflection (vide my aids to that recessment from a savage state)—it is entire, it fills the mind: it is perfect as a Sonnet, better. It limps asham'd in the train and retinue of Humour: it knows it should have an establishment of its own. The one, for instance, I made the other day, I forget what it was.

Hood will be gratify'd, as much as I am, by your mistake. I liked 'Grimaldi' the best; it is true painting, of abstract Clownery, and that precious concrete of a Clown; and the rich succession of images, and words almost such, in the first half of the Mag. Ignotum. Your picture of the Camel, that would not or could not thread your nice needle-eye of Subtilisms, was confirm'd by Elton, who perfectly appreciated his abrupt departure. Elton borrowed the 'Aids' from Hessey (by the way what is your Enigma about Cupid? I am Cytherea's son, if I understand a tittle of it), and return'd it next day saying that 20 years ago, when he was pure, he *thought* as you do now, but that he now thinks as you did 20 years ago. But E. seems a very honest fellow. Hood has just come in; his sick eyes sparkled into health when he read your approbation. They had meditated a copy for you, but postponed it till a neater 2d Edition, which is at hand.

Have you heard *the Creature* at the Opera House—Signor Non-vir sed VELÛTI Vir?

Like Orpheus, he is said to draw stocks &c. *after* him. A picked raisin for a sweet banquet of sounds; but I affect not these exotics. Nos DURUM genus, as mellifluous Ovid hath it.

Fanny Holcroft is just come in, with her paternal severity of aspect. She has frozen a bright thought which should have follow'd. She makes us marble, with too little conceiving. 'Twas respecting the Signor, whom I honour on this side idolatry. Well, more of this anon.

We are setting out to walk to Enfield after our Beans and Bacon, which are just smoking.

Kindest remembrances to the G.'s ever.

From Islington,

2d day, 3d month of my Hegira

or Flight from Leadenhall.

C. L. Olim Clericus.

['To Allsop's.' Allsop says in his *Letters . . . of Coleridge* that he and the Lambs were housemates for a long time.

'Vide Lond. Mag. for July.' Where the *Elia* essay 'The Convalescent' was printed.

'The Odes.' *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, 1825.

Reynolds was John Hamilton Reynolds. According to a marked copy in the possession of the late H. Buxton Forman, Reynolds wrote only the odes to Mr. M'Adam, Mr. Dymoke, Sylvanus Urban, Elliston, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The 'Mag. Ignotum' was the *Ode to the Great Unknown*, the author of the Scotch novels. In the same paper on 8th January 1825 Lamb had written an essay called 'Many Friends' (see my edition of his *Works*) a little in the manner of this first paragraph.

'Your picture of the Camel.' Probably the story of a caller told by Coleridge to Lamb in a letter.

'Your Enigma about Cupid.' Possibly referring to a passage in the *Aids to Reflection*, 1825 (pages 277-8).

'Have you heard *the Creature*?' Giovanni Battista Velluti (1781-1861), an Italian *castrato* with a lovely voice, who first appeared in England in June 1825, in Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*. He received £2,500 for five months' salary. Leigh Hunt wrote a long anonymous poem in the *Examiner* defending Velluti from the attacks of the press.

'Non-vir . . .': Not a man but something of the sort.

'Nos durum genus.' From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 1. 414: 'Inde genus durum sumus experiensque laborum': Hence we are a hard race well versed in toil.

'On this side idolatry.' Ben Jonson's phrase regarding Shakespeare in *Timber*.

'Olim Clericus': Formerly a clerk.]

431. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 2nd July 1825.]

MY DEAR B. B.,

My nervous attack has so unfitted me, that I have not courage to sit down to a Letter. My poor pittance in the London you will see is drawn from my sickness. Your Book is very acceptable to me, because most of it [is] new to me, but your Book itself we cannot thank you for more sincerely than for the introduction you favoured us with to Anne Knight. Now cannot I write Mrs. Anne Knight for the life of me. She is a very pleas—, but I won't write all we have said of her so often to ourselves, because I suspect you would read it to her. Only give my sister's and my kindest rememb^{ces} to her, and how glad we are we can say that word. If ever she come to Southwark again I count upon another pleasant BRIDGE walk with her. Tell her, I got home, time for a rubber; but poor Tryphena will not understand that phrase of the worldlings.

I am hardly able to appreciate your volume now. But I liked the dedicatⁿ much, and the apology for your bald burying grounds. To

Shelley, but *that* is not new. To the young Vesper-singer, Great Bealing's, Playford, and what not?

If there be a cavil it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. It seems as if you were for ever losing friends' children by death, and reminding their parents of the Resurrection. Do children die so often, and so good, in your parts? The topic, taken from the considerationⁿ that they are snatch'd away from *possible vanities*, seems hardly sound; for to an omniscient eye their conditional failings must be one with their actual; but I am too unwell for Theology.

Such as I am, I am yours and A. K.'s truly

C. LAMB.

['My poor pittance.' 'The Convalescent.'

'Your Book.' Barton's *Poems*, 4th edition, 1825. The dedication was to Barton's sister, Maria Hack.

'Anne Knight.' A Quaker lady, who kept a school at Woodbridge.]

432. TO JOHN AITKEN

Colebrooke Cottage, Islington, *July 5, 1825.*

DEAR SIR,

With thanks for your last No. of the Cabinet—as I cannot arrange with a London publisher to reprint 'Rosamund Gray' as a book, it will be at your service to admit into the Cabinet as soon as you please.

Your hble. serv^t,

CHS. LAMB.

EMMA, eldest of your name,
Meekly trusting in her God
Midst the red-hot plough-shares trod,
And unscorch'd preserved her fame.

By that test if you were tried,
Ugly flames might be defied;
Though devouring fire 's a glutton,
Through the trial you might go
'On the light fantastic toe,'
Nor for plough-shares care a BUTTON.

[Aitken was an Edinburgh bookseller who edited *The Cabinet ; or, The Selected Beauties of Literature*, 1824, 1825, and 1831. The particular interest of the letter is that it shows Lamb to have wanted to publish *Rosamund Gray* a third time in his life. Before it came to light we had only his statement that Hessey said that the world would not bear it (see Letter 561). Aitken printed the story in the *Cabinet* for 1831. Previously he had printed 'Dream Children' and 'The Inconveniences of being Hanged.'

I have been bold (but have had no opportunity of verifying the statement)

that the Buttons, for one of whom the appended acrostic was written, were cousins of the Lambs.

Here should come an unpublished letter to Miss Kelly, dated 6th July 1825, thanking her for tickets to see Miss Grey in the opera, and continuing about Mr. Arnold:]

433. TO FANNY KELLY

(*Fragment*)

. . . Pray thank him, and tell him we mean to avail ourselves of his kindness, and have only to wish he would move his Theatre to the present site of Sadlers Wells, to which we are fain now and then to pay respects in the absence (or distance rather) of better theatres.

. . . P.S. (for Mr. Arnold only) there, don't *you* read any further. Dear Arnold, Liston is going to bring out a certain Pawnbroker's Daughter, whom some folks were so delicate about. She will take!

[*The Pawnbroker's Daughter* was a new farce by Lamb. It was not, however, performed.]

434. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

Thursday, [14th July 1825.]

We are bent upon coming here to-morrow for a few weeks. Despatch a Porter to me this evening, or by nine to-morrow morning, to say how far it will interfere with your proposed coming down on Saturday. If the house will hold us, we can be together while we stay.

Yours,

After a hot walk.

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I date this 14th July, because on 7th July H. C. R. notes in his diary that he called on Lamb, who was evidently at home that Thursday.'

'Here' is very confusing. Lamb means 'to Enfield.')

435. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

[About 20th July 1825.]

It is too hot to write. Here we are, having turned you out of your beds, but willing to resign in your favour, or make any shifts with you. Our best Love's to Mrs Allsop, from Mrs Leishman's, this warm Saturday.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

This damned afternoon sun! Thanks for your note, which came in more than good time.

[Mrs. Anderson discovered that the temperature on the 16th had reached 83° in the shade. Under its influence Lamb wrote the letter called 'Dog Days' for Hone's *Every-Day Book* which will be found in my edition of the *Works*. With it went to Hone, to whom Colebrook Cottage had been lent, the following note:]

436. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

I think this, preceded by a short acct. of the Canicular Days, might serve, or can't you make more of it? Both pretty well.

C. L. Enfield, Saturday.

Mr. Hone, Mr. Lamb's, Colebrooke Cottage, Islington.

437. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Enfield [2 July 1825.]

DEAR A.,

Mary is afraid lest the calico and Handkerchiefs have miscarried which you were to send. Have you sent 'em?

Item a bill with 'em including the former silks, & balance struck in a Tradesman-like way.

Yours truly,

C. L.

438. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 21st July 1825.]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

Mrs Leishman gives us hopes of seeing you all on Sunday. We shall provide a bit of beef or something on that day, so you need not market. We are very comfortable here. Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Allsop and the chits. We lying-in people go out on Saturday, Mrs L. bids me say, and that you may come that evening and find beds, &c.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think Lamb means only that they are going out for the night—on a visit somewhere—on Saturday, not that they are leaving for good, because they evidently mean to be there on the Sunday. Besides, it was on a *Friday* they left Enfield—Friday, 19th August, I think, and Lamb was taken ill on Monday, 21st.'

Mrs. Leishman was the keeper of the lodgings. Later Lamb took a house there.]

439. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 10th August 1825.]

We shall be soon again at Colebrook.

DEAR B. B.,

You must excuse my not writing before, when I tell you we are on a visit at Enfield, where I do not feel it natural to sit down to a Letter. It is at all times an exertion. I had rather talk with you, and Ann Knight, quietly at Colebrook Lodge, over the matter of your last. You mistake me when you express misgivings about my relishing a series of scriptural poems. I wrote confusedly. What I meant to say was, that one or two consolatory poems on deaths would have had a more condensed effect than many. Scriptural—devotional topics—admit of infinite variety. So far from poetry tiring me because religious, I can read, and I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer-books for an hour or two together sometimes without sense of weariness.

I did not express myself clearly about what I think a false topic insisted on so frequently in consolatory addresses on the death of Infants. I know something like it is in Scripture, but I think humanly spoken. It is a natural thought, a sweet fallacy to the Survivors—but still a fallacy. If it stands on the doctrines of this being a probationary state, it is liable to this dilemma. Omniscience, to whom possibility must be clear as act, must know of the child, what it would hereafter turn out: if good, then the topic is false to say it is secured from falling into future wilfulness, vice, &c. If bad, I do not see how its exemption from certain future overt acts by being snatched away at all tells in its favor. You stop the arm of a murderer, or arrest the finger of a pick-purse, but is not the guilt incurred as much by the intent as if never so much acted? Why children are hurried off, and old reprobates of a hundred left, whose trial humanly we may think was complete at fifty, is among the obscurities of providence. The very notion of a state of probation has darkness in it. The all-knower has no need of satisfying his eyes by seeing what we will do, when he knows before what we will do. Methinks we might be condemn'd before commission. In these things we grope and flounder, and if we can pick up a little human comfort that the child taken is snatch'd from vice (no great compliment to it, by the bye), let us take it. And as to where an untried child goes, whether to join the assembly of its elders who have borne the heat of the day—fire-purified martyrs, and torment-sifted confessors—what know we? We promise heaven methinks too cheaply, and assign large revenues to minors, incompetent to manage them. Epitaphs run upon

this topic of consolation, till the very frequency induces a cheapness. Tickets for admission into Paradise are sculptured out at a penny a letter, twopence a syllable, &c. It is all a mystery; and the more I try to express my meaning (having none that is clear) the more I flounder. Finally, write what your own conscience, which to you is the unerring judge, seems best, and be careless about the whimsies of such a half-baked notionist as I am. We are here in a most pleasant country, full of walks, and idle to our hearts' desire. Taylor has dropt the London. It was indeed a dead weight. It has got in the Slough of Despond. I shuffle off my part of the pack, and stand like Xtian with light and merry shoulders. It had got silly, indecorous, pert, and every thing that is bad. Both our kind *remembrances* to Mrs. K. and yourself, and stranger's-greeting to Lucy—is it Lucy or Ruth?—that gathers wise sayings in a Book.

C. LAMB.

[The *London Magazine* passed into the hands of Henry Southern in September 1825. Lamb's last article for it was in the August number: 'Imperfect Dramatic Illusion,' reprinted in the *Last Essays of Elia* as 'Stage Illusion.'

The obscurity of Providence concerning children was developed later, by Lamb, in the exquisite poem on the death of Hood's child, *On an Infant dying as soon as born.*]

440. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR SOUTHEY,

August 19, 1825.

You'll know who this letter comes from by opening slap-dash upon the text, as in the good old times. I never could come into the custom of envelopes; 'tis a modern foppery; the Plinian correspondence gives no hint of such. In singleness of sheet and meaning then I thank you for your little book. I am ashamed to add a codicil of thanks for your 'Book of the Church.' I scarce feel competent to give an opinion of the latter; I have not reading enough of that kind to venture at it. I can only say the fact, that I have read it with attention and interest. Being, as you know, not quite a Churchman, I felt a jealousy at the Church taking to herself the whole deserts of Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, from Druid extirpation downwards. I call all good Christians the Church, Capillarians and all. But I am in too light a humour to touch these matters. May all our churches flourish! Two things staggered me in the poem (and one of them staggered both of us). I cannot away with a beautiful series of verses, as I protest they are, commencing 'Jenner.' 'Tis like a choice banquet opened with a pill or an electuary—physic stuff. T'other is, we cannot make out how Edith should be no more

than ten years old. By'r Lady, we had taken her to be some sixteen or upwards. We suppose you have only chosen the round number for the metre. Or poem and dedication may be both older than they pretend to; but then some hint might have been given; for, as it stands, it may only serve some day to puzzle the parish reckoning. But without inquiring further (for 'tis ungracious to look into a lady's years), the dedication is eminently pleasing and tender, and we wish Edith May Southey joy of it. Something, too, struck us as if we had heard of the death of John May. A John May's death was a few years since in the papers. We think the tale one of the quietest, prettiest things we have seen. You have been temperate in the use of localities, which generally spoil poems laid in exotic regions. You mostly cannot stir out (in such things) for humming-birds and fire-flies. A tree is a Magnolia, &c.—Can I but like the truly Catholic spirit? 'Blame as thou mayest the Papist's erring creed'—which and other passages brought me back to the old Anthology days and the admonitory lesson to 'Dear George' on the 'The Vesper Bell,' a little poem which retains its first hold upon me strangely.

The compliment to the translatress is daintily conceived. Nothing is choicer in that sort of writing than to bring in some remote, impossible parallel,—as between a great empress and the inobtrusive quiet soul who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine. How she Dobrizhoffer'd it all out, it puzzles my slender Latinity to conjecture. Why do you seem to sanction Landor's unfeeling allegorising away of honest Quixote! He may as well say Strap is meant to symbolise the Scottish nation before the Union, and Random since that act of dubious issue; or that Partridge means the Mystical Man, and Lady Bellaston typifies the Woman upon Many Waters. Gebir, indeed, may mean the state of the hop markets last month, for anything I know to the contrary. That all Spain overflowed with romancical books (as Madge Newcastle calls them) was no reason that Cervantes should not smile at the matter of them; nor even a reason that, in another mood, he might not multiply them, deeply as he was tinctured with the essence of them. Quixote is the father of gentle ridicule, and at the same time the very depository and treasury of chivalry and highest notions. Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun, and put him upon writing that unfortunate Second Part with the confederacies of that unworthy duke and most contemptible duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct to his understanding.

We got your little book but last night, being at Enfield, to which place we came about a month since, and are having quiet holydays.

Mary walks her twelve miles a day some days, and I my twenty on others. 'Tis all holiday with me now, you know. The change works admirably.

For literary news, in my poor way, I have a one-act farce going to be acted at the Haymarket; but when? is the question. 'Tis an extravaganza, and like enough to follow 'Mr. H.' 'The London Magazine' has shifted its publishers once more, and I shall shift myself out of it. It is fallen. My ambition is not at present higher than to write nonsense for the playhouses, to eke out a somewhat contracted income. *Tempus erat*. There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when the Muse, &c. But I am now in Mac Fleckno's predicament,—

Promised a play, and dwindled to a farce.

Coleridge is better (was, at least, a few weeks since) than he has been for years. His accomplishing his book at last has been a source of vigour to him. We are on a half visit to his friend Allsop, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Enfield, but expect to be at Colebrook Cottage in a week or so, where, or anywhere, I shall be always most happy to receive tidings from you. G. Dyer is in the height of an uxorious paradise. His honeymoon will not wane till he wax cold. Never was a more happy pair, since Acme and Septimius, and longer. Farewell, with many thanks, dear S. Our loves to all round your Wrekin.

Your old friend, C. LAMB.

[In the letter to Barton of 20th March 1826, Lamb continues or amplifies his remarks on his own letter-writing habits.

'Capillarians.' The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives Lamb's word in this connection as its sole example, meaning without stem, but a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 22nd July 1905, suggests that Lamb really meant chapel-goers.

'The poem.' Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, 1825, which begins with an address to Jenner, the physiologist:

Jenner! for ever shall thy honour'd name,
and is dedicated to Edith May Southey:

Edith! ten years are number'd, since the day.

Edith Southey was born in 1804. The dedication was dated 1814.

John May was Southey's friend and correspondent. It was not he that had died.

'The Vesper Bell.' *The Chapel Bell*, which was not in the *Annual Anthology*, but in Southey's *Poems*, 1797. 'Dear George' would perhaps be Burnett, who was at Oxford with Southey when the verses were written.

'The compliment to the translator.' Southey took his *Tale of Paraguay* from Dobrizhoffer's *History of the Abipones*, which his niece, Sara Coleridge, had translated. Southey remarks in the poem that could Dobrizhoffer have foreseen by whom his words were to be turned into English, he would have been as pleased as when he won the ear of the Empress Queen.

'Landor's . . . allegorising.' Landor, in the conversation between 'Peter

Leopold and the President du Paty,' makes President du Paty say that Cervantes had deeper purpose than the satirizing of knights-errant, Don Quixote standing for the Emperor Charles V and Sancho Panza symbolizing the people. Southey quoted the passage in the notes to the Proem. Lamb's *Elia* essay on the 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty' amplifies this criticism of Don Quixote.

'A one-act farce.' This was *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*, although that is in two acts.

'My dear Cornwallis.'

There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
The Muse would take me on her airy wing.

From a poem by Sneyd Davis to the Hon. and Rev. F. C. in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*.

'Mac Fleckno's predicament.' See Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*, line 182.

'Acme and Septimius.' The fond lovers of Catullus in the 45th *Carmen*.]

441. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. 9th September 1825.]

We are exceedingly grieved for your loss. When your note came, my sister went to Pall Mall, to find you, and saw Mrs. L. and was a little comforted to find Mrs. A. had returned to Enfield before the distressful event. I am very feeble, can scarce move a pen; got home from Enfield on the Friday, and on Monday follow^g was laid up with a most violent nervous fever second this summer, have had Leeches to my Temples, have not had, nor can not get, a night's sleep. So you will excuse more from

Yours truly,

Islington, 9 Sept.

C. LAMB.

Our most kind rememb^{ces} to poor Mrs. Allsop. A line to say how you both are will be most acceptable.

[Allsop's loss was, I imagine, the death of one of his children.]

442. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

Enfield. [P.M. 14th September 1825.]

Your kindness pursues us everywhere. That 81. 4. 6. is a substantial proof, I think; I never should have ask'd for it. Pray keep it, when you get it, till we see each other. I have plenty of current cash; thank you over and over for your offer.

We came down on Monday with Miss James. The 1st night I lay

broad awake like an owl till 8 o'clock, then got a poor doze. Have had something like sleep and a forgetting last night. We go on tolerably in this deserted house. It is melancholy, but I could not have gone into a quite strange one.

Newspapers come to you here. Pray stop them. Shall I send what have come?

Give mine and Mary's kindest love to Mrs Allsop, with every good wish to Elizabeth and Rob. This house is not what it was. May we all meet chearful some day soon.

Yours gratefully and sincerely,

C. LAMB.

How long a letter have I written with my own hand.

Jane says she has sent a cradle yesterday morning; she does for us very well.

[*'A sleep and a forgetting.'* From Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.]

443. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

[No date: ? September 1825.]

With pain and grief, I must entreat you to excuse us on Thursday. My head, though externally correct, has had a severe concussion in my long illness, and the very idea of an engagement hanging over for a day or two, forbids my rest; and I get up miserable. I am not well enough for company. I do assure you, no other thing prevents my coming. I expect Field and his brother this or to-morrow evening, and it worries me to death that I am not ostensibly ill enough to put 'em off. I will get better, when I shall hope to see your nephew. He will come again. Mary joins in best love to the Gillmans. Do, I earnestly entreat you, excuse me. I assure you, again, that I am not fit to go out yet.

Yours (though shattered).

C. LAMB.

Tuesday.

[Coleridge's nephew may have been one of several. I fancy it was the Rev. Edward Coleridge.]

444. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[P.M. 24th September 1825.]

Come not near this unfortunate roof yet a while. My disease is clearly but slowly going. Field is an excellent attendant. But Mary's anxieties have overturned her. She has her old Miss James with her,

without whom I should not feel a support in the world. We keep in separate apartments, and must weather it. Let me know all of your healths. Kindest love to Mrs. Allsop.

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

Can you call at Mrs. Burney 26 James Street, and *tell her*, & that I can see no one here in this state. If Martin return—if well enough, I will meet him some where, *don't let him come*.

[Field was Henry Field, Barron Field's brother.]

445. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR H.,

30 Sept. [1825].

I came home in a week from Enfield, worse than I went. My sufferings have been intense, but are abating. I begin to know what a little sleep is. My sister has sunk under her anxieties about me. She is laid up, deprived of reason for many weeks to come, I fear. She is in the same house, but we do not meet. It makes both worse. I can just hobble down as far as the 'Angel' once a day; further kills me. When I can stretch to Copenh[agen] Street I will. If you come this way any morning I can only just shake you by the hand. This gloomy house does not admit of making my friends welcome. You have come off triumphant with Bartholomew Fair. Yours, (writ with difficulty,)

C. LAMB.

Mr Hone, Ludgate Hill.

['Bartholomew Fair' was in the number of the *Every-Day Book* dated 5th September but issued about 27th September.]

446. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

DEAR AYRTON,

Tuesday ? 3rd October 1825.]

I am not nor can be forgetful of you. All this Summer almost I have been ill. I have been laid up (the second nervous attack) now six weeks. I have only known what sleep is, and that imperfect, for a week past. I have a medical attendant on me daily, and am brought low, though recovering. In the midst of my sufferings Mary was overcome with anxiety and nursing, and is ill of her old complaint which will last for many weeks to come, she is with me in the house. I have neither place at present to receive old friends, but for a minute's chat or so, nor strength for some time I fear to stretch to them. Mr Burney, who is

come home, will corroborate this. But I hope again to see you, and Mrs A. for whose restoration I heartily pray. No longer reproach me, who never was but yours truly
C. LAMB.

447. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR A.,

Oct. 5, 1825.

Have received your drafts. We will talk that over Sunday morning. I am strongish, but have not good nights, and cannot settle my inside. Farewell till Sunday.

I have no possible use for the 1st draft, so shall keep them as above.

Yours truly,

C. L.

I only trouble you now because, if the drafts had miscarried, any one might have cash'd 'em. Remember at home.

Ludlow is charming.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'It will be noticed that at beginning of next quarter (17th January) Lamb again acknowledges money (£81 11s. 3d.) from Allsop. This represents over £320 a year, so could scarcely be interest on Lamb's own savings, since he left less than £1,500. I think it was probably money in trust for Mrs. John Lamb's daughter.']

448. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR A.,

[5th December 1825.]

You will be glad to hear that *we* are at home to visitors; not too many or noisy. Some fine day shortly Mary will surprise Mrs. Allsop. The weather is not seasonable for formal engagements.

Yours *most ever*,

Satrd.

C. LAMB.

449. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO THOMAS MANNING

MY DEAR M.,

December 10, 1825.

We have had sad ups and downs since you saw us, but we are at present *in* untroubled waters though not *by* them, for our old New River has taken a jaundice of the muds and rains, and looks as yellow as Miss —.

Your red trunk (not *bose*, tho' a flame-coloured pair was once esteemed a luxury) is safe deposited at the Peacock, who by the by is worth your

C. AND M. LAMB TO THOMAS MANNING 165

seeing. She has had her tail brushed up, and looks as pert as *A-goose* with a hundred eyes in *Mythology*: I don't know what *yours* says of it. Your gown will be at the Bell, Totteridge, by the Telegraph on Monday; time enough, I hope, to go out to the curate's to an early Tea in it. We have a corner as *double dumbee* for you, whenever you are disposed to change your Inn.

Believe us, yours as ever,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

From Colebrook, this Saturday, the 10th of December 1825.

['*A-goose.*' Argus, I fear.]

450. CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 17th January 1826.]

DEAR ALLSOP,

I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a draft on Messrs. Wms. for £81 : 11 : 3 which I haste to cash in the present alarming state of the money market. Hurst and Robinson gone. I have imagined a chorus of ill-used authors singing on the occasion:

What should we when Booksellers break?
We should rejoice

da Capo.

We regret exceedingly. Mrs. Allsop's being unwell. Mary or both will come and see her soon. The frost is cruel, and we have both colds. I take Pills again, which battle with your wine & victory hovers doubtful. By the bye, tho' not disinclined to presents I remember our bargain to take a dozen at sale price and must demur. With once again thanks and best loves to Mrs. A.

Turn over—Yours,

C LAMB.

[These were days of financial crises and panics. According to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 770 banks stopped payment in 1825-6.

Hurst & Robinson were the publishers whose failure ruined Sir Walter Scott. Lamb took the idea for his chorus from Davenant's version of *Macbeth*, which he described in the *Spectator* in 1828 (see my edition of the *Works*). It is there a chorus of witches:

We should rejoice when good kings bleed.]

451. TO MR. HUDSON

Colebrooke Row, Islington,
1st Feb., 1826.

SIR,

I was requested by Mr Godwin to enquire about a nurse that you want for a lady who requires constraint. The one I know does not go out now; but at Whitmore House, Mr. Warburton's, Hoxton, (to which she belongs), I dare say you may be very properly provided. The terms are eight-and-twenty shillings a week, with her board; she finding her beer and washing: which is less expensive than for a female patient to be taken into a house of that description with any tolerable accommodation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

C. LAMB.

Mr. Hudson, Legacy Office, Somerset House.

[‘Mr. Hudson,’ probably J. C. Hudson, the author of a tract on chimney-sweepers.]

452. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 7th February 1826.]

My kind remembrances to your daughter and A. K. always.

DEAR B. B.,

I got your book not more than five days ago, so am not so negligent as I must have appeared to you with a fortnight's sin upon my shoulders. I tell you with sincerity that I think you have completely succeeded in what you intended to do. What is poetry may be disputed. These are poetry to me at least. They are concise, pithy, and moving. Uniform as they are, and unhistorify'd, I read them thro' at two sittings without one sensation approaching to tedium. I do not know that among your many kind presents of this nature this is not my favourite volume. The language is never lax, and there is a unity of design and feeling, you wrote them *with love*—to avoid the *coxconical* phrase, *con amore*. I am particularly pleased with the ‘Spiritual Law,’ page 34–5. It reminded me of Quarles, and Holy Mr. Herbert, as Izaak Walton calls him: the two best, if not only, of our devotional poets, tho’ some prefer Watts, and some *Tom Moore*.

I am far from well or in my right spirits, and shudder at pen and ink work. I poke out a monthly crudity for Colburn in his magazine, which I call ‘Popular Fallacies,’ and periodically crush a proverb or

two, setting up my folly against the wisdom of nations. Do you see the New Monthly?

One word I must object to in your little book, and it recurs more than once—FADELESS is no genuine compound; loveless is, because love is a noun as well as verb, but what is a fade?—and I do not quite like whipping the Greek drama upon the back of 'Genesis,' page 8. I do not like praise handed in by disparagement: as I objected to a side censure on Byron, etc., in the lines on Bloomfield: with these poor cavils excepted, your verses are without a flaw. C. LAMB.

[Barton's new book was *Devotional Verses: founded on, and illustrative of Select Texts of Scripture*, 1826.

'Holy Mr. Herbert.' Writing to Lady Beaumont in 1826 Coleridge says: 'My dear old friend Charles Lamb and I differ widely (and in point of taste and moral feeling this is a rare occurrence) in our estimate and liking of George Herbert's sacred poems. He greatly prefers Quarles—nay, he dislikes Herbert.'

Barton whipped the Greek drama on the back of Genesis in the following stanza, referring to Abraham's words before preparing to sacrifice Isaac:

Brief colloquy, yet more sublime,
To every feeling heart,
Than all the boast of classic time,
Or Drama's proudest art:
Far, far beyond the Grecian stage,
Or Poesy's most glowing page.

For Lamb's reference to Byron, see Letter 371.]

453. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 20th March 1826.]

DEAR B. B.,

You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend whose stationery is a permanent perquisite; for folding, I shall do it neatly when I learn to tie my neckcloths. I surprise most of my friends by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pothooks and hangers. Sealing wax, I have none on my establishment. Wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. When my Epistles come to be weighed with Pliny's, however superior to the Roman in delicate irony, judicious reflexions, etc., his gilt post will bribe over the judges to him. All the time I was at the E. I. H. I never mended a pen; I now cut 'em to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamos, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly

orchard, where he had so many for nothing. When I write to a Great man, at the Court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope: I never inclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understand the rationale of it. Once only I seald with borrow'd wax, to set Walter Scott a wondering, sign'd with the imperial quarterd arms of England, which my friend Field gives in compliment to his descent in the female line from O. Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering.

To your questions upon the currency, I refer you to Mr. Robinson's last speech, where, if you can find a solution, I cannot. I think this tho' the best ministry we ever stumbled upon. Gin reduced four shillings in the gallon, wine 2 shillings in the quart. This comes home to men's minds and bosoms.

My tirade against visitors was not meant *particularly* at you or A. K. I scarce know what I meant, for I do not just now feel the grievance. I wanted to make an *article*. So in another thing I talkd of somebody's *insipid wife*, without a correspondent object in my head: and a good lady, a friend's wife, whom I really *love* (don't startle, I mean in a licit way) has looked shyly on me ever since. The blunders of personal application are ludicrous. I send out a character every now and then, on purpose to exercise the ingenuity of my friends. 'Popular Fallacies' will conclude is an erratum, I suppose, for continued. I do not know how it got stuff'd in there. A little thing without name will also be printed on the Religion of the Actors, but it is out of your way, so I recommend you, with true Author's hypocrisy, to skip it.

We are about to sit down to Roast beef, at which we could wish A. K., B. B., and B. B.'s pleasant daughter to be humble partakers. So much for my hunt at visitors, which was scarcely calculated for droppers in from Woodbridge. The sky does not drop such larks every day.

My very kindest wishes to you all three, with my sister's best love.

C. LAMB.

['Gilt post.' Gilt-edged letter paper.

'Mr. Robinson's last speech.' Frederick John Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Earl of Liverpool. The Government had decided to check the use of paper-money by stopping the issue of notes for less than £5; and Robinson had made a speech on the subject on 10th February. The motion was carried, but to some extent was compromised. It was Robinson who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, found the money for building the new British Museum and purchasing Angerstein's pictures as the beginning of the National Gallery.

'Minds and bosoms.' The phrase runs: 'come home to men's business and bosoms.' From the Dedication to Bacon's *Essays*.

'My tirade against visitors.' The Popular Fallacy 'That Home is Home,' in the *New Monthly Magazine* for March.

'Somebody's insipid wife.' In the Popular Fallacy 'That You must love Me and love my Dog,' in the February number, Lamb had spoken of Honorius's 'vapid wife.'

Barton and his daughter visited Lamb at Colebrook Cottage somewhere about this time. Mrs. FitzGerald, in 1893, wrote out for me her recollections of the day for incorporation in my *Life of Lamb*, where they may be found. Lamb, who was alone, opened the door himself. He sent out for a luncheon of oysters. The books on his shelves, Mrs. FitzGerald remembered, retained the price-labels of the stalls where he had bought them. She also remembered a portrait over the fire-place. This would be the Milton. In the *Gem* for 1831 was a poem by Barton, *To Milton's Portrait in a Friend's Parlour.*]

454. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR C.,

March 22nd, 1826.

We will with great pleasure be with you on Thursday in the next week early. May we venture to bring Emma with us? Your finding out my style in your nephew's pleasant book is surprising to me. I want eyes to descry it. You are a little too hard upon his morality, though I confess he has more of Sterne about him than of Sternhold. But he saddens into excellent sense before the conclusion. Your query shall be submitted to Miss Kelly, though it is obvious that the pantomime, when done, will be more easy to decide upon than in proposal. I say, do it by all means. I have Decker's play by me, if you can filch anything out of it. Miss Gray, with her kitten eyes, is an actress, though she shows it not at all, and pupil to the former, whose gestures she mimics in comedy to the disparagement of her own natural manner, which is agreeable. It is funny to see her bridling up her neck, which is native to F. K.; but there is no setting another's manners upon one's shoulders any more than their head. I am glad you esteem Manning, though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not, save to select worshippers, and will leave the world without any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is. I am perfecting myself in the 'Ode to Eton College' against Thursday, that I may not appear unclassic. I have just discovered that it is much better than the 'Elegy.'

In haste,

C. L.

P.S. I do not know what to say to your *latest* theory about Nero being the Messiah, though by all accounts he was a 'nointed one.

['Your nephew's pleasant book.' Henry Nelson Coleridge's *Six Months in the West Indies in 1825*. In the last chapter but one of the book is an account of the slave question, under the title 'Planters and Slaves.'

'Saddens into . . . sense.' Adapted from Coleridge's *Songs of the Pixies*.

'Sternhold.' Thomas Sternhold, the coadjutor of Hopkins in paraphrasing the Psalms.

'The pantomime.' Coleridge seems to have had some project for modernizing Dekker for Fanny Kelly. Mr. Dykes Campbell suggested that the play to be treated was *Old Fortunatus*.

'Manning.' Lamb was consistent about his friend. As long ago as twenty-five years he had described him, to Robert Lloyd, as: 'A man of great power—an enchanter almost.—Far beyond Coleridge or any man in power of impressing—when he gets you alone he can act the wonders of Egypt. . . . I know no man of genius at all comparable to him.'

'Against Thursday.' Coleridge was 'at home' on Thursday evenings. Perhaps Coleridge's brother Edward, a master at Eton, might be expected. Hence the reference to Gray's ode.

'Your *latest* theory'—merely a joke.]

455. TO CHARLES OLLIER

DEAR O.,

[No date: *March 1826.*]

pray insert in my account of Grimaldi's religion the word spiritualised in *Italics*, which I think I omitted.

'a fanciful illustration derived from the accidents & habits of his past calling *spiritualised* &c.'

I pay this Letter, as is proper.

ELIA.

Mr. Ollier, Mr. Colburn's, New Burlington Street.

[The Religion of Actors,' an elaborate piece of 'flam,' appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for April. The whole passage on Grimaldi as a theologian must be quoted, for Lamb was never more ingeniously impish:

Mr. Grimaldi, Senior, after being long a Jumper, has lately fallen into some whimsical theories respecting the Fall of Man; which he understands, not of an allegorical, but a *real tumble*, by which the whole body of humanity became, as it were, lame to the performance of good works. Pride he will have to be—nothing but a stiff-neck; irresolution—the nerves shaken; an inclination to sinister paths—crookedness of the joints; spiritual deadness—a paralysis; want of charity—a contraction in the fingers; despising of government—a broken head; the plaster—a sermon; the lint to bind it up—the text; the probers—the preachers; a pair of crutches—the old and new law; a bandage—religious obligation: a fanciful mode of illustration derived from the accidents and habits of his past calling *spiritualised*, rather than from any accurate acquaintance with the Hebrew text, in which report speaks him but a raw scholar.—Mr. Elliston, from all that we can learn, has his religion yet to choose; though some think him a Mu[g]gletonian.]

456. TO LEIGH HUNT

DEAR HUNT,

Thursday, May 4th 1826.

It was in my mind to have made one among ye tomorrow among the fields, but my ears are opprest with a cold to extreme & pitiable deafness, and I dare not trust 'em to the bare North East. They will thaw redeunte Favonio & I am with you then for the heath flowers. My kindest love to all your party and project. Do you never come this way? We shall be most glad to see you over a bit of mutton.

Yours Ever,

C. LAMB.

I write, that you mayn't wait for us.

Leigh Hunt, Top of Highgate Hill by the Kentish Town Road.

['Redeunte Favonio': On the return of the zephyrs of spring.]

457. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR N.,

[P.M. 9th May 1826.]

You will not expect us to-morrow, I am sure, while these damn'd North Easters continue. We must wait the Zephyrs' pleasures. By the bye, I was at Highgate on Wensday, the only one of the Party.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

Summer, as my friend Coleridge waggishly writes, has set in with its usual severity.

Kind rememb^{ces} to Mrs. Novello &c.

458. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 16th May 1826.]

I have had no spirits lately to begin a letter to you, though I am under obligations to you (how many!) for your neat little poem. 'Tis just what it professes to be, a simple tribute in chaste verse, serious and sincere. I do not know how Friends will relish it, but we out-lyers, Honorary Friends, like it very well. I have had my head and ears stuff'd up with the East winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or The Spheres touch'd by some raw Angel. It is not George 3 trying the 100th psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge writing to me a week or two since begins his note—'Summer has set in

with its usual Severity.' A cold Summer is all I know of disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigour of real Winter, but these smiling hypocrites of Mays wither me to death. My head has been a ringing Chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weathercock, before the Quarters were made. In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened, but in a room the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a Sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls *Very Deaf Indeed?* It is of a good naturd stupid looking old gentleman, whom a footpad has stopt, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants; the unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I chuse a very little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for I miss that small soft voice which the idea of articulated words raises (almost imperceptibly to you) in a silent reader. I seem too deaf to see what I read. But with a touch or two of returning Zephyr my head will melt. What Lyes you Poets tell about the May! It is the most ungenial part of the Year, cold crocuses, cold primroses, you take your blossoms in Ice, a painted Sun—

Unmeaning joy around appears,
And Nature smiles as if she sneers.

It is ill with me when I begin to look which way the wind sits. Ten years ago I literally did not know the point from the broad end of the Vane, which it was the [? that] indicated the Quarter. I hope these ill winds have blowd *over* you, as they do thro' me. Kindest rememb^{oes} to you and yours.

C. L.

['Your neat little poem.' It is not possible to trace this poem. Probably, I think, the *Stanzas written for a blank leaf in Sewell's History of the Quakers*, printed in *A Widow's Tale*, 1827.

'George 3.' Byron's *Vision of Judgment* thus closes:

King George slipped into Heaven for one;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.]

450. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

DEAR COLERIDGE,

June 1st, 1826.

If I know myself, nobody more detests the display of personal vanity which is implied in the act of sitting for one's picture than myself.

But the fact is, that the likeness which accompanies this letter was stolen from my person at one of my unguarded moments by some too partial artist, and my friends are pleased to think that he has not much flattered me. Whatever its merits may be, you, who have so great an interest in the original, will have a satisfaction in tracing the features of one that has so long esteemed you. There are times when in a friend's absence these graphic representations of him almost seem to bring back the man himself. The painter, whoever he was, seems to have taken me in one of those disengaged moments, if I may so term them, when the native character is so much more honestly displayed than can be possible in the restraints of an enforced sitting attitude. Perhaps it rather describes me as a thinking man than a man in the act of thought. Whatever its pretensions, I know it will be dear to you, towards whom I should wish my thoughts to flow in a sort of an undress rather than in the more studied graces of diction.

I am, dear Coleridge, yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

[The portrait to which Lamb refers was etched by Brook Pulham of the India House. It was this picture which so enraged Procter when he saw it in a printshop (probably that referred to by Lamb in Letter 506) that he reprimanded the dealer. There are two versions, one far superior to the other.]

460. TO HENRY COLBURN (?)

[Dated at end: 14th June (? 1826).]

DEAR SIR,

I am quite ashamed, after your kind letter, of having expressed any disappointment about my remuneration. It is quite equivalent to the value of any thing I have yet sent you. I had Twenty Guineas a sheet from the London; and what I did for them was more worth that sum, than any thing, I am afraid, I can now produce, would be worth the lesser sum. I used up all my best thoughts in that publication, and I do not like to go on writing worse & worse, & feeling that I do so. I want to try something else. However, if any subject turns up, which I think will do your Magazine no discredit, you shall have it at *your* price, or something between *that* and my old price. I prefer writing to seeing you just now, for after such a letter as I have received from you, in truth I am ashamed to see you. We will never mention the thing again.

Your obliged friend & Serv^t

June 14.

C. LAMB.

461. TO THOMAS HOOD

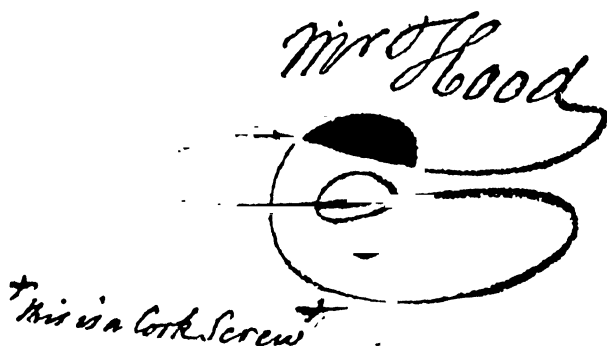
[No date: 1826.]

DEAR H.,

I send (for Mrs. Hood) a copy, which I keep for lending, the sole one saved out of the Ollieric Wreck of 'my works' & *his* Effects: Ros: Gray may amuse her if she never *see* it. C. LAMB.

I'd call, but my Ears are wretched; & Mary is gone to Colburns for the Mag. instead of me, who darent venture my ears to the aerial pillory.

You may cut the Leaves: & the Book too if you find it tedious.



462. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

Friday, some day in June, 1826. [P.M. 30th June 1826.]

DEAR D.,

My first impulse upon opening your letter was pleasure at seeing your old neat hand, nine parts gentlemanly, with a modest dash of the clerical: my second a Thought, natural enough this hot weather, Am I to answer all this? why 'tis as long as those to the Ephesians and Galatians put together—I have counted the words for curiosity. But then Paul has nothing like the fun which is ebullient all over yours. I don't remember a good thing (good like yours) from the 1st Romans to the last of the Hebrews. I remember but one Pun in all the Evangely, and that was made by his and our master: Thou art Peter (that is Doctor Rock) and upon this rock will I build &c.; which sanctifies Punning with me against all gainsayers. I never knew an enemy to puns, who was not an ill-natured man. Your fair critic in the coach reminds me of a

Scotchman who assured me that he did not see much in Shakspeare. I replied, I dare say *not*. He felt the equivoke, lookd awkward, and reddish, but soon returnd to the attack, by saying that he thought Burns was as good as Shakspeare: I said that I had no doubt he was—to a *Scotchman*. We exchanged no more words that day.—Your account of the fierce faces in the Hanging, with the presumed interlocution of the Eagle and the Tyger, amused us greatly. You cannot be so very bad, while you can pick mirth off from rotten walls. But let me hear you have escaped out of your oven. May the Form of the Fourth Person who clapt invisible wet blankets about the shoulders of Shadrach Meshach and Abednego, be with you in the fiery Trial. But get out of the frying pan. Your business, I take it, is bathing, not baking.

Let me hear that you have clamber'd up to Lover's Seat; it is as fine in that neighbourhood as Juan Fernandez, as lonely too, when the Fishing boats are not out; I have sat for hours, staring upon a shipless sea. The salt is never so grand as when it is left to itself. One cock-boat spoils it. A sea-mew or two improves it. And go to the little church, which is a very protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit, who was at once parishioner and a whole parish. It is not too big. Go in the night, bring it away in your portmanteau, and I will plant it in my garden. It must have been erected in the very infancy of British Christianity, for the two or three first converts; yet hath it all the appertenances of a church of the first magnitude, its pulpit, its pews, its baptismal font; a cathedral in a nutshell. Seven people would crowd it like a Caledonian Chapel. The minister that divides the word there, must give lumping pennyworths. It is built to the text of two or three assembled in my name. It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed. If the glebe land is proportionate, it may yield two potatoes. Tythes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its First fruits must be its Last, for 'twould never produce a couple. It is truly the strait and narrow way, and few there be (of London visitants) that find it. The still small voice is surely to be found there, if any where. A sounding board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for 'twould feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. Go and see, but not without your spectacles. By the way, there's a capital farm house two thirds of the way to the Lover's Seat, with incomparable plum cake, ginger beer, etc.

Mary bids me warn you not to read the Anatomy of Melancholy in your present *low way*. You'll fancy yourself a pipkin, or a headless bear, as Burton speaks of. You'll be lost in a maze of remedies for a labyrinth of diseasements, a plethora of cures. Read Fletcher; above all

the Spanish Curate, the Thief or Little Nightwalker, the Wit Without Money, and the Lover's Pilgrimage. Laugh and come home fat. Neither do we think Sir T. Browne quite the thing for you just at present. Fletcher is as light as Soda water. Browne and Burton are too strong potions for an Invalid. And don't thumb or dirt the books. Take care of the bindings. Lay a leaf of silver paper under 'em, as you read them. And don't smoke tobacco over 'em, the leaves will fall in and burn or dirty their namesakes. If you find any dusty atoms of the Indian Weed crumbled up in the Beaumont and Fletcher, they are *mine*. But then, you know, so is the Folio also. A pipe and a comedy of Fletcher's the last thing of a night is the best recipe for light dreams and to scatter away Nightmares. *Probatum est*. But do as you like about the former. Only cut the Baker's. You will come home else all crust; Rankings must chip you before you can appear in his counting house. And my dear Peter Fin Junr., do contrive to see the sea at least once before you return. You'll be ask'd about it in the Old Jewry. It will appear singular not to have seen it. And rub up your Muse, the family Muse, and send us a rhyme or so. Don't waste your wit upon that damn'd Dry Salter. I never knew but one Dry Salter, who could relish those mellow effusions, and he broke. You knew Tommy Hill, the wettest of dry salters. Dry Salters, what a word for this thirsty weather! I must drink after it. Here's to thee, my dear Dibdin, and to our having you again snug and well at Colebrooke. But our nearest hopes are to hear again from you shortly. An epistle only a quarter as agreeable as your last, would be a treat.

Yours most truly C. LAMB.

Timothy B. Dibdin, Esq., No. 9, Blucher Row, Priory, Hastings.

[Dibdin, who was in delicate health, had gone to Hastings to recruit, with a parcel of Lamb's books for company. He seems to have been lodged above the oven at a baker's. This letter contains Lamb's crowning description of Hollington Rural church.

'Twould feel a mountain.' This may be a reminiscence of Swift (*Remarks upon a Book*, etc.): 'Like flinging a mountain upon a worm, which, instead of being bruised, by the advantage of its littleness lodgeth under it unhurt.'

'Headless bear.' In the verses prefixed to the *Anatomy* beginning, 'When I go musing all alone.'

'Rankings.' Dibdin's firm.

'A Caledonian Chapel.' Referring to the crowds that listened to Irving.

'Peter Fin.' A character in Richard ('Gentleman') Jones's *Peter Finn's Trip to Brighton*, 1822, as played by Liston.

'Tommy Hill.' In the British Museum is preserved the following brief note addressed to Mr. Thomas Hill—probably the same. The date is between 1809 and 1817:]

463. TO THOMAS HILL

DR. SIR,

It is necessary *I see you sign*, can you step up to me 4 Inner Temple Lane this evening. I shall wait at home.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

[I have no notion to what the note refers. It is quite likely, Mr. J. A. Rutter suggested to me, that Hill the drysalter, a famous busybody, and a friend of Theodore Hook, stood for the portrait of Tom Pry in Lamb's 'Lepus Papers.' S. C. Hall, in his *Book of Memories*, says of Hill that 'his peculiar faculty was to find out what everybody did, from a Minister of State to a stable-boy.'

Patmore says, in *My Friends and Acquaintances*, that he spent the evening of 13th July at Leigh Hunt's, where the Lambs and Mrs. Shelley were among the company. All was going well, and Lamb in his best form, when Crabb Robinson arrived, 'to put a stop to further conversation—by keeping it to himself.')

464. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 14th July 1826.]

Because you boast poetic Grandsire,
And rhyming kin, both Uncle and Sire,
Dost think that none but *their* Descendings
Can tickle folks with double endings?
I had a Dad, that would for half a bet
Have put down thine thro' half the Alphabet.
Thou, who would be Dan Prior the second,
For Dan Posterior must be reckon'd.
In faith, dear Tim, your rhymes are slovenly,
As a man may say, dough-baked and ovenly;
Tedious and long as two Long Acres,
And smell most vilely of the Baker's.
(I have been cursing every limb o' thee,
Because I could not hitch in *Timothy*.
Jack, Will, Tom, Dick 's a serious evil,
But Tim, plain Tim 's—the very devil.)
Thou most incorrigible scribbler,
Right Watering place and cockney dribbler,
What *child*, that barely understands A
B, C, would ever dream that Stanza
Would tinkle into rhyme with 'Plan, Sir'?
Go, go, you are not worth an answer.
I had a Sire, that at plain Crambo
Had hit you o'er the pate a damn'd blow.
How now? may I die game, and you die brass,
But I have stol'n a quip from Hudibras.

'Twas thinking on that fine old Suttler,
 That was in faith a second Butler;
 Had as queer rhymes as he, and subtler.
 He would have put you to 't this weather
 For rattling syllables together;
 Rhym'd you to death, like 'rats in Ireland,'
 Except that he was born in High'r Land.
 His chimes, not cramp't like thine, and rung ill,
 Had made Job split his sides on dunghill.
 There was no limit to his merryings
 At christ'nings, weddings, nay at buryings.
 No undertaker would live near him,
 Those grave practitioners did fear him;
 Mutes, at his merry mops, turn'd 'vocal,'
 And fellows, hired for silence, 'spoke all.'
 No body could be laid in cavity,
 Long as he lived, with proper gravity.
 His mirth-fraught eye had but to glitter,
 And every mourner round must titter.
 The Parson, prating of Mount Hermon,
 Stood still to laugh, in midst of sermon.
 The final Sexton (smile he *must* for him)
 Could hardly get to 'dust to dust' for him.
 He lost three pall-bearers their livelyhood,
 Only with simp'ring at his lively mood:
 Provided that they fresh and neat came,
 All jests were fish that to his net came.
 He 'd banter Apostolic castings,
 As you jeer fishermen at Hastings.
 When the fly bit, *like me*, he leapt-o'er-all,
 And stood not much on what was scriptural.

P.S.

I had forgot, at Small Bohemia
 (Enquire the way of your maid Euphemia)
 Are sojourning, of all good fellows
 The prince and princess,—the *Novillos*—
 Pray seek 'em out, and give my love to 'em;
 You 'll find you 'll soon be hand and glove to 'em.

In prose, Little Bohemia, about a mile from Hastings in the Hollington road, when you can get so far. Dear Dib, I find relief in a word or two of prose. In truth my rhymes come slow. You have 'routh of 'em.' It gives us pleasure to find you keep your good spirits. Your Letter did us good. Pray heaven you are got out at last. Write quickly.

This letter will introduce you, if 'tis agreeable. Take a donkey. 'Tis Novello the Composer and his Wife, our very good friends.

C. L.

[Dibdin must have sent the verses which Lamb asked for in the previous letter, and this is Lamb's reply. Pride of ancestry seems to have been the note of Dibdin's effort. Probably there is a certain amount of truth in Lamb's account of the resolute merriment of his father. It is not inconsistent with his

description of Lovel in the *Elia* essay 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.'
'I have stol'n a quip.' What he stole was the rhyme:

Another with his flambeau
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damned blow.

'Rats in Ireland.' The reference is obviously to *As You Like It*, III. ii. 187.]

465. TO THE REV. EDWARD COLERIDGE

DEAR SIR,

[19th July, 1826.]

It was not till to-day that I learned the extent of your kindness to my friend's child. I never meant to ask a favour of that magnitude. I begged a civility merely, not *an important benefit*. But you have done it, and S. T. C., who is about writing to you, will tell you better than I can how I feel upon the occasion. It is an alleviation to any uneasy sense of obligation, which will sometimes be uppermost, to reflect that you could not have served a more worthy creature than I believe Samuel Bloxam to be. That must be my poor comfort.

I remain,

Your faithful beadsman,
In less honest phrase, tho' less homely,
Your obliged humble Servt.,

CH. LAMB.

Colebrooke Cottage, 19th July, 1826.

The Rev. Edward Coleridge, Eton College, Berks.

466. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[Summer 1826.]

If you have a convenient conveyance, pray transmit this to your friend Mr Mitford. I have a prelibation of his china for him. It is coming home by the James Scott from Sincapore, which I cannot learn is yet arrived. I copy my friend's letter dated Canton Decemb: he himself I find is in England, having *prevented* his own Letter.

	Dollars
12 flower stands . . .	10½
42 „ pots . . .	4½
10 cases . . .	8½
Chinese duties . . .	3½
Cost in China . . .	27 dollars at 4/6 £ 6 1 6
Freight—Tons feet	
1 21½ at £16 per ton . . .	22 14 4
	28 15 10

There will be duties *here* to pay, I do not know what. My friend says he is afraid Mr M. will think them expensive. The articles themselves, he will see, at prime cost, are little or nothing, but the freight is most heavy, and would have been half as much more by a Company's ship. I shall keep my eye upon the arrival of the James Scott, and take measures accordingly.

Yours truly,

CHS LAMB.

I want a particular direction to Mr M., that the Jars, when they come, may be duly sent.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'A letter from Canton to London (judging by Manning's letters to Lamb) took about six months, therefore this might be dated as early as June, but more probably July. The letter was obviously written before that of 26th September, in which Lamb actually paid out the £28 odd.']

467. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

[P.M. 6th September 1826.]

The Bearer of this is my young friend Moxon, a young lad with a Yorkshire head, and a heart that would do honour to a more Southern county: no offence to Westmoreland. He is one of Longman's best hands, and can give you the best account of The Trade as 'tis now going; or stopping. For my part, the failure of a Bookseller is not the most unpalatable accident of mortality:

sad but not saddest

The desolation of a hostile city.

When Constable fell from heaven, and we all hoped Baldwin was next, I tuned a slight stave to the words in Macbeth (D'avenant's) to be sung by a Chorus of Authors,

What should we do when Booksellers break?

We should rejoice.

Moxon is but a tradesman in the bud yet, and retains his virgin Honesty; *Esto perpetua*, for he is a friendly serviceable fellow, and thinks nothing of lugging up a Cargo of the Newest Novels once or twice a week from the Row to Colebrooke to gratify my Sister's passion for the newest things. He is her Bodley. He is author besides of a poem which for a first attempt is promising. It is made up of common images, and yet contrives to read originally. You see the writer felt all he pours forth, and has not palmed upon you expressions which he did not believe at the time to be more his own than adoptive. Rogers has paid him some proper compliments, with sound advice intermixed,

upon a slight introduction of him by me; for which I feel obliged. Moxon has petition'd me by letter (for he had not the confidence to ask it in London) to introduce him to you during his holydays; pray pat him on the head, ask him a civil question or two about his verses, and favor him with your genuine autograph. He shall not be further troublesome. I think I have not sent any one upon a gaping mission to you a good while. We are all well, and I have at last broke the bonds of business a second time, never to put 'em on again. I pitch Colburn and his magazine to the devil. I find I can live without the necessity of writing, tho' last year I fretted myself to a fever with the hauntings of being starved. Those vapours are flown. All the difference I find is that I have no pocket money: that is, I must not pry upon an old book stall, and cull its contents as heretofore, but shoulders of mutton, Whitebread's entire, and Booth's best, abound as formerly.

I don't know whom or how many to send our love to, your household is so frequently divided, but a general health to all that may be fixed or wandering; stars, wherever. We read with pleasure some success (I forget quite what) of one of you at Oxford. Mrs. Monkhouse (. . . was one of you) sent us a kind letter some [months back], and we had the pleasure to [see] her in tolerable spirits, looking well and kind as in bygone days.

Do take pen, or put it into goodnatured hands Dorothean or Wordsworthian-female, or Hutchinsonian, to inform us of your present state, or possible proceedings. I am ashamed that this breaking of the long ice should be a letter of business. There is none *circum præcordia nostra* I swear by the honesty of pedantry, that wil I nil I pushes me upon scraps of Latin. We are yours cordially:

Septem^r. 1826.

CHAS. & MARY LAMB.

[In this letter we have the first mention of Edward Moxon, who was to be so closely associated with Lamb in the years to come. Moxon, a young Yorkshireman, was then nearly twenty-five, and was already author of *The Prospect and Other Poems*, dedicated to Samuel Rogers, who was destined to be a valuable patron. Moxon subsequently became Wordsworth's publisher.¹

'Constable . . . Baldwin.' Archibald Constable & Co., Scott's publishers, failed in 1826. Baldwin was the first publisher of the *London Magazine*.

'Sad but not saddest.' Condensed from *Samson Agonistes*, 1560-1.

'Esto perpetua.' May it last for ever.

'I pitch Colburn and his magazine.' Lamb wrote nothing in the *New Monthly Magazine* after September 1826.]

'Circum præcordia nostra.' Round our hearts. Cf. the description of Horace in Persius, 1. 117.]

¹ It was from Moxon's son that Mr. J. M. Dent bought the residuary rights in Lamb's estate, which made possible E. V. Lucas's complete edition of the letters.

468. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 9th September 1826].

Saturday.

An answer is requested.

DEAR D.,

I have observed that a Letter is never more acceptable than when received upon a rainy day, especially a rainy Sunday; which moves me to send you somewhat, however short. This will find you sitting after Breakfast, which you will have prolonged as far as you can with consistency to the poor handmaid that has the reversion of the Tea Leaves; making two nibbles of your last morsel of *stale* roll (you cannot have hot new ones on the Sabbath), and reluctantly coming to an end, because when that is done, what can you do till dinner? You cannot go to the Beach, for the rain is drowning the sea, turning rank Thetis fresh, taking the brine out of Neptune's pickles, while mermaids sit upon rocks with umbrellas, their ivory combs sheathed for spoiling in the wet of waters foreign to them. You cannot go to the library, for it's shut. You are not religious enough to go to church. O it is worth while to cultivate piety to the gods, to have something to fill the heart up on a wet Sunday! You cannot cast accounts, for your ledger is being eaten up with moths in the Ancient Jewry. You cannot play at draughts, for there is none to play with you, and besides there is not a draught board in the house. You cannot go to market, for it closed last night. You cannot look in to the shops, their backs are shut upon you. You cannot read the Bible, for it is not good reading for the sick and the hypochondriacal. You cannot while away an hour with a friend, for you have no friend round that Wrekin. You cannot divert yourself with a stray acquaintance, for you have picked none up. You cannot bear the chiming of Bells, for they invite you to a banquet, where you are no visitant. You cannot cheer yourself with the prospect of a tomorrow's letter, for none come on Mondays. You cannot count those endless vials on the mantelpiece with any hope of making a variation in their numbers. You have counted your spiders: your Bastile is exhausted. You sit and deliberately curse your hard exile from all familiar sights and sounds. Old Ranking poking in his head unexpectedly would just now be as good to you as Grimaldi. Any thing to deliver you from this intolerable weight of Ennui. You are too ill to shake it off: not ill enough to submit to it, and to lie down as a lamb under it. The Tyranny of Sickness is nothing to the Cruelty of Convalescence: tis to have Thirty Tyrants for one. That pattering rain drops on your brain. You 'll be worse after dinner, for you must

dine at one to-day, that Betty may go to afternoon service. She insists upon having her chopped hay. And then when she goes out, who *was* something to you, something to speak to—what an interminable afternoon you'll have to go thro'. You can't break yourself from your locality: you cannot say 'Tomorrow morning I set off for Banstead, by God': for you are book'd for Wednesday. Foreseeing this, I thought a *cheerful letter* would come in opportunely. If any of the little topics for mirth I have thought upon should serve you in this utter extinguishment of sunshine, to make you a little merry, I shall have had my ends. I love to make things comfortable. [*Here is an erasure.*] This, which is scratch'd out was the most material thing I had to say, but on maturer thoughts I defer it.

P.S.—We are just sitting down to dinner with a pleasant party, Coleridge, Reynolds the dramatist, and Sam Bloxam: tomorrow (that is, today), Liston, and Wyat of the Wells, dine with us. May this find you as jolly and freakish as we mean to be.

C. LAMB.

T. Dibdin Esq^{re}. No. 4 Meadow Cottages, Hastings, Sussex.

['You have counted your spiders.' Referring, I suppose, to Paul Pellisson-Fontanier, the academician, and a famous prisoner in the Bastille, who trained a spider to eat flies from his hand.

'A pleasant party.' Reynolds, the dramatist, would be Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), and Wyatt was a comic singer and utility actor at Sadler's Wells.

Canon Ainger remarked that as a matter of fact Dibdin was a religious youth.]

469. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 26th September 1826.]

I don't know why I have delay'd so long writing. 'Twas a fault. The under current of excuse to my mind was that I had heard of the Vessel in which Mirford's jars were to come; that it had been obliged to put into Batavia to refit (which accounts for its delay) but was daily expected. Days are past, and it comes not, and the mermaids may be drinking their Tea out of his China for ought I know; but let's hope not. In the meantime I have paid £28, etc., for the freight and prime cost, (which I a little expected he would have settled in London.) But do not mention it. I was enabled to do it by a receipt of £30 from Colburn, with whom however I have done. I should else have run short. For I just make ends meet. We will wait the arrival of the Trinkets, and to ascertain their full expence and then bring in the bill. (Don't mention it, for I daresay twas mere thoughtlessness.)

I am sorry you and yours have any plagues about dross matters. I have been sadly puzzled at the defalcation of more than one third of my income, out of which when entire I saved nothing. But cropping off wine, old books, &c. and in short all that can be call'd pocket money, I hope to be able to go on at the Cottage. Remember, I beg you not to say anything to Mitford, or if he be honest it will vex him: if not, which I as little expect as that you should [not] be, I have a hank still upon the JARS.

Colburn had something of mine in last month, which he has had in hand these 7 months, and had lost, or cou'dnt find room for: I was used to different treatm^t. in the London, and have forsworn Periodicals.

I am going thro' a course of reading at the Museum: the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my Specimens: I have Two Thousand to go thro'; and in a few weeks have despatch'd the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of Office to me; hours, 10 to 4, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupation, that has been used to it. So A. K. keeps a School! She teaches nothing wrong, I'll answer for 't. I have a Dutch print of a Schoolmistress; little old-fashioned Flemings, with only one face among them. She a Princess of Schoolmistress, wielding a rod for form more than use; the scene an old monastic chapel, with a Madonna over her head, looking just as serious, as thoughtful, as pure, as gentle, as herself. Tis a type of thy friend.

Will you pardon my neglect? Mind, again I say, don't shew this to M.; let me wait a little longer to know the event of his Luxuries. (I am sure he is a good fellow, tho' I made a serious Yorkshire Lad, who met him, stare when I said he was a Clergyman. He is a pleasant Layman spoiled.) Heaven send him his jars uncrack'd, and me my—
Yours with kindest wishes to your daughter and friend, in which Mary joins
C. L.

['I saved nothing.' Lamb, however, according to Proctor, left £2,000 at his death eight years later. (But see Mrs. Anderson's note to Letter 447.) A legacy from his brother, and a life insurance policy, helped.

'Colburn had something of mine.' The Popular Fallacy about a sulky temper.

'A. K.' Anne Knight again.

'Museum reading.' Lamb had begun to visit the British Museum regularly to fill his note-books with the extracts from the Garrick collection of plays for his friend Hone. They began in the *Table Book* early in 1827, and ran through the year.

I place here the final document relating to Mr. Mitford's jars, but it may be a little later in date.]

470. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

I am rather better than I was, but 'tis hard to fix me to a letter. I have heard nothing of the crockery. I fear 'tis a deodand to the 'stern God of Sea.' But Mr. Alexander of the Baggage Warehouse, who promis'd to apprise me of its arrival, will answer Mr. M. any questions. I never see the India House.

Yours truly but poorly.

C. L.

P.S. Damn Murray and all his Tribes.

[This note is pasted in Mitford's copy of Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*, 1808. Barton must have sent it to Mitford on account of its further reference to his Chinese jars.

'Stern God of Sea.' From Milton's translation of Horace, *Odes*, I. v.

'Damn Murray.' Murray may have rejected a proposal by B. B. to publish a new collection of his poems.]

471. TO THOMAS HOOD (?)

[No date: ? September 1826.]

I have had much trouble to find Field to-day. No matter. He was packing up for out of town. He has writ a handsomish letter, which you will transmit to Murry with your proof-sheets. Seal it.—

Yours

C. L——.

Mrs. Hood will drink tea with us on Thursday at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 at Latest.

N.B. I have lost my Museum reading today: a day with Titus: owing to your dam'd bisness.—I am the last to reproach anybody. I scorn it.

If you shall have the whole book ready soon, it will be best for Murry to see.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'That this is to Hood and not to Moxon, as usually stated, I am convinced, from his letter to Alaric Watts, given on page 211 of Jerrold's *Life of Hood*, dated 10th October 1826, speaking of the second series of *Whims and Oddities*: "I saw M—— for a moment yesterday, which sufficed for his telling me in so many words that the book will not suit him. As I had a handsome letter of introduction to him, I think he might have treated me with a little more courtesy."']

Barron Field and John Murray were friends.

'A day with Titus.' According to Suetonius, the Emperor Titus, reflecting that he had done nothing for anybody all day, said: 'Friends, I have lost a day.']

472. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

Colebrooke Row, Islington,
Saturday, 20th Jan., 1827.

DEAR ROBINSON,

I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor NORRIS has been lying dying for now almost a week, such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution! Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that—'in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;' and seemed to console himself in the reflection! His jokes, for he had his jokes, are now ended, but they were old trusty perennials, staple, hearty, that pleased after *decies repetita*, and were always as good as new. One song he had, which was reserved for the night of Christmas-day, which we always spent in the Temple. It was an old thing, and spoke of the flat bottoms of our foes and the possibility of their coming over in darkness, and alluded to threats of an invasion many years blown over; and when he came to the part

We 'll still make 'em run, and we 'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette!

his eyes would sparkle as with the freshness of an impending event.

And what is the 'Brussels Gazette' now? I cry while I enumerate these trifles. 'How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?' His poor good girls will now have to receive their afflicted mother in an unsuccessful home in an obscure village in Herts, where they have been long struggling to make a school without effect; and poor deaf Richard—and the more helpless for being so—is thrown on the wide world. They are almost provisionless. Some insurance there was, but I think not exceeding £660.

My first motive in writing, and, indeed, in calling on you, was to ask if you were enough acquainted with any of the Benchers, to lay a plain statement before them of the circumstances of the family. I almost fear not, for you are of another Hall. But if you can oblige me and my poor friend, who is now insensible to any favours, pray exert yourself. You cannot say too much good of poor Norris and his poor wife.

Yours ever,

CHAS. LAMB.

[This letter (from the original given by Robinson to Dawson Turner), describing the death of Randal Norris, Sub-Treasurer and Librarian of the Inner Temple, was printed with only very slight alterations in Hone's *Table Book*, 1827, and again in the *Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, under the title 'A Death-Bed.' It was, however, taken out of the second edition, and 'Confessions of a Drunkard' substituted, in deference to the wishes of Norris's family. Mrs. Norris, as I have said, was a native of Widford, where she had known Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother. With her son Richard, who was deaf and peculiar, Mrs. Norris moved to Widford again, where the daughters, Miss Betsy and Miss Jane, had opened a school—Goddard House; which they retained until a legacy restored the family prosperity. Soon after that they both married, each a farmer named Tween, brothers.

Mrs. Coe, an old scholar at the Misses Norris's school in the twenties, gave me, in 1902, some reminiscences of those days, from which I quote a passage or so:

When he joined the Norrises' dinner-table he kept every one laughing. Mr. Richard sat at one end, and some of the school children would be there too. One day Mr. Lamb gave every one a fancy name all round the table, and made a verse on each. 'You are so-and-so,' he said, 'and you are so-and-so,' adding the rhyme. 'What's he saying? What are you laughing at?' Mr. Richard asked testily, for he was short-tempered. Miss Betsy explained the joke to him, and Mr. Lamb, coming to his turn, said—only he said it in verse—'Now, Dick, it's your turn. I shall call you Gruborum; because all you think of is your food and your stomach.' Mr. Richard pushed back his chair in a rage and stamped out of the room. 'Now I've done it,' said Mr. Lamb: 'I must go and make friends with my old chum. Give me a large plate of pudding to take to him.' When he came back he said, 'It's all right. I thought the pudding would do it.' Mr. Lamb and Mr. Richard never got on very well, and Mr. Richard didn't like his teasing ways at all; but Mr. Lamb often went for long walks with him, because no one else would. He did many kind things like that.

There used to be a half-holiday when Mr. Lamb came, partly because he would force his way into the schoolroom and make seriousness impossible.

His head would suddenly appear at the door in the midst of lessons, with 'Well, Betsy! How do, Jane?' 'Oh, Mr. Lamb!' they would say, and that was the end of work for that day. He was really rather naughty with the children. One of his tricks was to teach them a new kind of catechism [Mrs. Coe does not remember it, but we may rest assured, I fear, that it was secular], and he made a great fuss with Lizzie Hunt for her skill in saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, which he had taught her.

In my book, *At the Shrine of St. Charles*, 1934, will be found Matilda Betham's miniature of Randal Norris and many particulars about his family.

'We 'll still make 'em run. . . .' Garrick's *Heart of Oak*, sung in *Harlequin's Invasion*.

'How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?' A quotation from Lamb himself in the lines *Written soon after the Preceding Poem*, in 1798.

The letter that follows was the cover of the preceding letter.]

473. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR R., [No date: 20th January 1827.]

N. is dead. I have writ as nearly as I could to look like a letter meant for *your eye only*. Will it do?

Could you distinctly hint (do as your own judgment suggests) that if his son could be got in as Clerk to the new Subtreasurer, it would be all his father wish'd? But I leave that to you. I don't want to put you upon anything disagreeable.

Yours thankfully

C. L.

[The following letters, 474-6, all refer to a fund for Randal Norris's widow.]

474. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DR. R., [Late January 1827.]

I want to hear whether you have seen Gurney. Was my letter proper, or can I pen a better? I am at the funeral on Saturday: write to me, before that day, or have a letter for me when I shall call upon you on that morning. It is not weather to ask a dog up here, else I'd say Come.

C. LAMB.

M. Burney suggests, that *Scarlet* would be much more likely to interest himself on such a representation. Know you ought of him?

[Gurney was John Gurney, afterwards knighted, the counsel and judge. Scarlett would be Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Baron Abinger, who was the Attorney-General. Both were benchers of the Inner Temple.]

475. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated by H. C. R.: 29th January 1827.]

DEAR ROBINSON,

If you have not seen Mr. Gurney, leave him quite alone for the present. I have seen Mr. Jekyll, who is as friendly as heart can desire, he entirely approves of my formula of petition, and gave your very reasons for the propriety of the 'little village of Hert^{shire}.' Now, Mr. G. might not approve of it, and then we should clash. Also, Mr. J. wishes it be to presented next week, and Mr. G. might fix earlier, which would be awkward. Mr. J. was so civil to me, that I *think it would be better NOT for you to show him that letter you intended*. Nothing can increase his zeal in the cause of poor Mr. Norris. Mr. Gardiner will see you with this, and learn from you all about it, & consult, if you have seen Mr. G. & he has fixed a time, how to put it off. Mr. J. is most friendly to the boy: I think you had better not tease the Treasurer any more about him, as it may make him less friendly to the Petition

Yours Ever

C. L.

[Writing to Dorothy Wordsworth on 13th February 1827, Robinson says: 'The Lambs are well. I have been so busy that I have not lately seen them. Charles has been occupied about the affair of the widow of his old friend Norris, whose death he has felt. But the health of both is good.'

Jekyll was Joseph Jekyll, the wit, mentioned by Lamb in his essay on 'The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.' He was a friend of George Dyer.

476. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated by H. C. R.: January 1827.]

DEAR R.,

Do not say any thing to Mr. G. about the day or Petition, for Mr. Jekyll wishes it to be next week, and thoroughly approves of my formula, and Mr. G. might not, and then they will clash. Only speak to him of Gardner's wish to have the Lad. Mr. Jekyll was excessive friendly.

C. L.

[A note from Lamb to Crabb Robinson exists, which bears upon the Norris affairs, and runs thus:]

Very kindly received by Mr. Gurney, who said 'I am willing to receive these securities from Mrs. Norris.'

C L

[An annuity of £80 was settled by the Inn on Mrs. Norris.]

477. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Feb. 2nd, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I went to Highgate this day. I gave to S. T. C. your letter, which he immediately answered, and to which Mrs G. insisted upon adding her own. They seem to me *all* exceedingly to partake in your troubles. Pray get over your reluctance to paying him a visit, see and talk with him. Hear what he has to say, connected closely with his own expectations, as to your desire. Something, I believe, is going for him. But hear him himself, look him and your affairs in the face. Older men than you have surmounted worse difficulties. I should have written strait to you from Highgate, but we have had a source of troubles this last week or two, and yours added to it, have broke my spirits. I could hardly drag to and from Highgate. If you don't like to go, better appoint him *your*, *my* house, or any where, but meet him. I am sure there is great reason you should not shun him, for I found him thinking on your perplexities and wanting to see you.

Mary's and my best love to Mrs. Allsop,

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

[An undated letter from Coleridge to Allsop printed on page 242 of *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge* by Thomas Allsop, 3rd edition, 1864, may have some reference to this, but it is not certain. It 'was written,' says Allsop, 'just after the utter, and as it then seemed, the hopeless ruin of my prospects.' And he adds that the Lambs were 'never wanting in that hour of need.' The top of Highgate Hill is not contiguous to Islington, and we thus have further proof of Lamb's readiness for his friends.

'And I have,' Allsop adds, 'a clear recollection of Miss Lamb's addressing me in a *tone* acting *at once* as a solace and support, and *after* as a stimulus, to which I owe more perhaps, than to the more extended *arguments* of all others. Believe me, my dear son, that in the hour of extreme affliction, of extreme misfortune, there is no solace like the sympathy of an affectionate and gentle woman. *Then*, their sympathy becomes to us strength, it blends with our own sense of sorrow, and we *feel*, rather than are convinced by any process of reason, that it is good.'

A further letter, undated, referring to Allsop's troubles may be placed here:}

478. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

I will find out your Bijoux some day. At present, I am sorry to say, we have neither of us very good spirits; and I cannot look to any pleasant expeditions.

You speak of your trial as a known thing, but I am quite in the dark about it; but wish you a safe issue most heartily.

Our loves to Mrs. Allsop and children.

C. L.

[It is not now possible to explain the reference to 'Bijoux.']

479. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

Feb. 28th, 1827.

The hoods are with us; come to-night

C. LAMB.

[Hood and his wife, the sister of John Hamilton Reynolds, are not allowed a capital letter, a good instance of Lamb's freakish spelling.]

480. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

[No date: ? 28th February (Ash Wednesday) 1827.]

DEAR RAFFAELE HAYDON,

Did the maid tell you I came to see your picture, not on Sunday but the day before? I think the face and bearing of the Bucephalus-tamer very noble, his flesh too effeminate or painty. The skin of the female's back kneeling is much more carnosus. I had small time to pick out praise or blame, for two lord-like Bucks came in, upon whose strictures my presence seemed to impose restraint: I plebeian'd off therefore.

I think I have hit on a subject for you, but can't swear it was never executed,—I never heard of its being,—'Chaucer beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' Think of the old dresses, houses, &c. 'It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.' *Chaucer's Life by T. Speght, prefixed to the black letter folio of Chaucer, 1598.*

Yours in haste (salt fish waiting),

C. LAMB.

[Haydon's picture was his 'Alexander taming Bucephalus.' The 'two Bucks,' he tells us in his *Diary*, were the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Agar Ellis. Haydon did not take up the Chaucer subject. For his work to-day, which is almost as obsolete as John Martin's 'Belshazzar' and 'The Plains of Heaven,' one has to go far. It is true that 'Chairing the Candidate' is at the Tate, but not always on view; and his 'Curtius leaping into the Gulf' is at Exeter, and his 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem' is in America. It is by the vividness of his *Autobiography* that Haydon lives and will live.

'Plebeian'd.' The verb, which is not recorded in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, is coined by Lamb with Elizabethan freedom. So Shakespeare writes of the wind: 'If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea.'—*Othello*, II. i. 7.

'Salt fish.' I have deduced Ash Wednesday from this phrase, but the subsequent Good Friday in April may be the right date.]

481. TO BERNARD BARTON

[No date: *Early 1827.*]

MY DEAR B. B.,

A gentleman I never saw before brought me your welcome present—imagine a scraping, fiddling, fidgetting, *petit-maitre* of a dancing school advancing into my plain parlour with a toupee and a sideling bow, and presenting the book as if he had been handing a glass of lemonade to a young miss—imagine this, and contrast it with the serious nature of the book presented! Then task your imagination, reversing this picture, to conceive of quite an opposite messenger, a lean, straitlocked, wheyfaced methodist, for such was he in reality who brought it, the Genius (it seems) of the Wesleyan Magazine. Certes, friend B., thy Widow's tale is too horrible, spite of the lenitives of Religion, to embody in verse, I hold prose to be the appropriate expositor of such atrocities! No offence, but it is a cordial that makes the heart sick. Still thy skill in compounding it I not deny. I turn to what gave me less mingled pleasure. I find markd with pencil these pages in thy pretty book, and fear I have been penurious.

page 52, 53 capital.

„ 59 6th stanza exquisite simile.

„ 61 11th stanza equally good.

„ 108 3rd stanza, I long to see van Balen.

„ 111 a downright good sonnet. *Dixi.*

„ 153 Lines at the bottom.

So you see, I read, hear, and *mark*, if I don't learn—In short this little volume is no discredit to any of your former, and betrays none of the Senility you fear about. Apropos of Van Balen, an artist who painted me lately had painted a Blackamoor praying, and not filling his canvas, stuff'd in his little girl aside of Blacky, gaping at him unmeaningly; and then didn't know what to call it. Now for a picture to be promoted to the Exhibition (Suffolk Street) as HISTORICAL, a subject is requisite. What does me? I but christen it the 'Young Catechist' and furbishd it with Dialogue following, which dubb'd it an Historical Painting. Nothing to a friend at need.

While this tawny Ethiop prayeth,
 Painter, who is She that stayeth
 By, with skin of whitest lustre;
 Sunny locks, a shining cluster;
 Saintlike seeming to direct him
 To the Power that must protect him?
 Is she of the heav'nborn Three,
 Meek Hope, strong Faith, sweet Charity?
 Or some Cherub?

They you mention
 Far transcend my weak invention.
 'Tis a simple Christian child,
 Missionary young and mild,
 From her store of script'ral knowledge
 (Bible-taught without a college)
 Which by reading she could gather,
 Teaches him to say OUR FATHER
 To the common Parent, who
 Colour not respects nor hue.
 White and Black in him have part,
 Who looks not to the skin, but heart.—

When I'd done it, the Artist (who had clapt in Miss merely as a fill-space) swore I express his full meaning, and the damosel bridled up into a Missionary's vanity. I like verses to explain Pictures: seldom Pictures to illustrate Poems. Your wood cut is a rueful Lignum Mortis. By the by, is the widow likely to marry again?

I am giving the fruit of my Old Play reading at the Museum to Hone, who sets forth a Portion weekly in the Table Book. Do you see it? How is Mitford?—

I'll just hint that the Pitcher, the Cord and the Bowl are a little too often repeated (*passim*) in your Book, and that on page 17 last line but 4 *him* is put for *be*, but the poor widow I take it had small leisure for grammatical niceties. Don't you see there's *He, myself, and him*; why not both *him*? likewise *imperviously* is cruelly spelt *imperiously*. These are trifles, and I honestly like your [book,] and you for giving it, tho' I really am ashamed of so many presents.

I can think of no news, therefore I will end with mine and Mary's kindest remem^{es}. to you and yours.

C. L.

[The artist who painted Lamb was Henry Meyer (1782?-1847). The portrait, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1826, is preserved at the India Office. Meyer engraved 'The Young Catechist,' with Lamb's verses attached. In 1910 I saw the original in a picture shop in the Charing Cross Road. Meyer's studio, in Red Lion Square, has gone, absorbed in a new church.]

482. TO MRS. SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

March 25, 1827.

DEAR MADAM,

I enclose your excellent Recipe, which I am ashamed of having kept so long, & have the satisfaction of informing you, that I have found it a complete remedy for all my aches & pains. With kind respects to Mr Arnold, I remain

Your obliged friend & serv^t

Islington

C. LAMB

[The enclosed recipe follows:

AN OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE

Separate the whites from the yolks of six eggs. Chop the half of the (r)ind of a lemon very fine and add it, with four spoonfuls (o)f white powdered sugar, to the yolks. Just in time to serve it to table, whip up the whites of the eggs as you do for biscuits: then mix them with the yolks. Put a quarter of a pound of butter into the frying-pan upon a hot fire: as soon as the butter is melted, add the eggs and stir up the omelette so that the bottom may come uppermost.

When the omelette has soaked up all the butter, turn it off into a buttered dish which put on a very hot stove. Strew it well with with (*sic*) powdered sugar, and hold over it a very hot salamander. Being careful not to brown it too much.

If you have Orange Flower Water, or any other flavour, you may add a little.]

483. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[April 1827.]

DEAR SIR,

I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you, rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old, *forgotten Pastoral*, which, had it been in all parts equal, the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer; and in one of your tranquillest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by, for once, the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then-not-as-yet-forsaken) CEnone. Oblige me; and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy; by the adapta-

tion of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implore

C. L.

Esteemed friend, and excellent musician, V. N., esq.

[‘This old and passionate *Ditty*’ was the lyric which begins ‘Fair and fair, and twice so fair,’ in George Peele’s *Arraignment of Paris*.]

484. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Saturday,
April 7th, 1827.

We regret your not being able to come to-morrow, and shall be thankful for the smallest donation of a visit you can spare. Can you name an evening next week towards the end (not Wednesday) in which we may hope you will accompany General and Mrs. Pye, with Mr. Arnold (we hope) to Islington. Pray fix with them if you can, and assure the General, and Mrs. Pye, that it is not from want of respect to them that I leave it to *you* to name an evening, without a formal letter to them first, but simply because we know your many engagements.

Forward this to them with our best respects *and more*.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Dash barks his compliments to Bluff, and congratulates his return.

[Lamb’s friend, Samuel James Arnold, married a Miss Pye, daughter of the late poet laureate, Henry James Pye. See Letter 574.]

This letter contains the first reference to Dash, which had been Hood’s dog, but became Lamb’s, and now and then was temporarily in the charge of his friends. In P. G. Patmore’s reminiscences of Lamb he describes very amusingly this tyrannical creature.]

485. TO THOMAS HOOD

Enfd.

Spring 1827.

MY DEAR HOOD,

Miss Kelly is with us for this week and *perhaps* the next; Mrs. Bryan joins her here on Sunday—next week we have a dinner party for Cary &c—and expect some of Emma’s parting friends down to see her. Emma goes the week after, which will be full of business & the misery of unsettledness. I don’t know what to say, but I feel as if it would be more charity for Mrs. Hood & you to come and comfort us after her going, which is on Thursday the 17th. She will break her heart not

to see you, for never were people so below'd as you both by Emma. We are jealous of you—but seriously the prospect of so much inmateship in my poor state of brains frights me from asking you before—

Don't imagine—but you are not imaginative that way—I am coldly putting you off, but I have lived so long alone, that more than one or two persons here together at this unhinging time of Emma's going would make me ill.

I am recovering from the house but am sadly shattered—It gives me pleasure to see by your letter your improvement—Do tell me that neither Mrs. H. nor you, our almost OLD Friends, are angry with me.

C L .

[In this connection I may quote a passage from *Pen and Pencil*, 1858, a book of an American visitor to England, Mary Balmanno, who, somewhere about this time, met the Lambs and Miss Kelly at Hood's:

. . . Mr. Lamb was in high spirits, sauntering about the room, with his hands crossed behind his back, conversing by fits and starts with those most familiarly known to him, but evidently mentally acknowledging Miss Kelly to be the *rara avis* of his thoughts, by the great attention he paid to every word she uttered. Truly pleasant it must have been to her, even though accustomed to see people listen breathless with admiration while she spoke, to find her words have so much charm for such a man as Charles Lamb.]

486. TO WILLIAM UPCOTT

[Dated at end: 10th April 1827.]

Charles Lamb born in the Inner Temple 10 Feb. 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital, afterwards a Clerk in the Accountant's Office East India House, pensioned off from that service 1825 after 33 years' service, is now a Gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set & edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness; a small eater but not drinker, confesses a partiality for the product of the Juniper Berry; was a fierce smoker of Tobacco but may be resembled to a Volcano burnt out, emitting only now & then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale in Prose called ROSAMUND GRAY, a Dramatic Sketch named JOHN WOODVIL, a Farewell Ode To Tobacco, with sundry other Poems &

light prose matter, collected in Two slight crown Octavos, & pompously Christened his Works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations, & his true works may be found on the Shelves of Leaden Hall Street, filling some hundred Folios. He is also the true ELIA, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public attention to the Old English Dramatists in a work called Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakspeare, published about 15 years since. In short all his merits & demerits to set forth would take to the End of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly. He died¹ 18 much lamented¹

Witness his Hand.

To Any Body

CHARLES LAMB,

10th Apr 1827

¹ Please to fill up these blanks.

[William Upcott (1779-1845) was an antiquary, autograph collector, and librarian of the London Institution. He amassed altogether thirty-two thousand letters, of which this is one.

I append here, although out of its right place, a letter to Moxon because it contains a second autobiographical sketch.]

487. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 23rd February 1825.]

Were my own feelings consulted I should print it verbatim, but I won't hoax you, else I love a Lye. My biography, parentage, place of birth, is a strange mistake, part founded on some nonsense I wrote about Elia, and was true of him, the real Elia, whose name I took.

C. L. was born in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple in 1775. Admitted into Christs Hospital, 1782, where he was contemporary with T. F. M. [Thomas Fanshawe Middleton], afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and with S. T. C. with the last of these two eminent scholars he has enjoyed an intimacy through life. On quitting this foundation he became a junior clerk in the South Sea House under his Elder Brother who died accountant there, some years since. Mr. L. was removed from thence to a situation in the Accountant's Office, East India House in 1792, where he remained till 1825. We believe that from ill health he at present enjoys a Pension from that munificent Compy. I am not the author of the Opium Eater, etc. Omit last paragraph.

In great haste, pray communicate this to Mr. Drew with my compliments and apologies. Let us see you and Brother if staying, on Sunday and believe me ever yours.

C. L.

488. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAREST HOOD,

[No date: April 1827.]

Your news has spoil'd us a merry meeting. Miss Kelly and we were coming, but your letter elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and the mother (or should be mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sex-pence of Moxon by the sex of the dear gone one.

Yours most truly and hers,

[C. L.]

[It was upon this occasion that Lamb wrote the beautiful lines *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born.*]

489. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

[Dated at end: 12th April 1827.]

My sister has been so much affected this morning with a Letter from Hood, saying that Mrs. Hood after intense suffering for two days, almost to the despair of her life, has lost her first little Baby, that I think it best to put off the expected pleasure of our little party for a short time. Believe us both

most sincerely yours

Islington

C. LAMB.

12 Ap 27

I have written to the General.

490. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.

[No postmark or date: 1827.]

The *Busy Bee*, as Hood after Dr. Watts apostrophises thee, and well dost thou deserve it for thy labors in the Muses' gardens, wandering over parterres of Think-on-me's and Forget-me-nots, to a total impossibility of forgetting thee,—thy letter was acceptable, thy scruples may be dismissed, thou art Rectus in Curiâ, not a word more to be said, *Verbum Sapienti* and so forth, the matter is decided with a white stone, Classically, mark me, and the apparitions vanishd which haunted me, only the Cramp, Caliban's distemper, clawing me in the calvish part

of my nature, makes me ever and anon roar Bullishly, squeak cowardishly, and limp cripple-ishly. Do I write quakerly and simply, tis my most Master Mathew's like intention to do it. See Ben Jonson.—I think you told me your acquaint^{ee} with the Drama was confin'd to Shakspeare and Miss Bailly: some read only Milton and Croly. The gap is as from an ananas to a Turnip. I have fighting in my head the plots characters situations and sentiments of 400 old Plays (bran new to me) which I have been digesting at the Museum, and my appetite sharpens to twice as many more, which I mean to course over this winter. I can scarce avoid Dialogue fashion in this letter. I soliloquise my meditations, and habitually speak dramatic blank verse without meaning it. Do you see Mitford? he will tell you something of my labors. Tell him I am sorry to have mist seeing him, to have talk'd over those OLD TREASURES. I am still more sorry for his missing Pots. But I shall be sure of the earliest intelligence of the Lost Tribes. His Sacred Specimens are a thankful addition to my shelves. Marry, I could wish he had been more careful of corrigenda. I have discover'd certain which have slipt his Errata. I put 'em in the next page, as perhaps thou canst transmit them to him. For what purpose, but to grieve him (which yet I should be sorry to do), but then it shews my learning, and the excuse is complimentary, as it implies their correction in a future Edition. His own things in the book are magnificent, and as an old Christ's Hospitalter I was particularly refresh'd with his eulogy on our Edward. Many of the choice excerpta were new to me. Old Christmas is a coming, to the confusion of Puritans, Muggletonians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and the Unwassailing Crew. He cometh out with his wonted gait, he is shrunk 9 inches in the girth, but is yet a Lusty fellow. Hood's book is mighty clever, and went off 600 copies the 1st day. Sion's Songs do not disperse so quickly. The next leaf is for Rev^d. J. M. In this ADIEU thine briefly in a tall friendship C. LAMB.

[Barton's letter, to which this is an answer, not being preserved, we do not know what his scruples were. B. B. was a great contributor to annuals.

'With a white stone.' In trials at law a white stone was cast as a vote for acquittal, a black stone for condemnation (see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xv. 41).

'Master Mathew.' In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

'Miss Bailly.' Joanna Baillie (1762–1851), the poet and dramatist.

'Croly.' The Rev. George Croly (1780–1860), of the *Literary Gazette*, author of *The Angel of the World* and other pretentious poems.

'Mitford's Sacred Specimens.' *Sacred Specimens Selected from the Early English Poets*, 1827. The last poem, by Mitford himself, was *Lines Written under the Portrait of Edward VI*. Edward VI was the founder of Christ's Hospital.

'Hood's book.' *Whims and Oddities*, second series, 1827.]

491. TO THE EDITOR OF 'TABLE BOOK' (WILLIAM HONE)

SIR,

[May 1827.]

A correspondent in your last number rather hastily asserts that there is no other authority than Davenport's Tragedy for the poisoning of Matilda by King John. It oddly enough happens, that in the same number appears an extract from a play of Heywood's, of an older date, in two parts, in which play the fact of such poisoning, as well as her identity with Maid Marian, are equally established. Michael Drayton, also, hath a legend confirmatory (so far as poetical authority can go) of the violent manner of her death. But neither he nor Davenport confounds her with Robin's mistress. Besides the named authorities, old Fuller, I think, somewhere relates, as matter of chronicle-history, that old Fitzwater (he is called Fitzwater both in Heywood and in Davenport), being banished after his daughter's murder,—some years subsequently, King John, at a tournament in France, being delighted with the valiant bearing of a combatant in the lists, and enquiring his name, was told it was his old servant, the banished Fitzwater, who desired nothing more heartily than to be reconciled to his liege; and an affecting reconciliation followed. In the common collection, called 'Robin Hood's Garland' (I have not seen Ritson's), no mention is made, if I remember, of the nobility of Marian. Is she not the daughter of old Squire Gamwell, of Gamwell Hall? Sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of your 'disembodied spirit' (who, as such is, methinks, sufficiently 'veiled' from our notice) with more authentic testimonies, I rest,

Your humble Abstractor,

C. L.

[The play by Davenport, *King John and Matilda*, 1655, and two of Munday's, on *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, which Lamb ascribes to Heywood, are not now regarded as establishing any early or real connection between the two heroines. Munday makes the 'chaste Matilda,' afterwards Maid Marian, Lord Fitzwater's daughter.

Maid Marian does not appear in the earliest ballads of Robin Hood, and later is only a bare name, according to Professor Child. Ritson says that the earliest notice of her occurs in Barclay's fourth *Eclogue*, not long after 1500, and modern research has given her a French origin. The figure of Fitzwater is also unknown to the early ballads, and variously developed later.

Lamb's extract from Davenport led to a long letter to the *Table Book* signed 'The Veiled Spirit.')

492. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

Islington, May 21, 1827.

Send me word immediately *what coach* I can send you a little parcel by; where it goes from, &c. You remember stopping with your daughter

at a little picture Shop in Islington, with half a mind to buy a poorish Landscape? I have since discovered at the same shop the Picture which you was in quest of. Write immediately. A. K. will like it, I know, because it signifies instruction. When you receive it, I shall be at Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, near London: to which please acknowledge receipt thereof.

Yours (at the edge of post-time)

C. LAMB.

[This letter accompanied the gift of a picture of a little boy refusing to be read to by his Quaker mother. See Letter 494.]

493. TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield,

[No date: June 1827.]

DEAR PATMORE,

Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving — but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! 'All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time—but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than he! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. 'My, how he capers!' [*In the margin is written:*] One of the children speaks this.

[*Three lines here are erased.*] What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice:'—which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast, that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him, and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady.

Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. Patmore's regimen. I send my love in a — to Dash.

C. LAMB.

[*On the outside of the letter was written :*]

Seriously, I wish you would call upon Hood when you are that way. He's a capital fellow. I sent him a couple of poems—one ordered by his wife, and written to order; and 'tis a week since, and I've not heard from him. I fear something is the matter.

Omitted within

Our kindest remembrance to Mrs. P.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This letter should be dated June 1827. Lamb's letter of 19th July shows that he had Dash back again when the Patmores went to France.'

One of the children who might be amused by the dog's mad ways was Coventry Patmore, afterwards the poet, then nearly four years old.]

494. TO BERNARD BARTON

Enfield, and for some weeks to come,
June 11, 1827.

DEAR B. B.,

One word more of the picture verses, and that for good and all; pray, with a neat pen alter one line

His learning seems to lay small stress on
 to

His learning lays no mighty stress on

to avoid the unseemly recurrence (ungrammatical also) of 'seems' in the next line, besides the nonsense of 'but' there, as it now stands. And I request you, as a personal favor to me, to erase the last line of all, which I should never have written from myself. The fact is, it was a silly joke of Hood's, who gave me the frame, (you judg'd rightly it was not its own) with the remark that you would like it, because it was b—d b—d,—and I lugg'd it in: but I shall be quite hurt if it stands, because tho' you and yours have too good sense to object to it, I would not have a sentence of mine seen, that to any foolish ear might sound disrespectful to thee. Let it end at appalling; the joke is coarse and useless, and hurts the tone of the rest. Take your best 'ivory-handled' and scrape it forth.

Your specimen of what you might have written is hardly fair. Had it been a present to me, I should have taken a more sentimental tone; but of a trifle from me, it was my cue to speak in an underish tone of commendation. Prudent *givers* (what a word for such a nothing) disparage their gifts; tis an art we have. So you see you wouldnt have been so wrong, taking a higher tone. But enough of nothing.

By the bye I suspected M. of being the disparager of the frame; hence a *certain line*.

For the frame, tis as the room is, where it hangs. It hung up fronting my old cobwebby folios and batter'd furniture (the fruit piece has resum'd its place) and was much better than a spick and span one. But if your room be very neat and your *other pictures* bright with gilt, it should be so too. I can't judge, not having seen: but my dingy study it suited.

Martin's Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen. Its architectural effect is stupendous; but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightend, like children at a sham ghost who half know it to be a mask, are detestable. Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a Lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Xmas Gambol, to scare the ladies. The *type* is as plain as Baskervil's—they should have been dim, full of mystery, letters to the mind rather than the eye.—Rembrandt has painted only Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the

whole) not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then every thing is so distinct, to the very necklaces, and that foolish little prophet. What *one* point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is, that you the spectator should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen, the *band*—and the *King*—not to be at leisure to make taylor-remarks on the dresses, or Doctor Kitchener-like to examine the good things at table.

Just such a confusd piece is his Joshua, frittered into 1000 fragments, little armies here, little armies there—you should see only the *Sun* and *Joshua*; if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a finding him out.

Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing school girl's attainment, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick, 'Now you shall see what you shall see, dare is Balshazar and dare is Daniel.' You have my thoughts of M. and so adieu.

C. LAMB.

['Picture verses.' See Letter 492. Lamb had later sent some verses about the picture.

'The last line of all.' It refers to the frame as being 'broad-brimm'd as the Owner's Calling.'

'M.' The Rev. John Mitford.

'Martin's Belshazzar.' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' by John Martin (1789-1854), had been exhibited for some years, and had created an immense impression. Lamb subjected Martin's work to a minute analysis a few years later (see the *Elia* essay on the 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art,' in my edition of the *Works*. Barton did not give up Martin in consequence of this letter. The frontispiece to his *New Year's Eve*, 1828, is by that painter, and the volume contains eulogistic poems upon him, one beginning:

Boldest painter of our day.

'Baskervil's.' John Baskerville (1706-75), the printer, famous for his folio edition of the Bible, 1763.

'Doctor Kitchener.' William Kitchiner, M.D., a 'notable fork.' The author of *Apicius Redivivus; or, the Cook's Oracle*, 1817.]

495. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR H. C.,

[P.M. 26th June 1827.]

We are at Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield. Why not come down by the Green Lanes on Sunday? Picquet all day. Pass the Church, pass the 'Rising Sun,' turn sharp round the corner, and we are the 6th or 7th house on the Chase: tall Elms darken the door. If you set eyes on M. Burney, bring him.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

496. TO MRS. BASIL MONTAGU

[No date: *Summer 1827.*]

DEAR MADAM,

I return your List with my name. I should be sorry that any respect should be going on towards [Clarkson,] and I be left out of the conspiracy. Otherwise I frankly own that to pillarize a man's good feelings in his lifetime is not to my taste. Monuments, to goodness, even after death, are equivocal. I turn away from Howard's, I scarce know why. Goodness blows no trumpet, nor desires to have it blown. We should be modest for a modest man—as he is for himself. The vanities of Life—Art, Poetry, Skill military, are subjects for trophies; not the silent thoughts arising in a good man's mind in lonely places. Was I C[larkson,] I should never be able to walk or ride near [Wade Mill] again. Instead of bread, we are giving him a stone. Instead of the locality recalling the noblest moment of his existence, it is a place at which his friends (that is, himself) blow to the world, 'What a good man is he!' I sat down upon a hillock at Forty Hill yesternight—a fine contemplative evening,—with a thousand good speculations about mankind. How I yearned with cheap benevolence! I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter, that cuts the tombstones here, what a stone with a short inscription will cost; just to say—'Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.' Everybody will come there to love. As I can't well put my own name, I shall put about a subscription:

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Mrs. ——— .	5	0
Procter .	2	6
G. Dyer .	1	0
Mr. Godwin .	0	0
Mrs. Godwin .	0	0
Mr. Irving .		a watch-chain.
Mr. ——— .		{ the proceeds of ——— first edition. ¹
	8	6

I scribble in haste from here, where we shall be some time. Pray request Mr. M[ontagu] to advance the guinea for me, which shall faithfully be forthcoming; and pardon me that I don't see the proposal

¹ A capital book, by the bye, but not over saleable.—C. L.

in quite the light that he may. The kindness of his motives, and his power of appreciating the noble passage, I thoroughly agree in.

With most kind regards to him, I conclude,

Dear Madam,

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

From Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield.

[The memorial to Thomas Clarkson stands on a hill above Wade Mill, on the Buntingford road, in Hertfordshire.

'Howard's.' The first statues erected in St. Paul's were those of John Howard, the philanthropist, and Dr. Johnson.

Forty Hill is close to Enfield.

Edward Irving's watch-chain. The explanation of Lamb's joke is to be found in Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (quoted also in Froude's *Life*, vol. i, page 326). Irving had put down as his contribution to some subscription list, at a public meeting, 'an actual gold watch, which he said had just arrived to him from his beloved brother lately dead in India.' This rather theatrical action had evidently amused Lamb as it had disgusted Carlyle.

The 'first edition' of 'Mr. —' was, I suppose, Basil Montagu's work on Bacon, which Macaulay reviewed.]

497. TO THE EDITOR OF 'TABLE BOOK' (WILLIAM HONE)

DEAR SIR,

[July 1827.]

Somebody has fairly play'd a *boax* on you (I suspect that pleasant rogue M-x-n) in sending the sonnet in my name inserted in your last Number. True it is, that I must own to the Verses being mine, but not written on the occasion there pretended, for I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the Lady in the part of 'Emmeline'; and I have understood, that the force of her acting in it is rather in the expression of new-born sight, than of the previous want of it. The lines were really written upon her performance in the 'Blind Boy,' and appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* years back. I suppose, our facetious friend thought that they would serve again, like an old coat new turned.

Yours (and his nevertheless)

C. LAMB.

[A note of Hone's says that Moxon was the guilty person. The sonnet, printed by Hone with 'C. Lamb' at the end, ran thus:

SONNET TO MISS KELLY

ON HER EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF BLINDNESS, IN THE REVIVED OPERA
OF ARTHUR AND EMMELINE

Rare artist, who with half thy tools, or none,
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart

Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!
 While each blind sense, intelligential grown
 Beyond its sphere, performs the effect of sight,
 Those orbs alone, wanting their proper might,
 All motionless and silent seem to moan
 The unseemly negligence of nature's hand,
 That left them so forlorn. What praise is thine,
 O mistress of the passions!—artist fine!—
 Who dost our souls against our sense command;
 Plucking the horror from a sightless face,
 Lending to blank deformity a grace.

C. LAMB.

When Lamb collected this sonnet in *Album Verses* in 1830 he omitted Miss Kelly's name, and entitled it, *To a Celebrated Female Performer in the 'Blind Boy.'*]

498. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? Summer 1827.]

Emma has teized me to take her into the gallery of an opera on Tuesday, and I have written for orders. We came up this morning. Can you house and bed us after the opera? Miss M. maybe, won't object to sharing half her bed. And for *me*, I can sleep on straw, rushes, thorns, Procrustes' couch! or anywhere. Do not write if you *can take* us in. Write only IF YOU can't.

CH. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'No date, but probably summer 1827; at a hazard Sunday, 10th July. This is one of the miscellaneous notes given in Fitzgerald's edition, and I have been trying to place it in a likely period. From Lamb's saying: "We came up this morning," I think he must mean to Colebrook, as, if it were to Southampton Buildings, why should they need beds, being already so near the opera?']

499. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

Enfield. P.M. 17th July 1827].

Thanks for your attentions of every kind. Emma will not fail Mrs. Hood's kind invitation, but her Aunt is so queer a one, that we cannot let her go with a single gentleman singly to Vauxhall; she would withdraw her from us altogether in a fright; but if any of the Hood's family accompany you, then there can be small objection.

I have been writing letters till too dark to see the marks. I can just say we shall be happy to see you any Sunday *after the next*: say, the Sunday after, and perhaps the Hoods will come too and have a merry

other day, before they go hence. But next Sunday we expect as many as we can well entertain.

With ours and Emma's
acknowledgm^s

yours

C. L.

500. TO P. G. PATMORE

DEAR P.,

[Dated at end: 19th July 1827.]

I am so poorly, I have been to a funeral, where I made a Pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners, and we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could, for it was not unlike what he makes. The letter I sent you was one directed to the care of E. White, India House, for Mrs. Hazlitt. Which Mrs. Hazlitt I don't yet know, but Alsop has taken it to France on speculation. Really it is embarrassing, there is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H., and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three Mrs. Wigginses it appertains, I don't know. I wanted to open it, but it's transportation! I am sorry you are plagued about your Book. I would strongly recommend you to take for one story Massinger's 'Old Law,' it is exquisite. I can think of no other. Dash is frightful this morning, he whines and stands up on his hind legs, he misses Becky, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he coul'dnt eat his victuals after it. Pray God his intellectuals be not slipping. Mary is gone out for some soles, I suppose 'tis no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em, else there is a steam-vessel.

I am doing a tragi-comedy in two acts, and have got on tolerably, but it will be refused, or worse. I never had luck with any thing my name was put to. O, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the book-binder's, who is now with God, or, if he is not, It's no fault of mine.

We hope the Frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. Did you ever taste frogs, get 'em, if you can, they are like little lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer. Christ, how sick I am, not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6,000, but I think she perjur'd herself. She howls in E flat, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music? . . .

'No shrimps!'—that's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done. I am uncertain where this *wandering* letter may reach you, what you mean by Poste Restante, God knows; do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do to dover. We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons, she was howling, part howling and part giving directions to the Proctor, when crash down went my Sister

thro' a crazy chair, and made the Clerks grin, and I grin'd, and the widow titter'd, *and then I knew that she was not inconsolable.* Mary was more frightened than hurt.

She 'd¹ make a good match for anybody—

If he bring but a *relict* away,
He is happy, nor heard to complain.

SHENSTONE.

Procter has got a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off, but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence: like his poetry, rather redundant. Hone has hang'd himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Moxon has fal'n in love with Emma, our nut-brown maid. Becky takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam masheen. Coroner found it 'Insanity.' I should not like him to sit upon my Letter. Do you observe my direction? is it Gallic, classical? do try and get some frogs,—you must ask for 'grenouilles' (green-eels). They don't understand whot phrogs is tho' it's a common phrase with us.

If you go thro' Bulloign (Boulogne) enquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades: he must be a very old man now.

If there is anything new in Politics or Literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant is well I hope.

I think I have no more news, only give both our Loves ('all three,' says dash) to Mrs. Patmore, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

Londres, July 19, 1827.

C. L.

[This letter has hitherto been printed from Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintances*, 1854; but Lord Crewe has lent me the original. Apart from its fun, it is remarkable as containing the first statement—a fact among so much invention—of Moxon's attachment to Emma Isola. They were to become engaged and, as we shall see, in 1833 they married.

We do not know the name of the widow; but her husband was Lamb's cousin, the bookbinder, Charles Lovekin. See page 226.

The doubt about the Hazlitts refers chiefly to William Hazlitt's divorce from his first wife in 1822, and his remarriage in 1824 with a Mrs. Bridgewater.

'Your Book.' A series of tales, entitled *Chatsworth*

'A tragi-comedy.' Lamb's dramatic version of Crabbe's *Confidante*, which he called *The Wife's Trial* (see my edition of the *Works*).

'Procter has got a wen.' This paragraph must be taken with salt. Poor Hone, however, unmistakably had to be in the rules of the King's Bench at the time. Becky was the Lambs' servant and tyrant; she had been Hazlitt's. Patmore described her at some length in his reminiscences of Lamb.

'Chatty-Briant.' François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the author, philosopher, and diplomatist.]

¹ by *She* I mean the widow.—C. L.

501. TO MRS. DILLON

[P.M. 21st July 1827.]

I think it is not quite the etiquette for me to answer my sister's letter, but she is no great scribe, and I know will be glad to find it done for her. We are both very thankful to you for your thinking about Emma, whom for the last seven weeks I have been teaching Latin, & she is already qualified to impart the rudiments to a child. We shall have much pleasure in seeing Mr. Dillon & you again, but I don't know when that may be, as we find ourselves very comfortable at Enfield.

My sister joins in acknowledgements, & kindest respects to Mr. Dillon & yourself.

Your obliged

Enfield.

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Dillon, 8 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, London.

[I do not identify the Dillons, but their daughter may have been at school with Emma Isola.]

502. TO MARY SHELLEY

DEAR MRS. SHELLEY,

Enfield, 26th July, 1827.

At the risk of throwing away some fine thoughts, I must write to say how pleased we were with your very kind remembering of us (who have unkindly run away from all our friends) before you go. Perhaps you are gone, and then my tropes are wasted. If any piece of better fortune has lighted upon you than you expected, but less than we wish you, we are rejoiced. We are here trying to like solitude, but have scarce enough to justify the experiment. We get some, however. The six days are our Sabbath; the seventh—why, Cockneys will come for a little fresh air, and so—

But by *your month*, or October at furthest, we hope to see Islington: I like a giant refreshed with the leaving off of wine, and Mary, pining for Mr. Moxon's books and Mr. Moxon's society. Then we shall meet.

I am busy with a farce in two acts, the incidents tragi-comic. I can do the dialogue *commey fo*: but the damned plot—I believe I must omit it altogether. The scenes come after one another like geese, not marshalling like cranes or a Hyde Park review. The story is as simple as G[eorge] D[yer], and the language plain as his spouse. The characters are three women to one man; which is one more than laid hold on him in the 'Evangelical.' I think that prophecy squinted towards my drama.

I want some Howard Paine to sketch a skeleton of artfully succeeding

scenes through a whole play, as the courses are arranged in a cookery book: I to find wit, passion, sentiment, character, and the like trifles: to lay in the dead colours,—I'd Titianesque 'em up: to mark the channel in a cheek (smooth or furrowed, yours or mine), and where tears should course I'd draw the waters down: to say where a joke should come in or a pun be left out: to bring my *personæ* on and off like a Beau Nash; and I'd Frankenstein them there: to bring three together on the stage at once; they are so shy with me, that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them.

I am teaching Emma Latin to qualify her for a superior governess-ship; which we see no prospect of her getting. 'Tis like feeding a child with chopped hay from a spoon. Sisyphus his labours were as nothing to it.

Actives and passives jostle in her nonsense, till a deponent enters, like Chaos, more to embroil the fray. Her prepositions are suppositions; her conjunctions copulative have no connection in them; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, block-headly supine. As I say to her, *ass in præsentî* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*.

But I daresay it was so with you when you began Latin, and a good while after.

Good-by! Mary's love.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Shelley had been living in England since 1823; and in 1826 had issued anonymously *The Last Man*. That she kept much in touch with the Lambs' affairs we know by her letters to Leigh Hunt.

'*Comme ça*' is Lamb's *comme il faut*.

'In the "Evangelî."' As by Evangelî Lamb meant Gospel, he was a little confused here, I think. Probably both Luke xvii. 35 and Isaiah iv. 1 were in his mind: 'and in that day seven women shall take hold of one man,' being the half memory.

'More to embroil the fray.' Adapted from *Paradise Lost*, ii. 908.

'*Ass in præsentî*.' This was Boyer's joke, at Christ's Hospital.]

503. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR H.,

[No date: July 1827.]

Emma has a favour, besides a bed, to ask of Mrs. Hood. Your parcel was gratifying. We have all been pleased with Mrs. Leslie; I speak it most sincerely. There is much manly sense with a feminine expression, which is my definition of ladies' writing.

[*Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren*, 1827, was the title of a book for children by Mrs. Reynolds, mother of John Hamilton Reynolds and Mrs. Hood, and wife of the writing master at Christ's Hospital. It was published in July 1827.]

504. TO EDWARD WHITE

Enfield [1st August], 1827.
Coat and Badge Day.

MY DEAR WHITE,

Never was man so puzzl'd about mortal letter as I about that you sent. Besides the two Mrs. Hazlitts, there was a third, Mrs. John Hazlitt, who has a boy abroad, and on that ground was a candidate, but my sagacity snuff'd out the true Mrs. Wiggins, & Allsop has by this time deposited it at its destinⁿ, at Paris.

I could but admire the quirk by which you attempt to saddle me with the postage. You come into my lodgings, and expect me to pay your rent, because if I had not quitted you would not have been charged with it. When I threw off my post, I resigned with it both emoluments & incumbrances. You are welcome to all. Mrs. Hazlitt the second might just as well charge Mrs. H. the first with the postage. It is a perfect insult upon my understanding. Besides, 'tis mean in a gentleman on the establishm^t & not to be thought on. Well, I forgive you & heartily commending you to mind your ledger, & keep your eye on Mr. Chambers' balances, which you understand better than these matters, subscribe your friend,

Edward White, Esq., East India House.

C. L.

[White was an old colleague in Leadenhall Street.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'In his letter to Stoddart, 9th August, Lamb says "Hazlitt is resident at Paris," but W. Carew Hazlitt in the *Memoirs* makes no mention of this. He and his son arrived in England from their tour in France and Italy, 16th October 1825. Mrs. Hazlitt the second stayed behind, and wrote to Hazlitt that they had parted for ever! W. C. Hazlitt says that young Hazlitt strongly objected to his father's second marriage, and his attitude may have been partly the reason for Mrs. Hazlitt's action. See also Leigh Hunt to B. W. Procter, 13th July 1826: "Hazlitt has gone to France, and is to write a life of Bonaparte."']

505. TO SIR JOHN STODDART

DEAR KNIGHT—OLD ACQUAINTANCE

9 Aug. 1827.

'Tis with a violence to the *pure imagination* (*vide* the 'Excursion' *passim*) that I can bring myself to believe I am writing to Dr. Stoddart once again, at Malta. But the deductions of severe reason warrant the proceeding. I write from Enfield, where we are seriously weighing the advantages of dulness over the over-excitement of too much company,

but have not yet come to a conclusion. What is the news? for we see no paper here; perhaps you can send us an old one from Malta. Only, I heard a butcher in the market-place whisper something about a change of ministry. I don't know who's in or out, or care, only as it might affect *you*. For domestic doings, I have only to tell, with extreme regret, that poor Elisa Fenwick (that was)—Mrs. Rutherford—is dead; and that we have received a most heart-broken letter from her mother—left with four grandchildren, orphans of a living scoundrel lurking about the pothouses of Little Russell Street, London: they and she—God help 'em!—at New York. I have just received Godwin's third volume of the *Republic*, which only reaches to the commencement of the Protectorate. I think he means to spin it out to his life's thread. Have you seen Fearn's *Anti-Tooke*? I am not judge of such things—you are; but I think it very clever indeed. If I knew your bookseller, I'd order it for you at a venture: 'tis two octavos, Longman and Co. Or do you read now? Tell it not in the Admiralty Court, but my head aches *besterno vino*. I can scarce pump up words, much less ideas, congruous to be sent so far. But your son must have this by to-night's post.

I am sorry to say that he does not conduct himself so well as we could wish. He absented himself four days this week, (this is Tuesday) at Barnet with a chorus singer of the Coburg Theatre. Mr. Hine & I with difficulty got him away; but Doctor Raine, the head master, hushed it up with a slight imposition—viz: the translation of Gray's *Elegy* into Greek elegiacs—which I partly did for him. I write this with reluctance to offend the feelings of a father. I might a' been one if ***** had let me.

Manning is gone to Rome, Naples, etc., probably to touch at Sicily, Malta, Guernsey, etc.; but I don't know the map. Hazlitt is resident at Paris, whence he pours his lampoons in safety at his friends in England. He has his boy with him. I am teaching Emma Latin. By the time you can answer this, she will be qualified to instruct young ladies: she is a capital English reader: and S. T. C. acknowledges that a part of a passage in Milton she read better than he, and part he read best, her part being the shorter. But, seriously, if Lady St—— (oblivious pen, that was about to write *Mrs.*!) could hear of such a young person wanted (she smatters of French, some Italian, music of course), we'd send our loves by her. My congratulations and assurances of old esteem.

C. L.

[Stoddart had been appointed in 1826 Chief Justice and Justice of the Vice-Admiralty Court in Malta, and had been knighted in the same year. He had married Isabella Moncrieff in 1803, the year he went to Malta.

'A change of ministry.' On Liverpool's resignation early in 1827 Canning had been called in to form a new ministry, which he effected by an alliance with the Whigs.

Eliza Fenwick's father was Lamb's early associate, John Fenwick, the journalist, whom he immortalized as Ralph Bigod in the *Elia* essay, 'The Two Races of Men.'

'Godwin's Republic.' *History of the Commonwealth of England*, in four volumes, 1824-8.

'Fearn's Anti-Tooke.' *Anti-Tooke; or, An Analysis of the Principles and Structure of Language Exemplified in the English Tongue*, 1824.

'Hesternò vino.' With yesterday's wine.

The references to young Stoddart are, I imagine, a hoax which, Mr. Ralph Beals suggests, would be at once detected by Stoddart because Stoddart was probably the friend who commented, in Lamb's ignorance of Greek, on the translation of Homer by Charles Lloyd senior in 1809. The reference to assisting the boy in the Greek version of Gray's *Elgy* would be hint enough.

The five stars stand, I assume, for Fanny Kelly, to whom he had proposed in vain!]

506. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 10th August 1827.]

DEAR B. B.,

I have not been able to answer you, for we have had, and are having (I just snatch a moment), our poor quiet retreat, to which we fled from society, full of company, some staying with us, and this moment as I write almost a heavy importation of two old Ladies has come in. Whither can I take wing from the oppression of human faces? Would I were in a wilderness of Apes, tossing cocoa nuts about, grinning and grinned at!

Mitford was hoaxing you surely about my Engraving, tis a little sixpenny thing, too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery. There have been 2 editions of it, which I think are all gone, as they have vanish'd from the window where they hung, a print shop, corner of Great and Little Queen Streets, Lincolns Inn fields, where any London friend of yours may inquire for it; for I am (tho' you *won't understand it*) at Enfield (Mrs. Leishman's, Chase). We have been here near 3 months, and shall stay 2 more, if people will let us alone, but they persecute us from village to village. So don't direct to *Islington* again, till further notice.

I am trying my hand at a Drama, in 2 acts, founded on Crabbe's 'Confidant,' *mutatis mutandis*.

You like the *Odyssey*. Did you ever read my 'Adventures of Ulysses,' founded on Chapman's old translation of it? for children or *men*. Ch. is divine, and my abridgment has not quite emptied him of his divinity. When you come to town I'll show it you.

You have well described your old fashioned Grand-paternall Hall. Is it not odd that every one's earliest recollections are of some such place. I had my Blakesware (Blakesmoor in the 'London'). Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old Mansion [*one or two words wafered over*]; better if un-or-partially-occupied; people with the spirits of deceased members of [for] the County and Justices of the Quorum. Would I were buried in the peopled solitude of one, with my feelings at 7 years old.

Those marble busts of the Emperors, they seem'd as if they were to stand for ever, as they had stood from the living days of Rome, in that old Marble Hall, and I to partake of their permanency; Eternity was, while I thought not of Time. But he thought of me, and they are toppled down, and corn covers the spot of the noble old Dwelling and its princely gardens. I feel like a grasshopper that chirping about the grounds escaped his scythe only by my littleness. Ev'n now he is whetting one of his smallest razors to clean wipe me out, perhaps. Well!

[My Engraving.' Brook Pulham's caricature.

'Those marble busts of the Emperors.' See the *Elia* essay 'Blakesmoor in H—shire.')

507. TO FANNY KELLY

[Dated at end: 15th August 1827.]

DEAR MISS KELLY,

We are sorry to trouble you at a sad time, but Miss Ibbs, to whom you have been so kind, and for whom we are under such obligations to Mr. Arnold, has informed us that at Drury Lane there is a vacancy for a voice in the chorus. The singing master is the same as at your Opera House. Is it in your power to speak a good word for her at that Theatre? It would be a great benefit for the poor girl, and very much bind us to gratitude, if you only tried to do it. But we should be the last to impose an unpleasant task upon you at any time, much less now, when we should be sympathising with you. If you cannot do it pleasantly to yourself, don't cast away a thought upon it, but think us always

Your very sincere friends,

C. AND MARY LAMB.

Wednesday morning,

Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield.

August 15th, 1827.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Miss Kelly's mother died 1st August 1827.')

508. TO RICHARD PEAKE

MY DEAR SIR,

[No date, but probably 16th August 1827.]

I wish to interest you in behalf of the bearer, Miss Ibbs, who by Mr. Arnold's kindness began her little career of chorus singing at the English Opera House last season, and it would be of the greatest consequence to her poor finances, having a mother (as what poor Chorister has not?) to keep, if she could be admitted on your list for the ensuing season. I know I ought to write to Mr. Arnold, but perhaps you may be more acquainted with these detail arrangements than himself; pray do for her what you can, to put a little summer meat into the mouths of a family, that I have reason to think have not been satiated with animal dainties thro' the hungry winter months—She has been improving in acting she tells us at a Private Theatre and speaks better than she did. Forgive me this application with your habitual good humour, and present my kindest respects, with *this* if you think best, to Mr. Arnold. With the same to Mrs. Peake, I am

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Chase, Enfield. Thursd^y

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Richard Peake, father of Richard Brinsley Peake, the dramatist, was for forty years in the treasury office of Drury Lane.']

509. TO BERNARD BARTON

28th of Aug., 1827.

I have left a place for a wafer, but can't find it again.

DEAR B. B.,

I am thankful to you for your ready compliance with my wishes. Emma is delighted with your verses, to which I have appended this notice 'The 6th line refers to the child of a dear friend of the author's, named Emma,' without which it must be obscure: and have sent it with four Album poems of my own (your daughter's with *your* heading, requesting it a place next mine) to a Mr. Fraser, who is to be editor of a more superb Pocket book than has yet appeared by far! the property of some wealthy booksellers, but whom, or what its name, I forgot to ask. It is actually to have in it schoolboy exercises by his present Majesty and the late Duke of York, so Lucy will come to Court; how she will be stared at! Wordsworth is named as a Contributor. Frazer, whom I have slightly seen, is Editor of a forthcome or coming Review of foreign books, and is intimately connected with Lockhart, &c. so

I take it that this is a concern of Murray's. Walter Scott also contributes mainly. I have stood off a long time from these *Annals*, which are ostentatious trumpery, but could not withstand the request of Jameson, a particular friend of mine and Coleridge.

I shall hate myself in frippery, strutting along, and vying finery with Beaux and Belles

with 'Future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.'—

Your taste I see is less simple than mine, which the difference of our persuasions has doubtless effected. In fact, of late you have so frenchify'd your style, larding it with hors de combats, and au despoirs, that o' my conscience the Foxian blood is quite dried out of you, and the skipping Monsieur spirit has been infused. Doth Lucy go to Balls? I must remodel my lines, which I wrote for her. I hope A. K. keeps to her Primitives. If you have any thing you'd like to send further, I don't know Frazer's address, but I sent mine thro' Mr. Jameson, 19 or 20 Cheyne Street, Totnam Court road. I dare say an honourable place wou'd be given to them; but I have not heard from Frazer since I sent mine, nor shall probably again, and therefore I do not solicit it as from him.

Yesterday I sent off my tragi comedy to Mr. Kemble. Wish it luck. I made it all (tis blank verse, and I think, of the true old dramatic cut) or most of it, in the green lanes about Enfield, where I am and mean to remain, in spite of your peremptory doubts on that head.

Your refusal to lend your poetical sanction to my Icon, and your reasons to Evans, are most sensible. May be I may hit on a line or two of my own jocular. May be not.

Do you never Londonize again? I should like to talk over old poetry with you, of which I have much, and you I think little. Do your Drummonds allow no holydays? I would willingly come and w[ork] for you a three weeks or so, to let you loose. Would I could sell or give you some of my Leisure! Positively, the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and next to that perhaps—good works.

I am but poorlyish, and feel myself writing a dull letter; poorlyish from Company, not generally, for I never was better, nor took more walks, 14 miles a day on an average, with a sporting dog—Dash—you would not know the plain Poet, any more than he doth recognize James Naylor trick'd out au desperoy (how do you spell it.) En Passant, j'aime entendre da mon bon homme sur surveillance de croix, ma pas l'homme figuratif—do you understand me?

[The verses with which Emma was delighted were written for her album. Her namesake referred to in the sixth line was a child of Anne Knight, the Quaker lady who kept a school at Woodbridge. The pocket-book was *The*

Bijou, 1828, edited by William Fraser for Pickering. Only one of Lamb's contributions was included: his verses for his own album.

Jameson was Robert S. Jameson, to whom Hartley Coleridge addressed the sonnets to which Lamb alludes in Letter 349. He was the husband of Mrs. Jameson, author of *Sacred and Legendary Art*, but the marriage was not happy.

'Future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.' A line from some verses written by Lamb in more than one album. Probably originally intended for Emma Isola's album. The passage runs, answering the question, 'What is an Album?':

'Tis a Book kept by modern Young Ladies for show,
Of which their plain grandmothers nothing did know.
'Tis a medley of scraps, fine verse, and fine prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows.
The soft First Effusions of Beaux and of Belles,
Of future Lord Byrons and sweet L. E. L.'s.

L. E. L. was, of course, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, a famous contributor to the published albums, who had an unhappy affair with John Forster.

'My tiagi comedy' Still *The Wife's Trial*. Kemble was Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre. The play was never acted.

'Your refusal to lend your poetical sanction.' This is not clear, but I think the meaning to be deducible. The Icon was Henry Meyer's portrait of Lamb, painted in May 1826, and now at the India Office. Evans was William Evans, who had grangerized Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. I take it that he was now making another collection of portraits of poets and was asking other poets, their friends, to write verses upon them. In this way he had applied through Lamb to Barton for verses on Meyer's portrait of Elia, and had been refused.

'Your Drummonds.' Your bankers. Barton's bankers were the Alexanders, a Quaker firm.

'James Naylor.' Batton had paraphrased Naylor's *Testimony*.]

310. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 5th September 1827.]

DEAR DIB,

Emma Isola, who is with us, has opened an *ALBUM*: bring some verses with you for it on Sat^y evening. Any *fin* will do. I am teaching her Latin; you may make something of that. Don't be modest. For in it you shall appear, if I rummage out some of your old pleasant letters for rhymes. But an original is better.

Has your pa¹ any scrap?

C. L.

We shall be *MOST* glad to see your sister or *sisters* with you. Can't you contrive it? Write in that case.

[Both J. B. Dibdin and his father are represented in Emma Isola's album.]

¹ The infantile word for father.—C. L.

§11. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

DEAR *John*,

[P.M. 13th September 1827.]

Your verses are very pleasant, and have been adopted into the splendid Emmatic constellation, where they are not of the least magnitude. She is delighted with their merit and readiness. They are just the thing. The 14th line is found. We advertised it. Hell is cooling for want of company. We shall make it up along with our kitchen fire to roast you into our new House, where I hope you will find us in a few Sundays. We have actually taken it, and a compact thing it will be.

Kemble does not return till the month's end. My heart sometimes is good, sometimes bad, about it, as the day turns out wet or walky.

Emma has just died, choak'd with a Gerund in dum. On opening her we found a Participle in rus in the pericordium. The king never dies, which may be the reason that it always REIGNS here

We join in loves.

C. L. his orthograph.

what a pen!

the Uंबरella is cum bak.

[Lamb's new house on the Chase at Enfield still (1935) stands, probably much as it was. A tablet is affixed, both to that and to Westwood's, next door.]

§12. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[No date: Mid-September 1827.]

You will understand my silence when I tell you that my sister, on the very eve of entering into a new house we have taken at Enfield, was surprised with an attack of one of her sad long illnesses, which deprive me of her society, tho' not of her domestication, for eight or nine weeks together. I see her, but it does her no good. But for this, we have the snuggest, most comfortable house, with every thing most compact and desirable. Colebrook is a wilderness. The Books, prints, etc., are come here, and the New River came down with us. The familiar Prints, the Bust, the Milton, seem scarce to have changed their rooms. One of her last observations was 'how frightfully like this room is to our room in Islington'—our up-stairs room, she meant. How I hope you will come some better day, and judge of it! We have tried quiet here for four months, and I will answer for the comfort of it enduring.

On emptying my bookshelves I found an Ulysses, which I will send to A. K. when I go to town, for her acceptance—unless the Book be out of print. One likes to have one copy of every thing one does.

I neglected to keep one of 'Poetry for Children,' the joint production of Mary and me, and it is not to be had for love or money. It had in the title-page 'by the author of Mrs. Lester's School.' Know you any one that has it, and would exchange it?

Strolling to Waltham Cross the other day, I hit off these lines. It is one of the Crosses which Edw^d 1st caused to be built for his wife at every town where her corpse rested between Northamptonsh^r and London.

A stately Cross each sad spot doth attest,
Whereat the corpse of Elinor did rest,
From Herdby fetch'd—her Spouse so honour'd her—
To sleep with royal dust at Westminster.
And, if less pompous obsequies were thine,
Duke Brunswick's daughter, princely Caroline,
Grudge not, great ghost, nor count thy funeral losses:
Thou in thy life-time had'st thy share of crosses.

My dear B. B.—My head akes with this little excursion. Pray accept 2 sides for 3 for once.

And believe me

Chace side Enfield.

Yours sadly

C. L.

['An Ulysses.' Lamb's book for children, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, 1808.

'A stately Cross . . .' These verses were printed in the *Englishman's Magazine* for September 1831. Lamb's sympathies were wholly with Caroline of Brunswick, as his epigrams in the *Champion* show (see my edition of the *Works*).]

§13. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

[P.M. 18th September 1827.]

MY DEAR, AND NOW MORE SO, JOHN

How that name smacks! what an honest, full, English, and yet withal holy and apostolic sound it bears, above the methodistical priggish Bishoppy name of Timothy, under which I had obscured your merits!

What I think of the paternal verses, you shall read within, which I assure you is not pen praise but heart praise.

It is the gem of the Dibdin Muses.

I have got all my books into my new house, and their readers in a fortnight will follow, to whose joint converse nobody shall be more welcome than you, and *any of yours*.

The house is perfection to our use and comfort.

Milton is come. I wish Wordsworth were here to meet him. The next importation is of pots and saucepans, window curtains, crockery and such base ware.

The pleasure of moving, when Becky moves for you. O the moving Becky!

I hope you will come and *warm* the house with the first.
From my temporary domicile, Enfield.

ELIA, that 'is to go.'

['Milton' was the portrait, once the property of John Lamb, which was intended for Wordsworth, but was never his.]

§14. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR HOOD,

Tuesday [18th September 1827.]

If I have any thing in my head, I will send it to Mr. Watts. Strictly speaking he should have had my Album verses, but a very intimate friend importund me for the trifles, and I believe I forgot Mr. Watts, or lost sight at the time of his similar Souvenir. Jamieson conveyed the farce from me to Mrs. C. Kemble, *be* will not be in town before the 27th. Give our kind loves to all at Highgate, and tell them that we have finally torn ourselves out right away from Colebrooke, where I had *no* health, and are about to domiciliate for good at Enfield, where I have experienced *good*.

Lord what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!

See the rest in the Complete Angler. We have got our books into our new house. I am a drayhorse if I was not asham'd of the indigested dirty lumber, as I toppled 'em out of the cart, and blest Becky that came with 'em for her having an unstuff'd brain with such rubbish. We shall get in by Michael's mass. Twas with some pain we were evuls'd from Colebrook. You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door posts. To change habitations is to die to them, and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I dont know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. Tis an enterprise, and shoves back the sense of death's approximating, which tho' not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years, but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off in the flower of Colebrook. The Middletonian stream and all its echoes mourn. Even minnows dwindle. A parvis sunt MINIMI. I fear to invite Mrs. Hood to our new mansion, lest she envy it, & rote [? rate] us. But when we are fairly in, I hope she will come & try it. I heard she & you were made uncomfortable by some unworthy to be cared for attacks, and have tried to set up a feeble counteraction thro' the Table Book of last Saturday. Has it not

reach'd you, that you are silent about it? Our new domicile is no manor house, but new, & externally not inviting, but furnish'd within with every convenience. Capital new locks to every door, capital grates in every room, with nothing to pay for incoming & the rent £10 less than the Islington one. It was built a few years since at £1100 expence, they tell me, & I perfectly believe it. And I get it for £35 exclusive of moderate taxes. We think ourselves most lucky. It is not our intention to abandon Regent Street, & West End perambulations (monastic & terrible thought!), but occasionally to breathe the FRESHER AIR of the metropolis. We shall put up a bedroom or two (all we want) for occasional ex-rustication, where we shall visit, not be visited. Plays too we'll see,—perhaps our own. Urbani Sylvani, & Sylvan Urbanuses in turns. Courtiers for a spurt, then philosophers. Old homely tell-truths and learn-truths in the virtuous shades of Enfield, Liars again and mocking gibbers in the coffee houses & resorts of London. What can a mortal desire more for his bi-parted nature?

O the curds & cream you shall eat with us here!

O the turtle soup and lobster sallads we shall devour with you there!

O the old books we shall peruse here!

O the new nonsense we shall trifle over there!

O Sir T. Browne!—here.

O Mr. Hood & Mr. Jerdan there.

thine,

C (urbanus) L (sylvanus) (ELIA ambo)——

Inelos'd are verses which Emma sat down to write, her first, on the eve after your departure. Of course they are only for Mrs. H.'s perusal. They will shew at least, that one of our party is not willing to cut old friends. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes—Rhimes they are not, because of the blank verse. Heroics they are not, because they are lyric, lyric they are not, because of the Heroic measure. They must be call'd EMMAIICS.—

['Thro' the Table Book.' Lamb had contributed to Hone's *Table Book* a prose paraphrase of Hood's *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, just published, which had been dedicated to him, under the title 'The Defeat of Time.' In a previous number Moxon had addressed to Hood a eulogistic sonnet on the same subject. The attacks on Hood I have not sought.

'We shall put up a bedroom.' This project was very imperfectly carried out. Indeed, Lamb practically lost London from this date, his subsequent visits there being as a rule not fortunate.

'Mr. Jerdan.' William Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, of whom Lamb had the lowest opinion. Hood contributed to the paper.

'Sylvanus Urban' was the pseudonym invented by Cave for the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and retained in its later issues.

'Emmaics.' These verses are no longer forthcoming.]

§15. TO HENRY COLBURN

[Dated at end: 25th September 1827.]

DEAR SIR,

I beg leave in the warmest manner to recommend to your notice Mr. Moxon, the Bearer of this, if by any chance yourself should want a steady hand in your business, or know of any Publisher that may want such a one. He is at present in the house of Messrs. Longman and Co., where he has been established for more than six years, and has the conduct of one of the four departments of the Country line. A difference respecting Salary, which he expected to be a little raised on his last promotion, makes him wish to try to better himself. I believe him to be a young man of the highest integrity, and a thorough man of business; and should not have taken the liberty of recommending him, if I had not thought him capable of being highly useful.

I am,

Sir,

with great respect,

your hble Serv

CHARLES LAMB.

Enfield, Chace Side, 25th Sep. 1827.

[Moxon did not go to Colburn, but to Hurst & Co. in St. Paul's Church-yard.]

§16. TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, 25 Sept. '27.

A coach from the Bell, Holborn,

 $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 or $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 to the door.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Honestly, if you can come down alone, or accompanied with Miss Hamilton or Miss Gray, there is ample accommodation for you either at our lodgings, or in our new House, or elsewhere, for as many hours as Enfield shall be agreeable to you. If this week is most convenient, come this week; but if you have curiosity to see our new house, it is scarce in order till the next.

You will find Colebrook Cottage, with its old books etc. miraculously conveyed to Enfield in the night time. The New River is also come down with it.

It would give us the greatest gratification to see your party *next Sunday*. We dine *here*, and can go to criticise the *Manor House* after dinner: or Sunday after to dine in the *new House*!

Our best regards and most earnest wishes to Mr. Arnold to see him with you.

Our cordial thanks for your kindness to our strange-named friend.

Pray let us know if you all come; but come without that ceremony if alone.

My sister and Emma send loves, and I respects.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Mary would write, but she is making old carpets look like new.

[The strange-named friend would be Miss Ibbs.]

§17. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? 1st October 1827.]

Pray, send me the Table Book.

DEAR M.,

Our pleasant meeting[s] for some time are suspended. My sister was taken very ill in a few hours after you left us (I had suspected it),—and I must wait eight or nine weeks in slow hope of her recovery. It is her old complaint. You will say as much to the Hoods, and to Mrs. Lovekin, and Mrs. Hazlitt, with my kind love.

We are in the House, that is all. I hope one day we shall both enjoy it, and see our friends again. But till then I must be a solitary nurse.

I am trying Becky's sister to be with her, so don't say anything to Miss James.

Yours truly

CH. LAMB.

Monday. I will send your books soon.

[Miss James was, as we have seen, Mary Lamb's regular nurse. She had subsequently to be sent for.

Mrs. Lovekin was probably the widow of 'my cousin, the bookbinder.']

§18. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[Dated at end: 1st October (1827).]

DEAR R.,

I am settled for life I hope, at Enfield. I have taken the prettiest compactest house I ever saw, near to Antony Robinson's, but alas! at the expence of poor Mary, who was taken ill of her old complaint the night before we got into it. So I must suspend the pleasure I

expected in the surprise you would have had in coming down and finding us householders.

Farewell, till we can all meet comfortable. Pray, apprise Martin Burney. Him I longed to have seen with you, but our house is too small to meet either of you without her knowledge.

God bless you.

Chase Side
1st Oct^r.

C. LAMB.

[Anthony Robinson, a prominent Unitarian, a friend but no relation of Crabb Robinson's, had died in the previous January. His widow still lived at Enfield.]

§19. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

[Dated at end: 1st October 1827.]

All our pleasant prospects of seeing you here are dashed. Poor Mary was taken last night with the beginning of one of her sad illnesses, which last so long. I am here in a new house with her, and without her company. What I expected to be so comfortable has opened gloomily. But I hope she will get through it and enjoy our choice. I hardly know what I write. God bless you and our common friends.

Yours most truly,

Enfield, Chase Side.

CH. LAMB.

§20. TO JOHN BATES DIBDIN

MY DEAR DIBDIN,

[P.M. 2nd October 1827.]

It gives me great pain to have to say that I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you for some time. We are in our house, but Mary has been seized with one of her periodical disorders—a temporary derangement—which commonly lasts for two months. You shall have the first notice of her convalescence. Can you not send your manuscript by the Coach? directed to Chase Side, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance office. I will take great care of it.

Yours most Truly

C. LAMB.

§21. TO BARRON FIELD

Oct. 4th, 1827.

I am not in humour to return a fit reply to your pleasant letter. We are fairly housed at Enfield, and an angel shall not persuade me to

wicked London again. We have now six Sabbath days in a week for—*none*! The change has worked on my sister's mind, to make her ill; and I must wait a tedious time before we can hope to enjoy this place in unison. Enjoy it, when she recovers, I know we shall. I see no shadow, but in her illness, for repenting the step! For Mathews—I know my own utter unfitness for such a task. I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language even. An imitator of me, or rather pretender to be *me*, in his *Rejected Articles*, has made me minutely describe the dresses of the *poissardes* at Calais!—I could as soon resolve Euclid. I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis, and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for it its impression. I am sure you must have observed this defect, or peculiarity, in my writings; else the delight would be incalculable in doing such a thing for Mathews, whom I greatly like—and Mrs. Mathews, whom I almost greatlier like. What a feast 'twould be to be sitting at the pictures painting 'em into words; but I could almost as soon make words into pictures. I speak this deliberately, and not out of modesty. I pretty well know what I can't do.

My sister's verses are homely, but just what they should be; I send them, not for the poetry, but the good sense and goodwill of them. I was beginning to transcribe; but Emma is sadly jealous of its getting into more hands, and I won't spoil it in her eyes by divulging it. Come to Enfield, and *read it*. As my poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me, most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologised for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow she was 'welcome to come and look at it'—e.g. at *his house*—'as often as she pleased.' There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just *reading* enough from the backs of books for the '*nec sinit esse feros*'—had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy.—Thus you have a tale for a Sonnet.

, Adieu! with (imagine both) our loves.

C. LAMB.

[The suggestion had been made to Lamb, through Barron Field, that he should write a descriptive catalogue of Charles Mathews's collection of theatrical portraits; Lamb having already touched upon them in his 'Old Actors' articles in the *London Magazine* (see my edition of the *Works*). When they were exhibited, after Mathews's death, at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, Lamb's remarks were appended to the *catalogue raisonné*. They are now at the Garrick Club.

'An imitator of me.' P. G. Patmore's *Rejected Articles*, 1826, leads off with 'An Unsentimental Journey,' by Elia, which is, except for a fitful superficial imitation of some of Lamb's mannerisms, as unlike him as could well be.

Patmore tells us that his first meeting with the Lambs was immediately after they had seen his book; and they left the house intent upon reading it.

'My sister's verses.' I think these would probably be some lines on Emma learning Latin which appeared subsequently in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1829.

'Nec sinit esse ferus.'

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.

Ovid, *Ep. ex Ponto*, II. ix. 47.

A careful study of the liberal arts refines the manners and prevents their becoming rude.]

§22. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR HONE,

[No date: 6th October 1827.]

Having occasion to write to Clarke I put in a bit to you. I see no Extracts in this N^o. You should have three sets in hand, one long one in particular from Atreus and Thyestes, terribly fine. Don't spare 'em; with fragments, divided as you please, they'll hold out to Xmas. What I have to say is enjoined me most seriously to say to you by Moxon. Their country customers grieve at getting the Table Book so late. It is indispensable it should appear on Friday. Do it but *once*, & you'll never know the difference.

FABLE

A boy at my school, a cunning fox, for one penny ensured himself a hot roll & butter every morning for ever. Some favor'd ones were allowed a roll & butter to their breakfasts. He had none. But he bought one one morning. What did he do? He did not eat it, but cutting it in two, sold each one of the halves to a half-breakfasted Blue Boy for *his* whole roll to-morrow. The next day he had a whole roll to eat, and two halves to swap with other two boys, who had eat their cake & were still not satiated, for whole ones to-morrow. So on ad infinitum. By one morning's abstinence he feasted seven years after.

APPLICATION

Bring out the next N^o. on Friday, for country correspondents' sake. I[t] will be one piece of exertion, and you will go right ever after, for you will have just the time you had before, to bring it out ever after by the Friday.

You don't know the difference in getting a thing early. Your

correspondents are your authors. You don't know how an author frets to know the world has got his contribution, when he finds it not on his breakfast table.

ONCE in this case is EVER without a grain of trouble afterwards. I won't like you or speak to you if you don't try it once.

Yours, on that condition,

C. LAMB.

[Lamb's letter to Cowden Clarke was presumably not preserved. The advice was taken.

His extracts from Crowne's *Thyestes* were printed in Hone's *Table Book* late in 1827.]

523. TO HENRY DODWELL

October 7, 1827.

Let us meet if possible when you hobble to *town*. *Enfield Chase*, nearly opposite to the 1st chapel; or better to define it, east side opposite a white House in which a Mrs. Vaughan (in ill health) still resides.

MY DEAR DODWELL

Your little pig found his way to Enfield this morning without his feet, or rather his little feet came first, and as I guessed the rest of him soon followed. He is quite a beauty. It was a pity to kill him, or *rather*, as Rice would say, it would have been a pity not to kill him in his state of innocence. He might have lived to be corrupted by the ways of the world, and for all his delicate promise have turned out, like an old Tea Broker you and I remember, a lump of fat rusty Bacon. Bacon was a Beast, my friend at Calne, Marsh, used to say—or was it Bendry? A rasher of the latter still hangs up in Leadenhall. Your kind letter has left a relish upon my taste; it read warm and short as to-morrow's crackling.

I am not quite so comfortable *at home* yet as I should be else in the neatest compactest house I ever got—a perfect God-send; but for some weeks I must enjoy it alone. *She* always comes round again. It is a house of a few years' standing, built (for its size with every convenience) by an old humourist for himself, which he tired of as soon as he got warm in it. Grates, locks, a pump, convenience indescribable, and cheap as if it had been old and craved repairs. For me, who always take the first thing that offers, how lucky that the best should first offer itself! My books, my prints are up, and I seem (so like this room I write in is to a room there) to have come here transported in the night, like Gulliver in his flying house; and to add to the deception, the New River has come down from Islington with me. 'Twas what I wished

—to move my *house*, and I have realised it. Only instead of company seven nights in the week, I see my friends on the First Day of it, and enjoy six real Sabbaths. The Museum is a loss, but I am not so far but I can visit it occasionally: and I have exhausted the Plays there.

'Indisputably I shall allow no sage and onion to be cramm'd into the throat of so tender a suckling.

'Bread and milk with some odoriferous mint, and the liveret minced.

'Come and tell me when he cries, that I may catch his little eyes.

'And do it nice and *crips*.' (That's the Cook's word.) You'll excuse me, I have been only speaking to Becky about the dinner to-morrow. After it, a glass of seldom-drunk wine to my friend Dodwell, and, if he will give a stranger leave, to Mrs. Dodwell: then to the memory of the last, and of the last but one, learned Dodwell, of whom, but not whom, I have read so much. The next to the 'Outward and Homeward bound ships'—and, if the bottle lasts, to the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, the Court of Directors, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and Accomptant-General, of the East India Company, with a blunt bumper at parting to P—. All I can do, I cannot make P— look like a G—n, yet he is portly, majestic, hath his nods, his condescensions, his variety of behaviour to suit your Director, your Upper Clerk, your Ryles, and your Winfields; he tempers mirth with gravity, gives no affront, and expects to receive none, is honourable, mannered, of good bearing, looks like a man who, accustomed to respect others, silently extorts respect from them, has it as a sort of *in course*; without claiming it, finds it. What do I miss in him, then, of the essentials of gentlemanhood? He is right sterling—but then, somehow, he always has that d—d large Goldsmith's Hall mark staring upon him. Possibly he is too fat for a gentleman—then I think of Charles Fox in the Dropsy; and the burly old Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman, every stun of him!

I am afraid now you and — are gone, there's scarce an officer in the Civil Service quite comes up to my notion of a gentleman. D— certainly does *not*, nor his friend B—.

C— bobs. K— *curtsies*. W— bows like the son of a citizen; F— like a village apothecary; C— like the Squire's younger Brother; R— like a crocodile on his hind legs; H— never bows at all—at least to me. S— spulsters [*sic*] and stutters. W— halters and smatters. R— is a coal-heaver. Wolf wants my clothing. C— simmers, but never boils over. D— is a Butterfirkin, salt butter. C—, a pepper-box, cayenne. For A—, E—, and O—, I can answer that they have not the slightest pretensions to anything but rusticity. Marry, the remaining vowels had something

of civility about them. Can you make top or tail of this nonsense, or tell where it begins? I will page it. How an error in the outset infects to the end of life, or of a sheet of paper! Cordially adieu.

C. LAMB.

H. Dodwell, Esq., Maidenhead, Berks.

[Too late to be able to supply the names for the blanks: all old East India Company colleagues.]

§24. TO MARY SHELLEY (?)

(*Fragment*)

[Dated by internal evidence: 14th October 1827.]

. . . I have a most convenient mansion at Chase Side, Enfield, and have been in it a fortnight, and have locked up the doors of Colebrook Cottage. I have let it to the rats, they to find their own board. By a singular coincidence, when your letter came I was gone to town with Emma after a situation in a greatest family, with a Mrs. Compton that hath her town and country house and twenty servants—and they seem to approve of her. £25 a year salary. We shall have a definite answer in a few days & if it break off, I will let you know. But I fear it is only for a few months, still that is a beginning, and will be a recommendation. The summons came as I was making her cry over a passage in the story of Phaeton in Ovid. She has been very diligent, and has got on surprisingly for five months. It grieves me to give her up, but I must not let slip the chance. She readily understands any common latin if you speak it to her; and it made Parson Cary laugh to learn my familiar method of making her put 'Blast you' into elegant verbiage—*Deus afflet tibi*. How some parsons would have goggled and what would Hannah More say? I don't like clergymen, but here and there one. Cary, the Dante Cary, is a model, quite as plain as Parson Adams, without a shade of silliness.

[Phaethon's story is in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II. 31–332.

'*Deus afflet tibi*.' God breathe (poison) on you! The verb is used of the witch Canidia, worse than African serpents (Horace, *Satires*, II. VIII, end).

'Parson Adams.' In *Joseph Andrews*, where Fielding describes him as 'a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages' (Book I, chapter III.)]

525. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

Enfield.

[No date: ? November 1827.]

DEAR A.,

Don't come yet. The house is so small, Mary hears every person and every knock. She is very bad yet, but I hope ere long to have you here. Thanks for the paper. N.B., none came last week.

God bless you, and love to Mrs A.,

C. L.

526. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 4th December 1827.]

MY DEAR B. B.,

I have scarce spirits to write, yet am harass'd with not writing. Nine weeks are completed, and Mary does not get any better. It is perfectly exhausting. Enfield and every thing is very gloomy. But for long experience, I should fear her ever getting well.

I feel most thankful for the spinsterly attentions of your sister. Thank the kind 'knitter in the sun.'

What nonsense seems verse, when one is seriously out of hope and spirits! I mean that at this time I have some nonsense to write, pain of incivility. Would to the fifth heaven no coxcombess had invented Albums.

I have not had a Bijoux, nor the slightest notice from Pickering about omitting 4 out of 5 of my things. The best thing is never to hear of such a thing as a bookseller again, or to think there are publishers: second hand Stationers and Old Book Stalls for me. Authorship should be an idea of the Past.

Old Kings, old Bishops, are venerable. All present is hollow.

I cannot make a Letter. I have no straw, not a pennyworth of chaff, only this may stop your kind importunity to know about us.

Here is a comfortable house, but no tenants. One does not make a household.

Do not think I am quite in despair, but in addition to hope protracted, I have a stupifying cold and obstructing headache, and the sun is dead.

I will not fail to apprise you of the revival of a Beam.

Meantime accept this, rather than think I have forgotten you all.

Best rememb^e

Yours and theirs truly,

C. L.

['Knitter in the sun.' *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 44.]

§27. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[No date: ? *Early December 1827.*]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

Thanks for the Birds. Your announcement puzzles me sadly, as nothing came. I send you back a word in your letter, which I can positively make nothing [of] and therefore return to you as useless. It means to refer to the birds, but gives me no information. They are at the fire, however.

My sister's illness is the most obstinate she ever had. It will not go away, and I am afraid Miss James will not be able to stay above a day or two longer. I am desperate to think of it sometimes. 'Tis eleven weeks!

The day is sad as my prospects.

With kindest love to Mrs. A. and the children,

Yours,

C. L.

No Atlas this week. Poor Hone's good boy Alfred has fractured his skull, another son is returned 'dead' from the Navy office, & his Book is going to be given up, not having answered. What a world of troubles this is!

[The *Atlas* was the paper which Allsop sent to Lamb every week. His Book.' The *Table Book* was to close with the year.]

§28. TO LEIGH HUNT

[No date: About 11th December 1827.]

DEAR H.,

I am here almost in the eleventh week of the longest illness my sister ever had, and no symptoms of amendment. Some had begun, but relapsed with a change of nurse. If she ever gets well, you will like my house, and I shall be happy to show you Enfield country.

As to my head, it is perfectly at your or any one's service; either M[*e*]yers' or Hazlitt's, which last (done fifteen or twenty years since) White, of the Accountant's office, India House, has; he lives in Kentish Town: I forget where, but is to be found in Leadenhall daily. Take your choice. I should be proud to hang up as an alehouse sign even; or, rather, I care not about my head or anything, but how we are to get well again for I am tired out.

God bless you and yours from the worst calamity.—Yours truly

C. L.

Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hunt. H.'s is in a queer dress. M.'s would be preferable *ad populum*.

[Leigh Hunt had asked Lamb for his portrait to accompany his *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*. Hunt chose Meyer's picture, which was beautifully engraved, for his book, in the large-paper edition.]

529. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[20th December 1827.]

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

I have writ to say to you that I hope to have a comfortable Xmas-day with Mary, and I can not bring myself to go from home at present. Your kind offer, and the kind consent of the young Lady to come, we feel as we should do; pray accept all of you our kindest thanks: at present I think a visitor (good & excellent as we remember her to be) might a little put us out of our way. Emma is with us, and our small house just holds us, without obliging Mary to sleep with Becky, &c.

We are going on extremely comfortably, & shall soon be in capacity of seeing our friends. Much weakness is left still. With thanks and old rememb^{rs}. Yours,

C. L.

530. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 22nd December 1827.]

MY DEAR MOXON,

I am at length able to tell you that we are all doing well, and shall be able soon to see our friends as usual. If you will venture a winter walk to Enfield tomorrow week (Sunday 30th) you will find us much as usual; we intend a delicious quiet Christmas day, dull and friendless, for we have not spirits for festivities. Pray communicate the good news to the Hoods, and say I hope he is better. I should be thankful for any of the books you mention, but I am so apprehensive of their miscarriage by the stage,—at all events I want none just now. Pray call and see Mrs. Lovekin, I heard she was ill; say we shall be glad to see them some fine day after a week or so.

May I beg you to call upon Miss James, and say that we are quite well, and that Mary hopes she will excuse her writing herself yet; she knows that it is rather troublesome to her to write. We have rec^d her letter. Farewell, till we meet.

Yours truly,

Enfield.

C. LAMB.

§31. TO BERNARD BARTON

[No date: *End of 1827.*]

MY DEAR B.,

We are all pretty well again and comfortable, and I take a first opportunity of sending the *Adventures of Ulysses*, hoping that among us—Homer, Chapman, and C^o.—we shall afford you some pleasure. I fear, it is out of print, if not, A. K. will accept it, with wishes it were bigger; if another copy is not to be had, it reverts to me and my heirs *for ever*. With it I send a trumpery book to which, without my knowledge, the Editor of the *Bijoux* has contributed Lucy's verses: I am ashamed to ask her acceptance of the trash accompanying it. Adieu to Albums—for a great while, I said when I came here, and had not been fixed two days but my Landlord's daughter (not at the Pot house) requested me to write in her female friend's, and in her own; if I go to thou art there also, O all pervading ALBUM! All over the Leeward Islands, in Newfoundland, and the Back Settlements, I understand there is no other reading. They haunt me. I die of Albo-phobia!

['A trumpery book.' This was *The Christmas Box* for 1828, in which the lines to Lucy Barton first appeared.

Writing in the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831, in a review of his own *Album Verses*, Lamb amplifies his sentiments on albums. See my edition of the *Works*.

'If I go to —,' Psalm cxxxix. 7, Prayer Book version: 'If I go down to hell, thou art there also.'

On 26th December, having heard from Lamb that his sister was well again, Crabb Robinson went to see them at Enfield, and in the evening Mrs. Anthony Robinson, who lived opposite on the Chase, came over for a rubber. Lamb, he says, was delighted with his retirement and dreading, rather than seeking, visitors.]

§32. TO BARRON FIELD

[P.M. 3rd January 1828.]

MY DEAR B. F.,

I came to town on Monday, but did not see your brother Frank, he being engaged with the great man, and had no time to wait, or call on you, having very much to do before I got home. It will give us great pleasure to see you here, if you can take a bed at an Inn. I am very poorly, and have not spirits to pass a night in Town, or I would come up. Perhaps Talfourd would accompany you, or Frank if on a Sunday, if you will take pot luck. Mary is well, but we seem doom'd not to be both well together. Perhaps you can arrange it, to give us a line

beforehand. I have apprised the young man concerning Colborn, & he has been to him.

Believe me, well or ill (I am neither *much* just now)

Yours as Ever

C. LAMB.

Enfield Chase side, next the Phœnix Insurance office (Mr. Westwood's) Mary's love & mine to Mrs. F. if she is with you.

533. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

[9th January 1828.]

I have been very poorly and nervous lately, but am recovering sleep, &c. I do not invite or make engagements for particular days; but I need not say how pleasant your dropping in *any* Sunday morn^g would be. Perhaps Jameson would accompany you. Pray beg him to keep an accurate record of the warning I sent by him to old Pan, for I dread lest he should at the 12 months' end deny the warning. The house is his daughter's, but we took it through him, and have paid the rent to his receipts for his daughter's. Consult J. if he thinks the warning sufficient. I am very nervous, or have been, about the house; lost my sleep, & expected to be ill; but slumbered gloriously last night golden slumbers. I shall not relapse. You fright me with your inserted slips in the most welcome Atlas. They begin to charge double for it, & call it two sheets. How can I confute them by opening it, when a note of yours might slip out, & we get in a hobble? When you write, write real letters. Mary's best love & mine to Mrs. A.

Yours ever,

C. LAMB.

[The business part of this letter may refer to Colebrook Cottage.]

534. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

[P.M. (? January, Sunday) 1828.]

I have to thank you for despatching so much business for me. I am uneasy respecting the enclosed receipts which you sent me and are dated Jan. 1827. Pray get them chang'd by Mr. Henshall to 1828. I have been in a very nervous way since I saw you. Pray excuse me to the Hoods for not answering his very pleasant letter. I am very poorly. The 'Keepsake' I hope is return'd. I sent it back by Mrs. Hazlitt on Thursday. 'Twas blotted outside when it came. The rest I think are

mine. My heart bleeds about poor Hone, that such an agreeable book, and a Book there seem'd no reason should not go on for ever, should be given up, and a thing substituted which in its Nature cannot last. Don't send me any more 'Companions,' for it only vexes me about the Table Book. This is not weather to hope to see any body *to day*, but without any particular invitations, pray consider that we are *at any time* most glad to see you, You (with Hunt's 'Lord Byron' or Hazlitt's 'Napoleon' in your hand) or You simply with your switch &c. The night was damnable and the morning is not too bless-able. If you get my dates changed, I will not trouble you with business for some time. Best of all rememb^{ers} to the Hoods, with a malicious congratulation on their friend Rice's advancement.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Hone's *Table Talk* ceased with 1827: it was succeeded by a reprint, in monthly parts, of Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*.

The *Companion* was the periodical started by Leigh Hunt in 1828.

'Hazlitt's "Napoleon."' Of this work the first two volumes appeared in 1828, and the other two in 1830.

'Their friend Rice's advancement.' The Rev. Edward Rice had got the Christ's Hospital living of Horley in 1827.]

355. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 18th February 1828.]

DEAR M.,

I had rather thought to have seen you yesterday, or I should have written to thank you for your attentions in the Book way &c. Hone's address is, 22 Belvidere Place, Southwark. 'Tis near the Obelisk. I can only say we shall be most glad to see you, when weather suits, and that it will be a joyful surprisal to see the Hoods. I should write to them, but am poorly and nervous. Emma is very proud of her *Valentine*. Mary does not immediately want Books, having a damn'd consignment of Novels in MS. from Malta: which I wish the Mediteranean had in its guts. Believe me yours truly

C. L.

Monday.

[Emma's valentine probably came from Moxon, who, I feel sure, in spite of Lamb's utterance in a previous letter, had not yet told his love, although we know that it had budded.

'Novels in MS.' Lady Stoddart's, we may suppose. In the preceding summer Mary Lamb had written to her: 'I expect a packet of manuscript from you: you promised me the office of negotiating with booksellers, and so forth, for your next work.' She had contributed to the *London Magazine* under the name of Blackford.]

§36. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[P.M. 26th February 1828.]

MY DEAR ROBINSON,

It will be a very painful thing to us indeed, if you give up coming to see us, as we fear, on account of the nearness of the poor Lady you inquire after. It is true that on the occasion she mentions, which was on her return from last seeing her daughter, she was very heated and feverish, but there seems to be a great amendment in her since, and she has within a day or two passed a quiet evening with us. At the same time I dare not advise any thing one way or another respecting her daughter coming to live with her. I entirely disclaim the least opinion about it. If we named any thing before her, it was erroneously, on the notion that *she* was the obstacle to the plan which had been suggested of placing her daughter in a Private Family, *which seem'd your wish*. But I have quite done with the subject. If we can be of any amusement to the poor Lady, without self disturbance, we will. But come and see us after Circuit, as if she were not. You have no more affect^{ed} friends than C. AND M. LAMB.

['The poor Lady' was, I imagine, the widow of Anthony Robinson.]

§37. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, 10th Mar., 1828.

DEAR MISS KELLY,

Many thanks for your kind consideration about our young friend who is engaged to a clergyman's family near Bury, and it is settled that she goes there in April. But she and we are equally thankful for the communication. Emma has taken the liberty to name the situation to a young friend who will wait upon you immediately, and whom Emma thinks equally qualified with herself in French, and very *superior to her in music*, being a most excellent singer also. Emma hopes you will pardon her recommendation—from her intimate knowledge of her young friend, whose disposition she describes as excellent, and her parents and connections as most excellent also. She is about 18, and daughter to Mr. Adams, silversmith, no. 76 Strand, whom I have seen and greatly like. We think this to be the no.—but it is very near Adam Street, Adelphi; but she will call and beg to see Mrs. Bryan or you, supposing Mrs. B. to be still with you. Emma would write, but she is at a school here, where she passes all the time possible in giving a finish to her French and music before her final departure.

Mary is very well, thank God, and joins in thanks and our friendly remembrances to yourself and our common friends, and above all to good Mrs. Bryan, who has been so thoughtful for Emma.

We are fixed here at Enfield, on the Chase, next to Mr. Westwood's Insurance Office, where, whenever you can spare a day and a night, it would be most gratifying to see you with Mrs. Bryan.

Some of us will be in town ere long, and shall try to find you out in your new Old Dean Street, which we hope you find as pleasant as we did Henrietta Street. I should say something about our not having written to you for so long, but I am in haste to get this to the post with some others which must go by it, so pray accept a hasty but warm remembrance from us all.

Miss Adams has been five years at school at Mrs. Richardson's, Dulwich, with Emma, who is sure that Mrs. R. would give her the best of characters.

Pray believe us,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

[Emma Isola was about to take up a situation as governess with Mrs. Williams, wife of a clergyman, at Fornham, Suffolk.

'Dean Street.' Miss Kelly had moved to 73 Dean Street, where, in 1839, she built the theatre which was afterwards known as the Royalty.]

538. CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

March 19th, 1828.

MY DEAR M.,

It is my firm determination to have nothing to do with 'Forget-me-Nots'—pray excuse me as civilly as you can to Mr. Hurst. I will take care to refuse any other applications. The things which Pickering has, if to be had again, I have promised absolutely, you know, to poor Hood, from whom I had a melancholy epistle yesterday; beside that, Emma has decided objections to her own and her friend's Album verses being published; but if she gets over that, they are decidedly Hood's.

Till we meet, farewell. Loves to Dash.

C. L.

[Moxon seems to have asked Lamb for a contribution for one of Hurst's annuals, probably the *Keepsake*.

Hood, who was to edit the *Gem* for 1829, had been ill since the end of 1827, and about this very day (19th March) had gone to Brighton to convalesce. The change did him good at once.

'Dash.' Moxon seems to have been the present master of the dog.]

§39. TO THE REV. EDWARD IRVING

Enfield Chase,

3rd April, 1828.

DEAR SIR,

I take advantage from the kindness which I have experienced from you in a slight acquaintance to introduce to you my very respected friend Mr. Hone, who is of opinion that your interference in a point which he will mention to you may prove of essential benefit to him in some present difficulties. I should not take this liberty if I did not feel that you are a person not to be prejudiced by an obnoxious name. All that I know of him obliges me to respect him, and to request your kindness for him, if you can serve him.

With feelings of kindest respect,

I am, dear Sir,

yours truly,

CHAS. LAMB.

[Hone later became devout and even preached at the Weigh-House Chapel in Eastcheap.

I place here, although it probably belongs to a later period, a letter from Irving to Lamb.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am ashamed at having kept this book so long. I have drawn largely upon your good nature. And yet I feel assured that it is not exhausted; and that enough remains to forgive me. Come and look at my Books and see if any of them can be of service to your studies. I desire to be kindly remembered to Miss Lamb.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD IRVING.]

§40. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

April 3, 1828.

It is whispered me that you will not be unwilling to look into our doleful hermitage. Without more preface, you will gladden our cell by accompanying our old chums of the London, Darley and Allan Cunningham, to Enfield on Wednesday. You shall have hermit's fare, with talk as seraphical as the novelty of the divine life will permit, with an innocent retrospect to the world which we have left, when I will thank you for your hospitable offer at Chiswick, and with plain hermit reasons evince the necessity of abiding here.

Without hearing from you, then, you shall give us leave to expect you. I have long had it on my conscience to invite you, but spirits

have been low; and I am indebted to chance for this awkward but most sincere invitation.

Yours, with best love to Mrs. Cary,

C. LAMB.

Darley knows all about the coaches. Oh, for a Museum in the wilderness!

[Cary, who had been afternoon lecturer at Chiswick and curate of the Savoy, was now Assistant Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, with an official residence there. Hence the offer of Hogarth's House at Chiswick; where he had been living.]

On 4th April Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, where Miss Kelly and Moxon were fellow guests.

'Oh, for a Museum, etc.' Adapted from Cowper's beginning of book II of *The Task*, 'O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.']

541. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 21st April 1828.]

DEAR B. B.,

You must excuse my silence. I have been in very poor health and spirits, and cannot write letters. I only write to assure you, as you wish'd, of my existence. All that which Mitford tells you of H.'s book is rhodomontade, only H. has written unguardedly about me, and nothing makes a man more foolish than his own foolish panegyric. But I am pretty well cased to flattery, or its contrary. Neither affect me a turnip's worth. Do you see the Author of *May you Like it*? Do you write to him? Will you give my present plea to him of ill health for not acknowledg^g a pretty Book with a pretty frontispiece he sent me. He is most esteem'd by me. As for subscribing to Books, in plain truth I am a man of reduced income, and don't allow myself 12 shillings a-year to buy OLD BOOKS with, which must be my Excuse. I am truly sorry for Murray's demur, but I wash my hands of all booksellers, and hope to know them no more. I am sick and poorly and must leave off, with our joint kind rememb^{ces} to your daughter and friend A. K.

C. L.

['H.'s book.' In Hunt's *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* Lamb was praised very warmly.]

'The Author of *May you Like it*.' The Rev. C. B. Tayler.

The book with a pretty frontispiece was *A Fireside Book*, 1828, with a frontispiece by George Cruikshank.

'Murray's demur.' Probably an unfavourable reply to a suggestion of Barton's concerning a new volume.]

542. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: *Spring 1828.*]

MY DEAR HOOD,

Emmas hat came safe; and Emma, hat, and all, departed for Cambridge on Thursday, and will be at Bury to day. She has left an ugly gap in our society, which will not close hastily. I have only to say that Mrs. Hood & yourself will be most welcome, come when you will. It is not walking weather, but it is good whist weather within doors, and so—if this time just now suit you, or the weeks end, or the beginning of a finer, suit your convenience, only letting us know the day a day or two before—we have had all the world & his wife here in the last week or two, they seem to have come I know not whence—but they are all gone, and have left room for a quiet couple. We are quiet as death and lonely as his dark chambers—

but parting wears off, as we shall wear off—the great remedy is to be as merry as we can, and the great secret is how to be so—

come and relieve us—

both our best loves & wishes to see you

C. LAMB.

[Emma Isola was packing up for Bury on 29th April. The next Thursday was 2nd May. Some time later in the month, when she had written two letters, Lamb's invitation to Hood was accepted, as appears from Letter 545.]

543. TO WILLIAM HONE

Lnfield, *Wednesday,*
May 2, 1828.

DEAR H.,

Valter Vilson dines with us to-morrow. Vell! How I should like to see Hone!

C. LAMB.

Mr. Hone, 22, Belvidere Place, near the Obelisk, Southwark.

544. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. *3rd May 1828.*]

DEAR M.,

My friend Patmore, author of the 'Months,' a very pretty publication, [and] of sundry Essays in the 'London,' 'New Monthly,' &c., wants to dispose of a volume or two of 'Tales.' Perhaps they might chance to suit Hurst; but be that as it may, he will call upon you, *under favor of my recommendation*; and as he is returning to France, where he lives,

if you can do anything for him in the Treaty line, to save him dancing over the Channel every week, I am sure you will. I said I'd never trouble you again; but how vain are the resolves of mortal man! P. is a very hearty friendly fellow, and was poor John Scott's second, as I will be yours when you want one. May you never be mine!

Yours truly,

C. L.

Enfield.

[Patmore's book was entitled *The Mirror of the Months*, 1826.
'Scott's second.' In the fatal duel with Christie.]

545. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: May 1828.]

DEAR HOOD,

We will look out for you on Wednesday, be sure, tho' we have not eyes like Emma, who, when I made her sit with her back to the window to keep her to her Latin, literally saw round backwards every one that past, and, O, [that] she were here to jump up and shriek out 'There are the Hoods!' We have had two pretty letters from her, which I long to show you—together with Enfield in her May beauty.

Loves to Jane.

[Here follow rough caricatures of Charles and his sister, and] 'I can't draw no better.'

546. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO FANNY KELLY

Enfield, May 9th, 1828.

Miss Lamb rejoices in the hope of seeing Miss Kelly here on Sunday, Cakes and ale at the Barley Mow, as before. Could not Mrs. Bryan accompany her, as we are richer in beds than before by half a bed.

Charles suggests that perhaps Mr. Arnold will accompany them, which would make a day of it. Do try and persuade him. He shall either have Emma's little bed, and my brother go out, or the latter stay in, and Mr. Arnold *bed* at the Rising Sun. Do come all three.

This is neither note nor letter, confounding 1st and 3rd persons, and 'tis Mary's letter, and yet 'tis written by *me*.

Yours and all yours

C. AND M. LAMB.

Can you extricate this confusion of plurals and singulars? I cannot. Who's I?

547. CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

[No date: 23rd May 1828.]

We had meant to have tried to see Mrs. Wordsworth and Dora next Wednesday, but we are intercepted by a violent toothache which Mary has got by getting up next morning after parting with you, to be with my going off at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 Holborn. We are poor travellers, and moreover we have company (damn 'em) good people, Mr. Hone and an old crony not seen for 20 years, coming here on Tuesday, one stays night with us, and Mary doubts my power to get up time enough, and comfort enough, to be so far as you are. Will you name a day in the same or coming week that we can come to you in the morning, for it would plague us not to see the other two of you, whom we cannot individualize from you, before you go. It is bad enough not to see your Sister Dorothy.

God bless you sincerely

C. LAMB.

[By 'the other two of you' Lamb means Dora Wordsworth and Johnny Wordsworth. Lamb had already seen William. The address of the present letter is 'W. Wordsworth, Esq., 12 Bryanstone Street, Portman Square.']

548. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR,

JUNE 10th, 1828.

I long to see Wordsworth once more before he goes hence, but it would be at the expence of health and comfort my infirmities cannot afford. Once only I have been at a dinner party, to meet him, for a whole year past, and I do not know that I am not the worse for it now. There is a necessity for my drinking too much (don't show this to the Bishop of —, your friend) at and after dinner; then I require spirits at night to allay the crudity of the weaker Bacchus; and in the morning I cool my parched stomach with a fiery libation. Then I am aground in town, and call upon my London friends, and get new wets of ale, porter, &c.; then ride home, drinking where the coach stops, as duly as Edward set up his Waltham Crosses. This, or near it, was the process of my experiment of dining at Talfourd's to meet Wordsworth, and I am not well now. Now let me beg that we may meet here with assured safety to both sides. Darley and Procter come here on Sunday morning; pray arrange to come along with them. Here I can be tolerably moderate. In town, the very air of town turns my head and is intoxication enough, if intoxication knew a limit. I am a poor

country mouse, and your cates disturb me. Tell me you will come. We have a bed, and a half or three quarters bed, at all your services; and the adjoining inn has many. If engaged on Sunday, tell me when you will come; a Saturday will suit as well. I would that Wordsworth would come too. Pray believe that 'tis my health only, which brought me here, that frightens me from the wicked town. Mary joins in kind remembrances to Mrs Cary and yourself.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

549. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: ? Summer 1828.]

. . . I cannot apply to Southey. I could not if Mary were bringing out an annual. But Wordsworth will give you a note, no doubt; perhaps he will send my note on to him. We have been once in town to see W[ordsworth]; my sister for the first time for a year. . . . If Mrs. Hood is as desirous of seeing her as she is of seeing Jane, my! what a meeting 'twill be! what hugging and collying! You and I are graver. One advantage there is, Mary says, in your coming later. Ducks are getting cheaper. Only think of eight shillings a pair for Dyer and his wife! We constantly expect you by every six o'clock stage. How teasing! Bring my 'Specimens' with you, and also of both your best behaviours. . . .

[The text is from H. B. Smith, *A Sentimental Library*, pages 133-4. Hood was, I presume, asking Lamb to assist him in gathering materials for the *Gem*.]

550. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY

[Dated at end: 30th August 1828.]

In great haste setting out to town I write you lest you should by accident come down tomorrow. We shall see you.

Yours very truly

Enfield,

August 30th, 1828.

C. LAMB.

551. TO FANNY KELLY

DEAR MISS KELLY,

[12th September 1828.]

Emma's sister waits upon you to solicit two orders for any night that is convenient, according to your kind promise.

We are got safe home, rather quiet and rather dull, with a rainy day before us.

Mary joins in kind love, hoping to see you, with better weather, shortly.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Writing to Watts on 14th September 1828 Coleridge says: "To-morrow I am engaged to pay my long delayed visit to my dear friends, Charles and Mary Lamb at Enfield." Later Coleridge wrote to Stewart describing his visit and the ill effects of a twelve-mile walk in tight shoes.']

552. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 11th October 1828.]

A splendid edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim—why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle hat and staff transformed to a smart cockd beaver and a jemmy cane, his amice gray to the last Regent Street cut, and his painful Palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacriligious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely but good style as possible. The Vanity Fair, and the pilgrims there—the silly soothness in his setting out countenance—the Christian idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, the Lions so truly Allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's. The great head (the author's) capacious of dreams and similitudes dreaming in the dungeon. Perhaps you don't know *my* edition, what I had when a child: if you do, can you bear new designs from Martin, enameld into copper or silver plate by Heath, accompanied with verses from Mrs. Heman's pen—O how unlike his own—

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?
 Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
 Wouldst thou read riddles and their explanation?
 Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
 Dost thou love picking meat? or wouldst thou see
 A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
 Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
 Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?
 Or wouldst thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
 And find thyself again without a charm?
 Wouldst read *thyself*, and read thou knowst not what,
 And yet know whether thou art blest or not
 By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
 And lay my book, thy head and heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Shew me such poetry in any of the 15 forthcoming combinations of show and emptiness, yclept Annuals. Let me whisper in your ear that wholesome sacramental bread is not more nutritious than papistic wafer stuff, than these (to head and heart) exceed the visual frippery of Mitford's Salamander God, baking himself up to the work of creation in a solar oven, not yet by the terms of the context itself existing. Blake's ravings made genteel. So there's verses for thy verses; and now let me tell you that the sight of your hand gladdend me.

I have been daily trying to write to you, but paralysed. You have spurred me on this tiny effort, and at intervals I hope to hear from and talk to you. But my spirits have been in a deprest way for a long long time, and they are things which must be to you of faith, for who can explain depression? Yes I am hooked into the Gem, but only for some lines written on a dead infant of the Editor's, which being as it were his property, I could not refuse their appearing, but I hate the paper, the type, the gloss, the dandy plates, the names of contributors poked up into your eyes on 1st page, and whistled thro' all the covers of magazines, the barefaced sort of emulation, the unmodest candidature, bro't into so little space—in those old Londons a signature was lost in the wood of matter—the paper coarse (till latterly, which spoil'd them)—in short I detest to appear in an Annual.

What a fertile genius (an[d] a quiet good soul withal) is Hood. He has 50 things in hand, farces to supply the Adelphi for the season, a comedy for one of the great theatres, just ready, a whole entertainment by himself for Mathews and Yates to figure in, a meditated Comic Annual for next year, to be nearly done by himself.—You'd like him very much. Wordsworth I see has a good many pieces announced in one of em, not our Gem. W. Scott has distributed himself like a bribe haunch among 'em. Of all the poets, Cary has had the good sense to keep quite clear of 'em, with Clergy-gentle-manly right notions. Don't think I set up for being proud in this point, I like a bit of flattery tickling my vanity as well as any one. But these pompous masquerades without masks (naked names or faces) I hate. So there's a bit of my mind. Besides they infallibly cheat you, I mean the booksellers. If I get but a copy, I only expect it from Hood's being my friend. Coleridge has lately been here. He too is deep among the Prophets—the Year-servers—the mob of Gentleman Annuals. But they'll cheat him, I know.

And now, dear B. B., the Sun shining out merrily, and the dirty clouds we had yesterday having washd their own faces clean with their own rain, tempts me to wander up Winchmore Hill, or into some of the delightful vicinages of Enfield, which I hope to show you at some

time when you can get a few days up to the great Town. Believe me it would give both of us great pleasure to show you all three (we can lodge you) our pleasant farms and villages.—

We both join in kindest loves to you and yours.—

CH. LAMB REDIVIVUS.

Saturday.

[The edition of Bunyan was that published for Barton's friend, John Major, and John Murray in 1830, with a life of Bunyan by Southey, and illustrations by John Martin and W. Harvey, and a prefatory poem, not by Mrs. Hemans but by Bernard Barton, immediately before Bunyan's 'Author's Apology for his Book,' from which Lamb quotes.

'A jemmy cane.' One carried by a Jemmy Jessamy, a dandy.

'Amice gray.' Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 427.

'Pidcock's.' Pidcock showed his lions at Bartholomew Fair; he was succeeded by Polito of Exeter Change.

'Heath.' This was Charles Heath (1785–1848), son of James Heath, a great engraver of steel plates for the *Annuals*.

'Mitford's Salamander God.' I cannot explain this, except by Mr. Macdonald's supposition that Lamb meant to write 'Martin's.'

'The Gem.' See note to Letter 555.

Hood's entertainment for Mathews and Frederick Yates, then joint-managers of the *Adelphi*, I have not identified. Authors' names on play-bills were, in those days, unimportant. The play was the thing.

'A bribe haunch.' Lamb was remembering Falstaff's remark to Mistress Ford (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act v, scene v): 'Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch.' Bribe means poached.

Coleridge and the *Annuals*. For example, Coleridge's *Names* was in the *Keepsake* for 1829; his *Lines written in the Album at Elbingerode* in part in the *Amulet* for 1829. He had also contributed previously to the *Literary Souvenir*, the *Amulet*, and the *Byou*.

'The mob of Gentleman *Annuals*.' From Pope, *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*: 'The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.']

553. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

DEAR TALFOURD, [No date: Probably 15th October 1828.]

You could not have told me of a more friendly thing than you have been doing. I am proud of my namesake. I shall take care never to do any dirty action, pick pockets, or anyhow get myself hanged, for fear of reflecting ignominy upon your young Chrisom. I have now a motive to be good. I shall not *omnis moriar*;—my name borne down the black gulf of oblivion.

I shall survive in eleven letters, five more than Cæsar. Possibly I shall come to be knighted, or more! Sir C. L. Talfourd, Bart.

Yet hath it an authorish twang with it, which will wear out my name for poetry. Give him a smile from me till I see him! If you do not

drop down before, some day in the *week after next* I will come and take one night's lodging with you, if convenient, before you go hence. You shall name it. We are in town to-morrow *speciali gratia*, but by no arrangement can get up near you.

Believe us both, with greatest regards, yours and Mrs. Talfourd's.

CHARLES LAMB-PHILO-TALFOURD.

I come as near it as I can.

[Talfourd had named his newly born son Charles Lamb Talfourd. The boy lived only until 1835.

'I shall not,' etc. 'Non omnis moriar': I shall not wholly die.—Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx. 6.]

554. TO SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD

SIR,

Enfield, November 9 1828.

I beg to return my acknowledgments for the present of your elegant volume, which I should have esteemed, without the bribe of the name prefixed to it. I have been much pleased with it throughout, but am most taken with the peculiar delicacy of some of the sonnets. I shall put them up among my poetical treasures.

Your obliged Servant,

C. LAMB.

[The book was *Lyric Offerings*, inscribed to Charles Lamb, just issued through Harrison Ainsworth by Samuel Laman Blanchard (1801-45), who, after Lamb's death, contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine* some additional 'Popular Fallacies.']

555. TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: ? Early December 1828.]

DEAR LAMB,

Enfield.

You are an impudent varlet; but I will keep your secret. We dine at Ayrton's on Thursday, and shall try to find Sarah and her two spare beds for that night only. Miss M. and her tragedy may be d—d: so may *not* you and your rib. Health attend you.

Yours,

T. HOOD, ESQ.

Miss Bridget Hood sends love.

[In the *Gem*, 1829, in addition to his poem, *On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born*, Lamb was credited with a piece of prose, entitled 'A Widow,' which was really the work of Hood.

'Miss M. and her tragedy.' I fancy Miss M. would be Miss Mitford, and her tragedy *Rienzi*, produced at Drury Lane, 9th October 1828. It was a success.]

556. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? December 1828.]

As I see no blood-marks on the Green Lanes Road, I conclude you got in safe skins home. Have you thought of inquiring Miss Wilson's change of abode? Of the 2 copies of my drama I want one sent to Wordsworth, together with a complete copy of Hone's 'Table Book,' for which I shall be your debtor till we meet. Perhaps Longman will take charge of this parcel. The other is for Coleridge at Mr. Gilman's, Grove, Highgate, which may be sent, or, if you have a curiosity to see him you will make an errand with it to him, & tell him we mean very soon to come & see him, if the Gilmans can give or get us a bed. I am ashamed to be so troublesome. Pray let Hood see the 'Ecclectic Review'—a rogue! The 2^d parts of the Blackwood you may make waste paper of.

Yours truly,

C. L.

[I do not identify Miss Wilson. Perhaps a relation of Walter Wilson, or even of the professor, 'Christopher North.' Lamb's drama was *The Wife's Trial* in *Blackwood* for December 1828. The same number of the *Ecclectic Review* referred to Hood's parody of Lamb as profaning Leslie's picture of the widow by its 'heartless ribaldry.' By the 2^d parts of *Blackwood* Lamb referred, I imagine, to the pages on which his play was not printed.]

557. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 5th December 1828.]

I am ashamed to receive so many nice Books from you, and to have none to send you in return; You are always sending me some fruits or wholesome pot-herbs, and mine is the garden of the Sluggard, nothing but weeds or scarce they. Nevertheless if I knew how to transmit it, I would send you Blackwood's of this month, which contains a little Drama, to have your opinion of it, and how far I have improved, or otherwise, upon its prototype. Thank you for your kind Sonnet. It does me good to see the Dedication to a Christian Bishop. I am for a Comprehension, as Divines call it, but so as that the Church shall go a good deal more than halfway over to the Silent Meeting house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only *Professors* of Christianity as I read it in the Evangiles; I say *Professors*—marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities—they are much at one with the sinful. Martin's frontispiece is a very fine thing, let C. L. say what he please to the contrary. Of the Poems, I like them as a

volume better than any one of the preceding; particularly, Power and Gentleness; The Present; Lady Russell—with the exception that I do not like the noble act of Curtius, true or false, one of the grand foundations of old Roman patriotism, to be sacrificed to Lady R.'s taking notes on her husband's trial. If a thing is good, why invidiously bring it into light with something better? There are too few heroic things in this world to admit of our marshalling them in anxious etiquettes of precedence. Would you make a poem on the Story of Ruth (pretty Story!) and then say, Aye, but how much better is the story of Joseph and his Brethren!—to go on, the Stanzas to 'Chalon' want the *name* of Clarkson in the body of them; it is left to inference. The Battle of Gibeon is spirited again—but you sacrifice it in last stanza to the Song at Bethlehem. Is it quite orthodox to do so. The first was good, you suppose, for that dispensation. Why set the word against the word? It puzzles a weak Christian. So Watts's Psalms are an implied censure on David's. But as long as the Bible is supposed to be an equally divine Emanation with the Testament, so long it will stagger weaklings to have them set in opposition. Godiva is delicately touch'd. I have always thought it a beautiful story characteristic of old English times. But I could not help amusing myself with the thought—if Martin had chosen this subject for a frontispiece—there would have been in some dark corner a white Lady, white as the Walker on the waves—riding upon some mystical quadruped—and high above would have risen 'tower above tower a massy structure high' the Tenterden steeples of Coventry, till the poor Cross would scarce have known itself among the clouds, and far above them all, the distant Clint hills peering over chimney pots, piled up, Ossa-on-Olympus fashion, till the admiring Spectator (admirer of a noble deed) might have gone look for the Lady, as you must hunt for the other in the Lobster. But M. should be made Royal Architect. What palaces he would pile—but then what parliamentary grants to make them good! ne'ertheless I like the frontispiece. The Elephant is pleasant; and I am glad you are getting into a wider scope of subjects. There may be too much, not religion, but too many *good words* into a book, till it becomes, as Sh. says of religion, a rhapsody of words. I will just name that you have brought in the Song to the Shepherds in four or five if not six places. Now this is not good economy. The Enoch is fine; and here I can sacrifice to it, because 'tis illustrative only, and not disparaging of the latter prophet's departure. I like this best in the Book. Lastly, I much like the Heron, 'tis exquisite: know you Lord Thurlow's Sonnet to a Bird of that sort on Lacken water? If not, 'tis indispensable I send it you, with my Blackw^d., if you tell me how best to send them. Fludyer is pleasant.

You are getting gay and Hood-ish. What is the Enigma? money—if not, I fairly confess I am foiled—and sphynx must [*here are words crossed through*] 4 times I've tried to write eat—eat me—and the blotting pen turns it into cat me. And now I will take my leave with saying I esteem thy verses, like thy present, honour thy frontispicer, and right-reverence thy Patron and Dedicatee, and am, dear B. B.

Yours heartily,

C. L.

Our joint kindest Loves to A. K. and your Daughter.

[Barton's new book was *A New Year's Eve and Other Poems*, 1828, dedicated to Charles Richard Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

Chalon was the painter of a portrait of Thomas Clarkson.

Martin's frontispiece represented Christ walking on the water.

'Tower above tower.' A composite quotation, made up of Milman's 'Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame' (*Belshazzar*), and Milton's 'In Heav'n by many a tower'd structure high' (*Paradise Lost*, l. 733).

'Tenterden steeples of Coventry.' Towers as high as the steeple of Tenterden in Kent.

'In the Lobster.' Referring to that part of a lobster which is called Eve.

'The Elephant.' Some mildly humorous verses *To an Elephant*.

'As Sh. says of religion.' Shakespeare, I assume, in *Hamlet*, III. iv. 47-8:

And sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words.

Fludyer was a poem to Sir Charles Fludyer on the devastation effected on his marine villa at Felixstowe by the encroachments of the sea. The answer to the enigma, Mrs. FitzGerald (Lucy Barton) told Canon Ainger, was not money but an auctioneer's hammer.

In the following letter Lamb refers again to 'A Widow,' Hood's parody of him.]

558. TO THOMAS HOOD

DEAR HOOD,

17th Dec [1828].

Pray make my sister's kind excuses in the best way you can to Mrs. Hood for not answering her very friendly letter, which she is very much pleased at receiving. We have hopes of seeing Emma the week after Christmas, but only for a very short holyday, I hardly think we shall come to town during her short stay. But if possible, I will contrive to see your farce. For that unlucky paper in the *Gem*, I will say all that is in my mind, that it may never enter as a topic of conversation between us, nor rise up to disturb a friendship which I value.

When I got the proof sheet, I was puzzled and stagger'd. I did not at all expect that you would put my name to anything; I only understood you were going to write something in my way. However, I did accept it, and by that acceptance am bound to incur whatever penalties &c—with the exception of two words in inverted commas near the

beginning, which has raised up all the stir, I see no reason why any objection should have been raised against it. But Robinson in a large company at Bury was publicly taxed for having been formerly a praiser of my writings, and the obnoxious passage triumphantly appealed to with 'See what your friend Lamb can write.' I do not know whether you know that those words to a common tune,—they are prefixed to one of Moore's Melodies—are taken from some very old indelicate song, which neither I nor any-one I ever met with, I believe, ever saw, but 'tis tradition, and I thought it had pass'd into a mere name of a tune (as it stands in the Melodies) & would be past over. But so many Enemies are about in worthless Journals to pick a hole in poor Authors' coats, that I only wonder we came off so easily.

Had any one of them spoken out, it must have ruin'd the sale of the Book to all purposes. As it is, I cannot send it to *Bury* as I purpose but have sent it to my little Godson at Brighton. This outcry could not have been foreseen by you, and I consider it as *unlucky* only. If I have any quarrel with you, it WAS (for I have made it up from my heart) that when I went to your house two days after receiving said proof, I found the volume done up, and a few days after a censure of it in a weekly thing, so that I had no option of taking or declining the said honour.

I think you had better let it drop, or say we did it between us & make light of it. I did confess it to R. & to one more, but acquitted you of all blame, believing that you thought you had my assent to it.

Having exhausted all my ill blood in the above, let it be as it had never been, & us old friends to the latest day as ever.

I'll come & see the farce—
& God bless you both—

C L

['My little Godson at Brighton.' The infant Talfourd.
The two unfortunate words were 'Black Joke.']

559. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE

[December 1828.]

MY DEAR THREE C.'S,

The way from Southgate to Colney Hatch thro' the unfrequentedest Blackberry paths that ever concealed their coy bunches from a truant Citizen, we have accidentally fallen upon—the giant Tree by Cheshunt we have missed, but keep your chart to go by, unless you will be our conduct—at present I am disabled from further flights than just to skirt round Clay Hill, with a peep at the fine black woods, by strained

tendons, got by skipping a skipping-rope at 53—heu mihi non sum qualis. But do you know, now you come to talk of walks, a ramble of four hours or so—there and back—to the willow and lavender plantations at the south corner of Northaw Church by a well dedicated to Saint Claridge, with the clumps of finest moss rising hillock fashion, which I counted to the number of two hundred and sixty, and are called ‘Claridge’s covers’—the tradition being that that saint entertained so many angels or hermits there, upon occasion of blessing the waters? The legends have set down the fruits spread upon that occasion, and in the Black Book of St. Albans some are named which are not supposed to have been introduced into this island till a century later. But waiving the miracle, a sweeter spot is not in ten counties round; you are knee deep in clover, that is to say, if you are not above a middling man’s height; from this paradise, making a day of it, you go to see the ruins of an old convent at March Hall, where some of the painted glass is yet whole and fresh.

If you do not know this, you do not know the capabilities of this country, you may be said to be a stranger to Enfield. I found it out one morning in October, and so delighted was I that I did not get home before dark, well a-paid.

I shall long to show you the clump meadows, as they are called; we might do that, without reaching March Hall. When the days are longer, we might take both, and come home by Forest Cross, so skirt over Pennington and the cheerful little village of Churchley to Forty Hill.

But these are dreams till summer; meanwhile we should be most glad to see you for a lesser excursion—say, Sunday next, you and another, or if more, best on a weekday with a notice, but o’ Sundays, as far as a leg of mutton goes, most welcome. We can squeeze out a bed. Edmonton coaches run every hour, and my pen has run out its quarter. Heartily farewell.

[Much of the ‘Lamb country’ touched upon in this letter is now built on. ‘Non sum qualis [eram]’: I am not the man I was.—Horace, *Odes*, iv. 1. 3. ‘The giant Tree by Cheshunt’ is Goff’s Oak. Moxon wrote a sonnet on it. ‘The Black Book of St. Albans.’ The Black Books exposed abuses in the Church.]

560. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

MY DEAR PROCTER,

[P.M. 19th January 1829.]

I am ashamed to have not taken the drift of your pleasant letter, which I find to have been pure invention. But jokes are not suspected in Bæotian Enfield. We are plain people; and our talk is of corn, and

cattle, and Waltham markets. Besides, I was a little out of sorts when I received it. The fact is, I am involved in a case which has fretted me to death; and I have no reliance, except on you, to extricate me. I am sure you will give me your best legal advice, having no professional friend besides but Robinson and Talfourd, with neither of whom at present I am on the best terms. My brother's widow left a will, made during the lifetime of my brother, in which I am named sole executor, by which she bequeaths forty acres of arable property, which it seems she held under Covert Baron, unknown to my brother, to the heirs of the body of Elizabeth Dowden, her married daughter by a first husband, in fee-simple, recoverable by fine—*invested* property, mind; for there is the difficulty—subject to leet and quit-rent; in short, worded in the most guarded terms, to shut out the property from Isaac Dowden, the husband. Intelligence has just come of the death of this person in India, where he made a will, entailing this property (which seem'd entangled already) to the heirs of his body, that should not be born of his wife; for it seems by the law in India, natural children can recover. They have put the cause into Exchequer process, here removed by Certiorari from the native Courts; and the question is, whether I should, as executor, try the cause here, or again re-remove it to the Supreme Sessions at Bangalore? (which I understand I can, or plead a hearing before the Privy Council here). As it involves all the little property of Elizabeth Dowden, I am anxious to take the fittest steps, and what may be least expensive. Pray assist me, for the case is so embarrassed, that it deprives me of sleep and appetite. M. Burney thinks there is a case like it in Chapt. 170, sect. 5, in Fearn's Contingent Remainders. Pray read it over with him dispassionately, and let me have the result. The complexity lies in the questionable power of the husband to alienate . . .

I had another favour to beg, which is the beggarliest of beggings.

A few lines of verse for a young friend's Album (six will be enough). M. Burney will tell you who she is I want 'em for. A girl of gold. Six lines—make 'em eight—signed Barry C—. They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. But I shall be seriously obliged by any refuse scrap. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having Albums.' I fled hither to escape the Album-persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours, when the daughter of the next house came in with a friend's Album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will

Albums be. New Holland has Albums. But the age is to be complied with. M. B. will tell you the sort of girl I request the ten lines for. Somewhat of a pensive cast, what you admire. The lines may come before the Law question, as that can not be determined before Hilary Term, and I wish your deliberate judgment on that. The other may be flimsy and superficial. And if you have not burnt your returned letter, pray re-send it me, as a monumental token of my stupidity. 'Twas a little unthinking of you to touch upon a sore subject. Why, by dabbling in those accursed Albums, I have become a byword of infamy all over the kingdom. I have sicken'd decent women for asking me to write in Albums. There be 'dark jests' abroad, Master Cornwall; and some riddles may live to be clear'd up. And 'tis not every saddle is put on the right steed; and forgeries and false Gospels are not peculiar to the Age following the Apostles. And some tubs don't stand on their right bottoms. Which is all I wish to say in these ticklish Times—and so your Servant,

CHS. LAMB.

[We do not know the nature of the 'bite' that Procter had put upon Lamb; but Lamb quickly retaliated with the first paragraph of this letter, which is mainly invention. In his *Old Acquaintance* Mr. Fields wrote: 'He [Procter] told me that the law question raised in this epistle was a sheer fabrication of Lamb's, gotten up by him to puzzle his young correspondent, the conveyancer. The coolness referred to as between himself and Robinson and Talfourd, Procter said, was also a fiction invented by Lamb to carry out his legal mystification.'

At the end of the first paragraph came some words in another hand: '*in usum* enfeoffments whereof he was only collaterally seized, &c.' beneath which Lamb wrote: 'The above is some of M. Burney's memoranda which he has left me, and you may cut out and give him.' The original is in the Harvard University Library.]

561. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

Jan. 22nd, 1829.

Don't trouble yourself about the verses. Take 'em coolly as they come. Any day between this and Midsummer will do. Ten lines the extreme. There is no mystery in my incognita. She has often seen you, though you may not have observed a silent brown girl, who for the last twelve years has run wild about our house in her Christmas holidays. She is Italian by name and extraction. Ten lines about the blue sky of her country will do, as it 's her foible to be proud of it. But they must not be over courtly or Lady-fied as she is with a Lady who says to her 'go and she goeth; come and she cometh.' Item, I have made her a tolerable Latinist. The verses should be moral too, as for a Clergyman's

family. She is called Emma Isola. I approve heartily of your turning your four vols. into a lesser compass. 'Twill Sybillise the gold left. I shall, I think, be in town in a few weeks, when I will assuredly see you. I will put in here loves to Mrs. Procter and the Anti-Capulets, because Mary tells me I omitted them in my last. I like to see my friends here. I have put my lawsuit into the hands of an Enfield practitioner—a plain man, who seems perfectly to understand it, and gives me hopes of a favourable result.

Rumour tells us that Miss Holcroft is married; though the varlet has not had the grace to make any communication to us on the subject. Who is Badman, or Bed'em? Have I seen him at Montacute's? I hear he is a great chymist. I am sometimes chymical myself. A thought strikes me with horror. Pray heaven he may not have done it for the sake of trying chymical experiments upon her,—young female subjects are so scarce! Louisa would make a capital shot. An't you glad about Burke's case? We may set off the Scotch murders against the Scotch novels—Hare, the Great Un-hanged.

Martin Burney is richly worth your knowing. He is on the top scale of my friendship ladder, on which an angel or two is still climbing, and some, alas! descending. I am out of the literary world at present. Pray, is there anything new from the admired pen of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*? Has Mrs. He-mans (double masculine) done anything pretty lately? Why sleeps the lyre of Hervey, and of Alaric Watts? Is the muse of L. E. L. silent? Did you see a sonnet of mine in Blackwood's last? Curious construction! *Elaborata facilitas*! And now I'll tell. 'Twas written for the 'Gem'; but the editors declined it, on the plea that it would *shock all mothers*; so they published 'The Widow' instead. I am born out of time. I have no conjecture about what the present world calls delicacy. I thought 'Rosamund Gray' was a pretty modest thing. Hessey assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn the age; I will write for Antiquity!'

Erratum in sonnet:—Last line but something, for *tender*, read *tend*. The Scotch do not know our law terms; but I find some remains of honest, plain, old writing lurking there still. They were not so mealy-mouthed as to refuse my verses. Maybe, 'tis their oatmeal.

Blackwood sent me £20 for the drama. Somebody cheated me out of it next day; and my new pair of breeches, just sent home, cracking at first putting on, I exclaimed, in my wrath, 'All tailors are cheats, and all men are tailors.' Then I was better.

[This letter breaks off abruptly here. But there is a fragment of another letter, undated, which may be appended to it.

'Your four vols.' Procter's poetical works, in three volumes, were published in 1822. Since then he had issued *The Flood of Thessaly*, 1823. He was perhaps meditating a new one-volume selection.

'Sybillise.' According to tradition, a Sibyl offered to King Tarquin of Rome nine books at a high price. He refused them. She then burnt three, and offered six at the same price. Tarquin still refusing the offer, she burnt three more, and appeared with the remaining three, which were bought and preserved with great care.

'Anti-Capulets.' The Basil Montagus.

'Badman.' Louisa Holcroft married Carlyle's friend Badams, a manufacturer and scientific experimentalist of Birmingham, with whom the philosopher spent some weeks in 1827 in attempting a cure for dyspepsia (see the *Early Recollections*).

'Burke's case.' William Burke and William Hare, the body-snatchers and murderers of Edinburgh, who killed persons to sell their corpses to Knox's school of anatomy. Burke was hanged a week later than this letter, on 28th January. Hare turned king's evidence and disappeared. A 'shot' was a subject in these men's vocabulary. The author of the Waverley novels—the Great Unknown—had, of course, become known long before this.

'Martin Burney.' In 1818 Lamb had dedicated the prose volume of his *Works* to Burney, in a sonnet ending with the lines:

Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.

Hervey was Thomas Kibble Hervey (1799–1859), a great album poet.

'A sonnet of mine in Blackwood.' In the number for January 1829. The full text is given in Letter 565.

'Hessey.' Of the firm of Taylor & Hessey, the late publishers of the *London Magazine*.]

562. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[Early 1829.]

And now, Procter, I will tell you a story. Hierocles, the Sicilian Tyrant, who lived in the thirtieth Olympiad, just seven hundred and sixty years *ante* A.D., by the Gregorian Computation, having won the Prize in a Race of Mules, besought the Poet Simonides, with the incentive moreover of a donative of 1200 Sesterces, which might be about £12. 7. 3¼ of our money, to write him an Olympic Hymn in praise of the mules. But Simonides, declining to vulgarise his Muse with the mention of any such mongrels, the Tyrant (which signifies in the Greek of that age only *king*) rounds him in the ear that he shall have 8000 sesterces if he will touch up his beasts handsomely. Whereupon Simonides—the 'tender Simonides,' as antiquity delights to phrase him—began to relent, and stringing his golden lyre begins a lofty ode to the cattle with

Hail! daughters of the swift-winged steed.

Sinking, you see, one part of their genealogy. Now for the application.

What I told you, dear Procter, about my young friend was nothing but the exact truth. But I sink the circumstance that her mother was a negro, or half-caste—which convinces me, what I always thought, that something of the tender genius of Simonides lives again in my strains. Mary corrects me, and will have it that the lady's mother was a Hindoostanee half-caste, and no negress, but was I to send you wool-gathering over the vast plains watered by the Ganges, or the more bewildering wilds of Timbuctoo, to search for images?

563. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(Incomplete)

[No date: *Early 1829.*

The comings in of an incipient conveyancer are not adequate to the receipt of three twopenny post non-paids in a week. Therefore, after this, I condemn my stub to long and deep silence, or shall awaken it to write to lords. Lest those raptures in this honeymoon of my correspondence, which you avow for the gentle person of my Nuncio, after passing through certain natural grades, as Love, Love and Water, Love with the chill off, then subsiding to that point which the heroic suitor of his wedded dame, the noble-spirited Lord Randolph in the play, declares to be the ambition of his passion, a reciprocation of 'complacent kindness,'—should suddenly plump down (scarce staying to bait at the mid point of indifference, so hungry it is for distaste) to a loathing and blank aversion, to the rendering probable such counter expressions as this,—'Damn that infernal twopenny postman' (words which make the not yet gl'ituted innamorato 'lift up his hands and wonder how can use them.') While, then, you are not ruined, let me assure thee, O thou, above the painted, and next only under Giraldus Cambrensis, the most immortal and worthy to be immortal, Barry, thy most ingenious and golden cadences do take my fancy mightily. They are at this identical moment under the snip and the paste of the fairest hands (bating chilblains) in Cambridge, soon to be transplanted to Suffolk, to the envy of half of the young ladies in Bury. But tell me, and tell me truly, gentle Swain, is that Isola Bella a true spot in geographical denomination, or a floating Delos in thy brain? Lurks that fair island in verity in the bosom of Lake Maggiore, or some other with less poetic name, which thou hast Cornwallized for the occasion? And what if Maggiore itself be but a coinage of adaptation? Of this pray resolve me immediately, for my albumess will be catechised on this subject; and how can I prompt her? Lake Leman, I know, and Lemon Lake

(in a punch bowl) I have swum in, though those lymphs be long since dry. But Maggiore may be in the moon. Unsphinx this riddle for me, for my shelves have no gazetteer. And mayest thou never murder thy father-in-law in the Trivia of Lincoln's Inn New Square Passage, where Searl Street and the Street of Portugal embrace, nor afterwards make absurd proposals to the Widow M. But I know you abhor any such notions. Nevertheless so did O-Edipus (as Admiral Burney used to call him, splitting the diphthong in spite or ignorance) for that matter

C. L.

['Lord Randolph.' In Home's *Douglas*. Mrs. Siddons was famous as Lady Randolph.

'Above the painter.' James Barry, R.A.

'Giraldus Cambrensis.' The historian, Giraldus de Barri.

Procter's poem for Emma Isola's album mentions Isola Bella, the island in Lago Maggiore. Delos was the floating island which Neptune fixed in order that Latona might rest there, and Apollo and Diana be born.

'Trivia.' Place where three ways meet.

Basil Montagu was Procter's father-in-law. Procter's address was 10 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

Edipus, who solved the riddle of the Sphinx, killed his father, and married his mother unwittingly.]

564. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

DEAR ALLSOP,

Jan. 28, 1829.

Old Star is setting. Take him and cut him into Little Stars. Nevertheless the extinction of the greater light is not by the lesser light (Stella, or Mrs. Star) apprehended so nigh, but that she will be thankful if you can let young Scintillation (Master Star) twinkle down by the coach on Sunday, to catch the last glimmer of the decaying parental light. No news is good news; so we conclude Mrs. A. and little *a* are doing well. Our kindest Loves.

C. L.

565. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

[? 29th January 1829.]

When Miss Ouldcroft (who is now Mrs. Beddome, and Bed-dom'd to her!) was at Enfield, which she was in summer-time, and owed her health to its sun and genial influences, she visited (with young lady-like impertinence) a poor man's cottage that had a pretty baby (O the yearnling!), and gave it fine caps and sweetmeats. On a day, broke into the parlour our two maids uproarious. 'O ma'am, who do you think Miss Ouldcroft (they pronounce it Holcroft) has been working a

cap for?' 'A child,' answered Mary, in true Shandean female simplicity. 'It's the man's child as was taken up for sheep-stealing.' Miss Ouldcroft was staggered, and would have cut the connection; but by main force I made her go and take her leave of her protégée (which I only spell with a g because I can't make a pretty j). I thought, if she went no more, the Abactor or Abactor's wife (vide Ainsworth) would suppose she had heard something; and I have delicacy for a sheep-stealer. The overseers actually overhauled a mutton-pie at the baker's (his first, last, and only hope of mutton-pie), which he never came to eat, and thence inferred his guilt. *Per occasionem cujus* I framed the sonnet; observe its elaborate construction. I was four days about it.

THE GYPSY'S MALISON

Suck, baby, suck, Mother's love grows by giving,
 Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
 Black Manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
 Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.
 Kiss, baby, kiss, Mother's lips shine by kisses,
 Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;
 Black Manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
 Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.
 Hang, baby, hang, Mother's love loves such forces,
 Choke the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging;
 Black Manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
 Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.

So sang a wither'd Sibyl energetical,
 And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetic.

Barry, study that sonnet. It is curiously and perversely elaborate. 'Tis a choking subject, and therefore the reader is directed to the structure of it. See you! and was this a fourteener to be rejected by a trumpery annual? forsooth, 'twould shock all mothers; and may all mothers, who would so be shocked, bed dom'd! as if mothers were such sort of logicians as to infer the future hanging of *their* child from the theoretical hangibility (or capacity of being hanged, if the judge pleases) of every infant born with a neck on. Oh B. C., my whole heart is faint, and my whole head is sick (how is it?) at this damned, canting, unmasculine unbxwdy (I had almost said) age! Don't show this to your child's mother or I shall be Orpheusized, scattered into Hebrus. Damn the King, lords, commons, and *specially* (as I said on Muswell Hill on a Sunday when I could get no beer a quarter before one) all Bishops, Priests, and Curates. Vale.

['Yearnling.' Lamb's improvement on 'yea'ling.' It is recognized in the Oxford Dictionary as a 'nonce-word,' not found elsewhere.

'Ainsworth.' Referring to Robert Ainsworth's *Thesaurus*, 1736. *Abactor* (see Forcellini), a stealer or driver away of cattle. Ainsworth gives only *abactus*—driven away by force.

The Gypsy's Malison. This is the sonnet in *Blackwood* for January 1829.

'Orpheusized.' A reference to the Thracian women, who, presumably from the madness of unrequited love, tore Orpheus limb from limb and flung the fragments into the river Hebrus.]

566. TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

February 2, 1829.

Facundissime Poeta! quanquam istiusmodi epitheta oratoribus potius quam poetis attinere facile scio—tamen, facundissime!

Commoratur nobiscum jamdiu, in agro Enfeldiense, scilicet, leguleius futurus, illustrissimus Martinus Burneus, otium agens, negotia nominalia, et officinam clientum vacuum, paululum fugiens. Orat, implorat te—nempe, Martinus—ut si (quòd Dii faciant) fortè fortunâ, absente ipso, advenerit tardus cliens, eum certiore feceris per literas hûc missas. Intelligisne? an me Anglicè et barbarice ad te hominem perdoctum scribere oportet?

Si status de franco tenemento datur avo, et in eodem facto si mediate vel immediate datur hæredibus vel hæredibus corporis dicti avi, postrema, hæc verba sunt Limitationis, non Perquisitionis.

Dixi.

CARLAGNULUS.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn kindly made for me the following translation:

Most eloquent Poet: though I know well such epithets befit orators rather than poets—and yet, Most eloquent!

There has been staying with us this while past at our country seat of Enfield, to wit, the future attorney, the illustrious Martin Burney, taking his leisure, flying for a space from his nominal occupations, and his office empty of clients. He—that is, Martin—begs and entreats of you that if (heaven send it so!) by some stroke of fortune, in his absence there should arrive a belated client, you would inform him by letter here. Do you understand? or must I write in barbarous English to a scholar like you?

If an estate in freehold is given to an ancestor, and if in the same deed directly or indirectly the gift is made to the heir or heirs of the body of the said ancestor, these last words have the force of Limitation, not of Purchase.

I have spoken.

CHARLES LAMB.

The last passage was probably copied direct from some law book of Burney's, and is unintelligible except to students of law Latin.]

567. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[P.M. 27th February 1829.]

DEAR R.,

Expectation was alert on the receipt of your strange-shaped present, while yet undisclosed from its fusc envelope. Some said, 'tis a viol da Gamba, others pronounced it a fiddle. I myself hoped it a Liquer case pregnant with Eau de Vie and such odd Nectar. When midwifed into daylight, the gossips were at loss to pronounce upon its species. Most took it for a marrow spoon, an apple scoop, a banker's guinea shovel. At length its true scope appeared, its drift—to save the back-bone of my sister stooping to scuttles. A philanthropic intent, borrowed no doubt from some of the Colliers. You save people's backs one way, and break 'em again by loads of obligation. The spectacles are delicate and Vulcanian. No lighter texture than their steel did the cuckoldy blacksmith frame to catch Mrs. Vulcan and the Captain in. For ungalled forehead, as for back unbursten, you have Mary's thanks. Marry, for my own peculium of obligation, 'twas supererogatory. A second part of Pamela was enough in conscience. Two Pamelas in a house is too much without two Mr. B.'s to reward 'em.

Mary, who is handselling her new aerial perspectives upon a pair of old worsted stockings trod out in Cheshunt lanes, sends love. I, great good liking. Bid us a personal farewell before you see the Vatican.

Chas. Lamb, Enfield.

[Crabb Robinson, just starting for Rome, had sent Lamb a copy of *Pamela* under the impression that he had borrowed one.

'Two Mr. B.'s.' In Richardson's novel Pamela marries the young Squire B. and reforms him.]

568. TO MARTIN BURNEY

March 19 1829

DEAR M.,

I got your welcome epistle & most satisfactory last night, and rambling over the Evoc hills brought home what you have read this morning. I have just time to put it in the post.

& say adieu

venito cito et revisito nos
et rescribito

C. L.

Martin Charles Burney, Esq^{re}.
On the Western Circuit.

Enclosed in letter.

Had I a power, Lady, to my will,
 You should not want Handwritings. I would fill
 Your leaves with Autographs—resplendent names
 Of Knights and 'Squires of old, and Countly Dames,
 Kings, Emperors, Popes. Next under these should stand
 The hands of famous Lawyers; a grave band,
 Who in their Courts of Law or Equity
 Have best upheld Freedom and Property.
 These should *moot cases* in your book, and vie
 To shew their reading, and their Serjeantry.
 But I have none of these; nor can I send
 The notes by Bullen to her Tyrant penn'd
 In her authentic hand; nor in soft hours
 Lines writ by Rosamund in Clifford's bowers.
 The lack of such rare Signatures I moan,
 With scarce the courage to set down *my own*.

CHS. LAMB.

[This is the only letter to Martin Burney that has come to light. The verses were for the autograph book of Mrs. Thomas Wilde, *née* Wileman, first wife of Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro.

'The Evœ hills.' *Evœ* or *Eubœ*! is the shout of joy to Bacchus which Horace repeated after seeing him on distant crags.—*Odes*, II. xix. 7.
 'Venito cito,' etc.: Come quickly, visit us again, and write back.]

569. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

Chase, Enfield: 22nd Mar., 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have but lately learned, by letter from Mr. Moxon, the death of your brother. For the little I had seen of him, I greatly respected him. I do not even know how recent your loss may have been, and hope that I do not unseasonably present you with a few lines suggested to me this morning by the thought of him. I beg to be most kindly remembered to your remaining brother, and to Miss Rogers.

Your's truly,

CHARLES LAMB.

Rogers, of all the men that I have known
 But slightly, who have died, your brother's loss
 Touched me most sensibly. There came across
 My mind an image of the cordial tone
 Of your fraternal meetings, where a guest
 I more than once have sate; and grieve to think,
 That of that threefold cord one precious link
 By Death's rude hand is sever'd from the rest.
 Of our old gentry he appear'd a stem;
 A magistrate who, while the evil-doer

He kept in terror, could respect the poor,
 And not for every trifle harass them—
 As some, divine and laic, too oft do.
 This man's a private loss and public too.

[Daniel Rogers, the banker's elder brother, had just died.]

570. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 25th March 1829.]

I send you by desire Darley's very poetical poem. You will like, I think, the novel headings of each scene. Scenical directions in verse are novelties. With it I send a few *duplicates*, which are *therefore* no value to me, and may amuse an idle hour. Read 'Christmas,' 'tis the production of a young author, who reads all your writings. A good word from you about his little book would be as balm to him. It has no pretensions, and makes none. But parts are pretty. In Field's Appendix turn to a Poem called the Kangaroo. It is in the best way of our old poets, if I mistake not. I have just come from Town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old Pilgrim's Progress with the prints—Vanity Fair, &c.—now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in sheepskin—The whole theologic works of—

THOMAS AQUINAS!

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas—or the Lady to the Lover in old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clamber'd with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old Schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael Angelo's things—of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome—and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness. How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties, till my brain spins!

N.B. I have writ in the old Hamlet, offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'Tis woefully below our editions of it. But keep it, if you like. (What is M. to me?)

I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprise you, that the parcel is booked for you this 25 March 1829 from the Four Swans Bishopsgate.

With both our loves to Lucy and A. K. Yours Ever

C. L.

['Darley's . . . poem.' *Sylvia* ; or, *The May Queen*, by George Darley.

'Christmas.' A poem by Edward Moxon, dedicated to Lamb.

'Field's Appendix.' *Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales*, edited by Barron Field, with his *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* as appendix.

The old romance, Dr. Paget Toynbee pointed out, is *Les Dons Amans* of Marie of France, which Lamb had read in Miss Betham's metrical translation, *The Lay of Marie*.]

571. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DEAR ROBINSON,

[P.M. 10th April 1829.]

We are afraid you will slip from us from England without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see me. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains, in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once like a log with a lever. While this rainy weather lasts, I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip joint the pangs sometimes are so excruciating, that I cry out. It is as violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them. But indeed they are sharp. You go about, in rain or fine at all hours without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I in my life time have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle—yours strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I don't want to moralise. I only wish to say that if you are inclined to a game at Double Dumby, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much. Mary, who is most kind, joins in the wish.

C. LAMB.

572. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[P.M. 17th April 1829.]

I do confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice, heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just

receive my congratulations. How mad you 'd be. Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend, I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling, and pace across the room, shooting



out my free arms legs &c. this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathise with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions, have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce—not so pleasant to the actor indeed, but Grimaldi cries when we laugh, and 'tis but one that suffers to make thousands rejoice.

You say that Shampooing is ineffectual. But *per se* it is good, to show the introv[ol]utions, extravolutions, of which the animal frame is capable. To show what the creature is receptive of, short of dissolution.

You are worst of nights, a'nt you?

'Twill be as good as a Sermon to you to lie abed all this night, and meditate the subject of the day. 'Tis Good Friday. How appropriate!

Think when but your little finger pains you, what endured to white-wash you and the rest of us.

Nobody will be the more justified for your endurance. You won't save the soul of a mouse. 'Tis a pure selfish pleasure.

You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

You seem to have the flying gout.

You can scarcely scruce a smile out of your face—can you? I sit at immunity, and sneer *ad libitum*.

'Tis now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em, for any thing the worse I find myself.

Your Doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good.

Don't come while you are so bad. I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumbee at once.

I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But don't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite.

Your affectionate and truly healthy friend C. LAMB.

Mary thought a Letter from me might amuse you in your torment—

[Robinson was the victim of a sudden attack of acute rheumatism. He had a course of Turkish baths at Brighton to cure him.]

573. TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

DEAR SIR,

[No date: Spring 1829.]

I have not yet found myself in a writing humour. The little pieces I send are merely to keep a place in the Magazine, and as acknowledgements of the monthly copy of it, which comes very regularly and pleasantly to Enfield. The last Noctes were the best I have seen, the end made me perfectly stagger. I felt as drunk as North and his compeer. Your [one word illegible]

C. LAMB.

[Accompanying the poems *The Christening* and *For a Young Lady's Album*, as they appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1829.

William Blackwood (1776-1834) was the Edinburgh publisher.

The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of John Wilson, 'Christopher North,' were then running in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

It must have been some gratification to the editor that Lamb—considering his very intimate association with the *London Magazine* and John Scott—should wish to appear in the provocative 'Maga' at all. The *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*—where are they? But *Blackwood's Magazine* flourishes still.]

574. TO SARAH JAMES

[No date: ? 16th April 1829.]

We have just got your letter. I think Mother Reynolds will go on quietly, Mrs. Scrimshaw having kittened. The name of the late Laureat was Henry James Pye, and when his 1st Birthday Ode came out, which was very poor, somebody being asked his opinion of it, said:

And when the Pye was open'd
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King!

Pye was brother to old Major Pye, and father to Mrs. Arnold, and uncle to a General Pye, all friends of Miss Kelly. Pye succeeded Thos. Warton, Warton succeeded Wm. Whitehead, Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant God knows whom. There never was a Rogers a Poet Laureat; there is an old living Poet of that name, a Banker as you know, Author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' where Moxon goes to breakfast in a fine house in the green Park, but he was never Laureat. Southey is the present one, and for anything I know or care, Moxon may succeed him. We have a copy of 'Xmas' for you, so you may give your own to Mary as soon as you please. We think you need not have

exhibited your mountain shyness before M. B. He is neither shy himself, nor patronizes it in others.—So with many thanks, good-bye. Emma comes on Thursday. C. L.

The Poet Laureat, whom Davenant succeeded was Rare 'Ben Jonson,' who I believe was the first regular Laureat with the appointment of £100 a year and a Butt of Sack or Canary—so add that to my little list.—C. L.

[This is the only letter to Mary Lamb's nurse that exists. 'Xmas.' Moxon's *Christmas*, published in March 1829.

On 8th, 9th, and 10th May Crabb Robinson was at Linfield, and found the Lambs well but 'in a fidget' about the departure of their old servant Becky, who was leaving to be married. He thought the new maid cheerful and healthy.

On 18th May John Bates Dibdin died.]

575. TO JOHN PRITT HARLEY

DEAR SIR,

May 20 1829.

Pray excuse the paper, which is all I have. Mr. Kenny a year ago said you would not mislike having the enclosed song to sing at your benefit in the character of 'A Sentimental Butcher.' The farce is to be printed in a Magazine, and the song is quite at your service. To the tune of 'Billy Lackaday,' or what you please.

Your hble. Servt.

C. LAMB.

[John Pritt Harley (1786–1858) was a popular actor and singer of that time, and for a while stage manager at the Lyceum. These are the best verses of *The Butcher's Song* in *The Pawnbroker's Daughter*:

Arrived, you see, to man's estate.
The Butcher's calling is my fate;
Yet still I keep my feeling ways,
And leave the town on slaughtering days.

At Kentish Town, or Highgate Hill,
I sit, retired, beside some rill;
And tears bedew my glistening eye,
To think my playful lambs must die!

But when they 're dead I sell their meat,
On shambles kept both clean and neat;
Sweet-breads also I guard full well,
And keep them from the blue-bottle.

Envy, with breath sharp as my steel,
Has ne'er yet blown upon my veal;
And mouths of dames, and daintiest fops,
Do water at my nice lamb-chops.]

576. TO MRS. VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR MRS. NOVELLO,

[No date: ? May 1829.]

We should have gladly tabled with you at your kitchen and parlour and all, if we could have brought Soho within a reasonable walk to and fro in one day from Enfield. Emma's return which we expect weekly will determine our coming to town and when we do, we will surely see you. Mary returns your kindest of messages. She is in best health, I am never but nervous but believe me,

With love to all,

Your truly,

CHARLES LAMB.

Friday. Thank Clarke for his note

I am in poor spirits to be a correspondent.

577. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 3rd June 1829.]

I am very much grieved indeed for the indisposition of poor Lucy. Your letter found me in domestic troubles. My sister is again taken ill, and I am obliged to remove her out of the house for many weeks, I fear, before I can hope to have her again. I have been very desolate indeed. My loneliness is a little abated by our young friend Emma having just come here for her holydays, and a schoolfellow of hers that was, with her. Still the house is not the same, tho' she is the same. Mary had been pleasing herself with the prospect of seeing her at this time; and with all their company, the house feels at times a frightful solitude. May you and I in no very long time have a more cheerful theme to write about, and congratulate upon a daughter's and a Sister's perfect recovery. Do not be long without telling me how Lucy goes on. I have a right to call her by her quaker-name, you know.

Emma knows that I am writing to you, and begs to be remembered to you with thankfulness for your ready contribution. Her album is filling apace. But of her contributors one, almost the flower of it, a most amiable young man and late acquaintance of mine, has been carried off by consumption, on return from one of the Azores islands, to which he went with hopes of mastering the disease, came back improved, went back to a most close and confined counting house, and relapsed. His name was Dibdin, Grandson of the Songster. You will be glad to hear that Emma, tho' unknown to you, has given the highest satisfaction in her little place of Governante in a Clergyman's family, which you

may believe by the Parson and his Lady drinking poor Mary's health on her birthday, tho' they never saw her, merely because she was a friend of Emma's, and the Vicar also sent me a brace of partridges. To get out of home themes, have you seen Southey's Dialogues? His lake descriptions, and the account of his Library at Keswick, are very fine. But he needed not have called up the Ghost of More to hold the conversations with, which might as well have pass'd between A and B, or Caius and Lucius. It is making too free with a defunct Chancellor and Martyr.

I feel as if I had nothing farther to write about—O! I forget the prettiest letter I ever read, that I have received from 'Pleasures of Memory' Rogers, in acknowledgment of a Sonnet I sent him on the Loss of his Brother. It is too long to transcribe, but I hope to shew it you some day, as I hope sometime again to see you, when all of us are well. Only it ends thus 'We were nearly of an age (he was the elder). He was the only person in the world in whose eyes I always appeared young.'—

I will now take my leave with assuring you that I am most interested in hoping to hear favorable accounts from you.—

With kindest regards to A. K. and you

Yours truly,

C. L.

[Southey's *Sir Thomas More*; or, *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, had just been published.

Rogers's letter will be found in Lamb's transcription on page 316.]

578. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

MY DEAR AYRTON,

June 10, 1829.

It grieves me that I cannot join you. Besides that I have two young friends in the house, I expect a London visitor on Thursday. I hope to see H. C. R. here before he goes—and you before we all go.

God bless you. Health to the Party. Love to Mrs. A.

C. LAMB.

[The 'two young friends' were Emma Isola and her schoolfellow, Maria Fryer.]

579. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR MRS. HAZLITT,

[P.M. 29th June 1829.]

I am so very nervous and miserable that I cannot ask you here. have suffered so much from all day & all night long company, with which I have been harassed, and which is new to us since being here, and am so incapable of the sort of life, that I wish I had done anything

than come here. It is from no unkindness to you, but I apply it to every London friend I have, and heartily pray that they would leave me alone. It is a disease, but I cannot help it, the same in a less degree that drove me for weeks into a state of utter sleeplessness a year or to [two] since & I must break thro all ceremonies & all friendships too rather than incur the danger I was then in. I am sorry to seem unkind to William, whom I like better than any youth of his age, but I cannot invite him to come when he pleases, in my present state. It vexes me to be so unfriendly, but I am very poorly & tis necessity.

Yours, very miserable

C. L.

Mrs Hazlitt, 10 Buckingham Street, Strand.

580. TO WILLIAM HAZLITT JUNIOR

MY DEAR WM.,

[No date: *Early July 1829.*]

I am very uncomfortable, and when Emma leaves me, I shall wish to be quite alone, therefore pray tell your Mother I regret that I cannot see her here this time, but hope to see her when times are better with me. The young ladies are very pleasant, but my spirits have much ado to keep pace with theirs. I decidedly wish to be alone, or I know of none I should rather see than your mother. Make my best excuse. Emma will explain to you the state of my wretched spirits.

Yours,

C. LAMB.

When I am wretched, company makes me tenfold more so.

Mr. Wm. Hazlitt, Junr., 36 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, or at the Southampton Arms.

581. TO BERNARD BARTON

Enfield Chase Side

Saturday 25 July A.D. 1829.—11 A.M.

There—a fuller plumper juiceier date never dropt from Idumean palm. Am I in the dateive case now? if not, a fig for dates, which is more than a date is worth. I never stood much affected to these limitary specialities. Least of all since the date of my superannuation.

What have I with Time to do?

Slaves of desks, twas meant for you.

} Dear B. B.—Your hand writing has
conveyed much pleasure to me

in the report of Lucy's restoration. Would I could send you as good news of my poor Lucy. But some wearisome weeks I must remain

lonely yet. I have had the loneliest time near 10 weeks, broken by a short apparition of Emma for her holydays, whose departure only deepend the returning solitude, and by 10 days I have past in Town. But Town, with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. And in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I past houses and places—empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about any body. The bodies I cared for are in graves, or dispersed. My old Clubs, that lived so long and flourish'd so steadily, are crumbled away. When I took leave of our adopted young friend at Charing Cross, 'twas heavy unfeeling rain, and I had no where to go. Home have I none—and not a sympathising house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of the heaven pour down on a forlorn head. Yet I tried 10 days at a sort of a friend's house, but it was large and straggling—one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card players, pleasant companions—that have tumbled to pieces into dust and other things—and I got home on Thursday, convinced that I was better to get home to my hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat in my corner.

Less than a month I hope will bring home Mary. She is at Fulham, looking better in her health than ever, but sadly rambling, and scarce showing any pleasure in seeing me, or curiosity when I should come again. But the old feelings will come back again, and we shall drown old sorrows over a game at Picquet again. But 'tis a tedious cut out of a life of sixty four, to lose twelve or thirteen weeks every year or two. And to make me more alone, our illtemperd maid is gone, who with all her airs, was yet a home piece of furniture, a record of better days; the young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing—and I have no one here to talk over old matters with. Scolding and quarreling have something of familiarity and a community of interest—they imply acquaintance—they are of resentment, which is of the family of dearness. I can neither scold nor quarrel at this insignificant implement of household services; she is less than a cat, and just better than a deal Dresser. What I can do, and do overdo, is to walk, but deadly long are the days—these summer all-day days, with but a half hour's candlelight and no firelight. I do not write, tell your kind inquisitive Eliza, and can hardly read.

In the ensuing Blackwood will be an old rejected farce of mine, which may be new to you, if you see that same dull Medley. What things are all the Magazines now! I contrive studiously not to see them. The popular New Monthly is perfect trash. Poor Hessey, I suppose you see, has failed. Hunt and Clarke too. Your 'Vulgar truths' will be a good name—and I think your prose must please — me at least — but 'tis

useless to write poetry with no purchasers. 'Tis cold work Authorship without something to puff one into fashion. Could you not write something on Quakerism—for Quakers to read—but nominally address to Non Quakers? explaining your dogmas—waiting on the Spirit—by the analogy of human calmness and patient waiting on the judgment? I scarcely know what I mean, but to make Non Quakers reconciled to your doctrines, by shewing something like them in mere human operations—but I hardly understand myself, so let it pass for no hing.

I pity you for over-work, but I assure you no-work is worse. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I brag'd formerly that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit. With few years to come, the days are wearisome. But weariness is not eternal. Something will shine out to take the load off, that flags me, which is at present intolerable. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl. I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inchmeal just now. But the snake is vital. Well, I shall write merrier anon.—'Tis the present copy of my countenance I send—and to complain is a little to alleviate.—May you enjoy yourself as far as the wicked wood will let you—and think that you are not quite alone, as I am. Health to Lucia and to Anna and kind rememb^{ces}.

Yours forlorn.

C. L.

['Idumean palm.' Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 12.

'Out of a life of sixty-four.' Mary Lamb was born 3rd December 1764.

'Yet I tried 10 days.' This was at John Rickman's, as we know from a letter from Rickman to Southey on 14th July 1829: 'Miss Lamb is said to be convalescent; p. interim he is here visiting me and enjoys himself well.'

'Your kind . . . Eliza.' Eliza Barton, Bernard's sister.

'Rejected farce.' *The Pawnbroker's Daughter* was printed in *Blackwood*, January 1830.

'Poor Hessey.' He had failed as a book auctioneer. The firm of Taylor & Hessey had broken up some time before.

'I brag'd formerly.' Referring, I think, to his sonnet *Leisure*.]

582. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

MY DEAR ALLSOP,

[Tuesday, 28th July 1829.]

I thank you for thinking of my recreation. But I am best here—I feel I am; I have tried town lately, but came back worse. Here I must wait till my loneliness has its natural cure. Besides that, though I am not very sanguine, yet I live in hopes of better news from Fulham, and cannot be out of the way. 'Tis ten weeks to-morrow.—I saw Mary a week since; she was in excellent bodily health, but otherwise far from

well. But a week or so may give a turn. Love to Mrs A. and children, and fair weather accompany you.

C. L.

[Mrs. Anderson says that Mary Lamb recovered about 19th August.]

583. TO DR. J. BADAMS

DEAR BADAMS,

Enfield [No date: ? *Summer 1829.*]

I am very, very sorry at my heatedness yesterday, which spoiled the pleasure I should have taken in seeing you better, but I had had a four or five hours' hot walk, with the delicate task of dissuading a friend from a purpose of taking a house here, which friend would have attracted down crowds of literary men, which men would have driven me wild. And in my rage it seemed to me that the person I unjustly fell upon was meditating the same sort of colonisation here. Respects and sincere likings to Mrs. Badams, and the most humble apology C. L. can offer.

[Mrs. Anderson's note. 'Ainger dates this early 1832, but I put it here because we know that just at this time Lamb was craving for solitude. Hood moved to Rose Cottage, Winchmore Hill, about the end of 1829. Quite likely he at first thought of Enfield, and *he* was the literary friend Lamb had dissuaded from "taking a house here." Lamb must have walked to Hood's—"a hot walk," therefore summer time. Then gone on to Badams, who had married Louisa Holcroft at the beginning of the year. There he must have met someone else who seemed to be thinking of settling at Enfield, and let his irritation be too apparent. From Carlyle's *Early Life* we gather that the Badams took a house at Enfield in the autumn of 1831, and C. met the Lambs there. But by Xmas 1832 their address was 11 Old Church St., Paddington.']

584. TO BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

DEAR HAYDON,

[No date: About *12th September 1829.*]

I have been tardy in telling you that your Chairing the Member gave me great pleasure;—'tis true broad Hogarthian fun, the High Sheriff capital. Considering, too, that you had the materials imposed upon you, and that you did not select them from the rude world as H. did, I hope to see many more such from your hand. If the former picture went beyond this I have had a loss, and the King a bargain. I longed to rub the back of my hand across the hearty canvas that two senses might be gratified. Perhaps the subject is a little discordantly placed opposite to another act of Chairing, where the huzzas were Hosannahs,—but I was pleased to see so many of my old acquaintances brought together notwithstanding.

Believe me, yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Haydon's 'Chairing the Member' was exhibited in Bond Street in 1829, together with 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' and other of his works. 'The former picture' was his 'Mock Election,' which the king had bought for 500 guineas. For 'Chairing the Member' Haydon received only 300 guineas.]

585. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 22nd September 1829.]

DEAR MOXON,

If you can oblige me with the Garrick Papers or Ann of Gierstien, I shall be thankful. I am almost fearful whether my Sister will be able to enjoy any reading at present for since her coming home, after 12 weeks, she has had an unusual relapse into the saddest low spirits that ever poor creature had, and has been some weeks under medical care. She is unable to see any yet. When she is better I shall be very glad to talk over your ramble with you. Have you done any sonnets, can you send me any to overlook? I am almost in despair, Mary's case seems so hopeless.

Believe me

Yours

C. L.

I do not want Mr. Jameson or Lady Morgan.

Enfield

Wedn^y.

['The Garrick Papers.' Lamb refers, I suppose, to the *Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, in some form previous to its publication in 1831-2.

'Ann of Gierstien.' Scott's novel, better spelt, was published this year.

'After 12 weeks.' Meaning after twelve weeks away.

'Mr. Jameson.' I cannot find any book by a Jameson likely to have been offered to Lamb; but Mrs. Jameson's *Loves of the Poets* was published this year. Probably he meant to write Mrs. Jameson. Lady Morgan was the author of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and other novels. Her 1829 book was *The Book of the Boudoir*.]

586. TO JAMES GILLMAN

Chase-Side, Enfield, 26th Oct., 1829.

DEAR GILLMAN,

Allsop brought me your kind message yesterday. How can I account for having not visited Highgate this long time? Change of place seemed to have changed me. How grieved I was to hear in what indifferent health Coleridge has been, and I not to know of it! A little school divinity, well applied, may be healing. I send him honest Tom of Aquin; that was always an obscure great idea to me:

I never thought or dreamed to see him in the flesh, but t'other day I rescued him from a stall in Barbican, and brought him off in triumph. He comes to greet Coleridge's acceptance, for his shoe-latchets I am unworthy to unloose. Yet there are pretty pro's and con's, and such unsatisfactory learning in him. Commend me to the question of etiquette—'*utrum annunciatio debuerit fieri per angelum*'—*Quæst.* 30, *Articulus* 2. I protest, till now I had thought Gabriel a fellow of some mark and livelihood, not a simple esquire, as I find him. Well, do not break your lay brains, nor I neither, with these curious nothings. They are nuts to our dear friend, whom hoping to see at your first friendly hint that it will be convenient, I end with begging our very kindest loves to Mrs. Gillman. We have had a sorry house of it here. Our spirits have been reduced till we were at hope's end what to do—obliged to quit this house, and afraid to engage another, till in extremity I took the desperate resolve of kicking house and all down, like Bunyan's pack; and here we are in a new life at board and lodging, with an honest couple our neighbours. We have ridded ourselves of the cares of dirty acres; and the change, though of less than a week, has had the most beneficial effects on Mary already. She looks two years and a half younger for it. But we have had sore trials.

God send us one happy meeting!—Yours faithfully,

C. LAMB.

[‘The question of etiquette.’ See the *Summa Theologiae*, Pars Tertia, Quæst. xxx. Articulus ii. It would be interesting to know whether Lamb remembered an earlier letter in which he had set Coleridge some similar ‘nuts.’

‘In a new life.’ The Lambs moved next door, to the Westwoods’. The house, altered externally, still stands and is known as ‘Westwood Cottage.’]

587. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: October or November 1829.]

MY DEAR MOXON,

Much thanks for the books. Hood is excellent. Mr. Westwood, who wishes to consult you about his son, will acquaint you with our change of life. Mary's very bad spirits drove me upon it, and it seems to answer admirably. We shall be happy to see you at our Table d'hôte. Say the Sunday after next, but am at present poorlyish.

Yours truly

C. L.

[Hood's book might be either his *Epping Hunt* or his *Comic Annual*.]

588. TO THOMAS HOOD (?)

[No date: *Early November 1829.*]

Calamy is *good reading*. Mary is always thankful for Books in her way. I won't trouble you for any in *my way* yet, having enough to read. Young Hazlitt lives, at least his father does, at 3 or 36 [36 I have it down, with the 6 scratch'd out] Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. If not to be found, his mother's address is, Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Tomlinson's, Potters Bar. At one or other he must be heard of. We shall expect you with the full moon. Meantime, our thanks. C. L.

We go on very quietly &c.

['Calamy' would be *Dr. Calamy's Historical Account of his own Life and Times*, 1829.

W. C. Hazlitt, in his *Memoirs of Hazlitt*, says that his grandfather moved in 1829 to 3 Bouverie Street, and in the beginning of 1830 to 6 Frith Street, Soho. Young Hazlitt was William junior, afterwards Mr. Registrar Hazlitt, and then seventeen years of age. There is now a tablet on the house in Bouverie Street which has replaced No. 3.]

589. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[P.M. Probably 101*b* November 1829.]

DEAR FUGUE-IST,

or hear'st thou rather

CONTRAPUNTIST—?

We expect you four (as many as the Table will hold without squeegeeing) at Mrs. Westwood's Table d'Hôte on Thursday. You will find the White House shut up, and us moved under the wing of the Phoenix, which gives us friendly refuge. Beds for guests, marry, we have none, but cleanly accomodings at the Crown & Horseshoe.

Yours harmonically,

C. L.

Vincentio (what Ho!) Novello, a Squire,

66, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

['Hear'st thou rather?' stands for 'Art thou rather called?' The idiom is Latin, as in Horace's 'Seu Jane libentius audis,' *Satires* II. vi. 20, and was adopted by Milton: 'Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream?' *Paradise Lost*, III. 7.

'The Phoenix.' Mr. Westwood was agent for the Phoenix Insurance Company, and the badge of that office was probably on the house.]

590. TO JAMES GILLMAN

(? Fragment)

[No date: ? 29th November 1829.]

Pray trust me with the 'Church History,' as well as the 'Worthies.' A moon shall restore both. Also give me back Him of Aquinum. In return you have the *light of my countenance*. Adieu.

P.S.—A sister also of mine comes with it. A son of Nimshi drives her. Their driving will have been furious, impassioned. Pray God they have not toppled over the tunnel! I promise you I fear their steed, bred out of the wind without father, semi-Melchisedecish, hot, phaeton-tic. From my country lodgings at Enfield. C. L.

[The *Church History* and the *Worthies* are by Fuller.

'Light of my countenance.' W. Carew Hazlitt says that this was a copy of Brook Pulham's etching, but he was often wrong.

'The tunnel' was the Highgate Archway.

The steed resembled the offspring of the mares, born of the wind, Virgil, *Georgics*, iii. 274, and Melchizedec, 'without father, without mother, without descent,' Hebrews vii. 3, and was as wild as the horses of the Sun Phaethon mismanaged, Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ii. 234, or those Jehu drove 'furiously,' 2 Kings ix. 20.

According to the next letter the driver was Thomas Westwood.]

591. TO JAMES GILLMAN

30 Nov., 1829.

DEAR G.,

The excursionists reached home, and the good town of Enfield a little after four, without slip or dislocation. Little has transpired concerning the events of the back-journey, save that on passing the house of 'Squire Mellish, situate a stone-bow's cast from the hamlet, Father Westwood, with good-natured wonderment, exclaimed, 'I cannot think what is gone of Mr. Mellish's rooks. I fancy they have taken flight somewhere; but I have missed them two or three years past.' All this while, according to his fellow-traveller's report, the rookery was darkening the air above with undiminished population, and deafening all ears but his with their cawings. But nature has been gently withdrawing such phenomena from the notice of Thomas Westwood's senses, from the time he began to miss the rooks. T. Westwood has passed a retired life in this hamlet of thirty or forty years, living upon the minimum which is consistent with gentility, yet a star among the minor gentry, receiving the bows of the tradespeople and courtesies of the alms' women daily. Children venerate him not less for his external show of

gentry, than they wonder at him for a gentle rising endorsation of the person, not amounting to a hump, or if a hump, innocuous as the hump of the buffalo, and coronative of as mild qualities. 'Tis a throne on which patience seems to sit—the proud perch of a self-respecting humility, stooping with condescension. Thereupon the cares of life have sate, and rid him easily. For he has thridd the *angustice domús* with dexterity. Life opened upon him with comparative brilliancy. He set out as a rider or traveller for a wholesale house, in which capacity he tells of many hair-breadth escapes that befell him; one especially, how he rode a mad horse into the town of Devizes; how horse and rider arrived in a foam, to the utter consternation of the expostulating hostlers, innkeepers, &c. It seems it was sultry weather, piping hot; the steed tormented into frenzy with gad-flies, long past being roadworthy; but safety and the interest of the house he rode for were incompatible things; a fall in serge cloth was expected; and a mad entrance they made of it. Whether the exploit was purely voluntary, or partially; or whether a certain personal disfiguration in the man part of this extraordinary centaur (non-assistive to partition of natures) might not enforce the conjunction, I stand not to inquire. I look not with 'skew eyes into the deeds of heroes. The hosier that was burnt with his shop, in Field-lane, on Tuesday night, shall have past to heaven for me like a Marian Martyr, provided always, that he consecrated the fortuitous incremation with a short ejaculation in the exit, as much as if he had taken his state degrees of martyrdom in *formâ* in the market vicinage. There is adoptive as well as acquisitive sacrifice. Be the animus what it might, the fact is indisputable, that this composition was seen flying all abroad, and mine host of Daintry may yet remember its passing through his town, if his scores are not more faithful than his memory. After this exploit (enough for one man), Thomas Westwood seems to have subsided into a less hazardous occupation; and in the twenty-fifth year of his age we find him a haberdasher in Bow Lane: yet still retentive of his early riding (though leaving it to rawer stomachs), and Christmasly at night sithence to this last, and shall to his latest Christmas, hath he, doth he, and shall he, tell after supper the story of the insane steed and the desperate rider. Save for Bedlam or Luke's no eye could have guessed that melting day what house he rid for. But he reposes on his bridles, and after the ups and downs (metaphoric only) of a life behind the counter—hard riding sometimes, I fear, for poor T. W.—with the scrapings together of the shop, and *one anecdote*, he hath finally settled at Enfield; by hard economising, gardening, building for himself, hath reared a mansion, married a daughter, qualified a son for a counting-house, gotten the respect of high and low, served

for self or substitute the greater parish offices: hath a special voice at vestries; and, domiciliating us, hath reflected a portion of his house-keeping respectability upon your humble servants. We are greater, being his lodgers, than when we were substantial renters. His name is a passport to take off the sneers of the native Enfielders against obnoxious foreigners. We are endenized. This much of T. Westwood have I thought fit to acquaint you, that you may see the exemplary reliance upon Providence with which I entrusted so dear a charge as my own sister to the guidance of a man that rode the mad horse into Devizes. To come from his heroic character, all the amiable qualities of domestic life concentrate in this tamed Bellerophon. He is excellent over a glass of grog; just as pleasant without it; laughs when he hears a joke, and when (which is much oftener) he hears it not; sings glorious old sea songs on festival nights; and but upon a slight acquaintance of two years, Coleridge, is as dear a deaf old man to us, as old Norris, rest his soul! was after fifty. To him and his scanty literature (what there is of it, *sound*) have we flown from the metropolis and its cursed annualists, reviewers, authors, and the whole muddy ink press of that stagnant pool.

Now, Gillman again, you do not know the treasure of the Fullers. I calculate on having massy reading till Christmas. All I want here, is books of the true sort, not those things in boards that moderns mistake for books—what they club for at book clubs.

I did not mean to cheat you with a blank side; but my eye smart, for which I am taking medicine, and abstain, this day at least, from any aliments but milk-porridge, the innocent taste of which I am anxious to renew after a half-century's disacquaintance. If a blur fall here like a tear, it is not pathos, but an angry eye.

Farewell, while my *specilla* are sound.

Yours and yours,

C. LAMB.

[‘Squire Mellish.’ William Mellish, M.P. for Middlesex for some years.

‘Devizes’ becomes ‘Dunstable’ in a later letter.

Thomas Westwood’s son, for whom Lamb found an appointment, wrote some excellent articles in *Notes and Queries* many years later, describing the Lambs’ life at his father’s.

‘*Angustia domūs*’: Straitened means at home. Juvenal has ‘*res angusta domi*,’ *Satires*, iii. 165, and vi. 357.

‘Old Norris.’ See letter to Crabb Robinson, 20th January 1827.

Specilla is here used for glasses. See the end of the next letter.

Lamb was soon to grow out of any affection for the Westwoods.]

592. TO BERNARD BARTON

MY DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 8th December 1829.]

You are very good to have been uneasy about us, and I have the satisfaction to tell you, that we are both in better health and spirits than we have been for a year or two past; I may say, than we have been since we have been at Enfield. The cause may not appear quite adequate, when I tell you, that a course of ill health and spirits brought us to the determination of giving up our house here, and we are boarding and lodging with a worthy old couple, long inhabitants of Enfield, where everything is done for us without our trouble, further than a reasonable weekly payment. We should have done so before, but it is not easy to flesh and blood to give up an ancient establishment, to discard old Penates, and from house keepers to turn house-sharers. (N.B. We are not in the Workhouse.) Dioclesian in his garden found more repose than on the imperial seat of Rome, and the nob of Charles the Fifth asked seldomer under a monk's cowl than under the diadem. With such shadows of assimilation we countenance our degradation. With such a load of dignified cares just removed from our shoulders, we can the more understand and pity the accession to yours, by the advancement to an Assigneeship. I will tell you honestly B. B. that it has been long my deliberate judgment, that all Bankrupts, of what denomination civil or religious whatever, ought to be hang'd. The pity of mankind has for ages run in a wrong channel, and has been diverted from poor Creditors (how many have I known sufferers! Hazlitt has just been defrauded of £100 by his Bookseller-friend's breaking) to scoundrel Debtors. I know all the topics, that distress may come upon an honest man without his fault, that the failure of one that he trusted was his calamity &c. &c. Then let *both* be hang'd. O how careful it would make traders! These are my deliberate thoughts after many years' experience in matters of trade. What a world of trouble it would save you, if Friend ***** had been immediately hangd, without benefit of clergy, which (being a Quaker I presume) he could not reasonably insist upon. Why, after slaving twelve months in your assign-business, you will be enabled to declare seven pence in the Pound in all human probability. B. B., he should be *banged*. Trade will never re-flourish in this land till such a Law is establish'd. I write big not to save ink but eyes, mine having been troubled with reading thro' three folios of old Fuller in almost as few days, and I went to bed last night in agony, and am writing with a vial of eye water before me, alternately dipping in vial and inkstand. This may enflame my zeal against Bankrupts—but it was my speculation when I could see better. Half the world's

misery (Eden else) is owing to want of money, and all that want is owing to Bankrupts. I declare I would, if the State wanted Practitioners, turn Hangman myself, and should have great pleasure in hanging the first after my salutary law should be establish'd. I have seen no annuals and wish to see none. I like your fun upon them, and was quite pleased with Bowles's sonnet. Hood is or was at Brighton, but a note, prose or rhyme, to him, Robert Street, Adelphi, I am sure would extract a copy of *his*, which also I have not seen. Wishing you and yours all Health, I conclude while these frail glasses are to me—eyes.

C. L.

['Dioclesian.' The Emperor Diocletian abdicated the throne after twenty-one years' reign, and retired to his garden. Charles V of Germany imitated the Roman emperor, and after thirty-six years took the cowl.

'Hazlitt has just been defrauded.' The failure of Hunt & Clarke, the publishers of the *Life of Napoleon*, cost Hazlitt £500. He had received only £140 towards this, in a bill which on their insolvency became worthless.

'Friend * * * * *.' Not identifiable. Some defaulting financier, I assume.]

593. TO MARY SHELLEY

DEAR MRS. SHELLEY,

[No date: About 18th January 1830.]

If you ever run away, which is problematical, don't run to a country village, which has been a market town, but is such no longer. Enfield, where we are, is seated most indifferently upon the borders of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertfordshire, partaking of the quiet dulness of the first, & the total want of interest pervading the two latter Counties. You stray into the Church yard, hoping to find a Cathedral. You think, I will go and look at the Print shops, and there is only one, where they sell Valentines. The chief Bookseller deals in prose versions of Melodrama, with plates of Ghosts and Murders, and other Subterranean passages. The tarts in the only Pastry-cook-looking shop are baked stale. The Macaroons are perennial, kept torpid in glass cases, excepting when Mrs * * * * gives a card party. There is no jewellers, but there's a place where brass knobs are sold. You cast your dreary eyes about, up Baker Street, and it gets worse. There was something like a tape and thread shop at that end, but here—is two apples stuck between a farthings worth of ginger bread, & the children too poor to break stock.

The week days would be intolerable, but for the superior invention which they show here in making Sundays worse. Clowns stand about what was the Market place, and spit minute-ly to relieve ennui. Clowns, to whom Enfield trades-people are gentle people. Inland Clowns, Clods, and things below cows. They assemble to infect the

air with dulness from Waltham marshes. They clear off o' the Monday mornings, like other fogs. It is ice, but nobody slides, nobody tumbles down, nobody dies as I can see, or nobody cares if they do, the Doctors seem to have no Patients, there is no Accidents nor Offences, a good thief would be something in this well-governed Hamlet. We have for indoors amusement a Library without books, and the middle of the week hopes of a Sunday newspaper to link us by filmy associations to a world we are dead to. Regent Street was, and it is by difficult induction we infer that Charing Cross still is. There may be Plays. But nobody here seems to have heard of such contingencies.

You go out with a dog, and the dog comes home with you, and the difference is, he does not mind dirty stockings.

[Lamb was being a little treacherous to Hertfordshire. 'Total want of interest,' he says; yet he had written the 'Mackery End' essay about that 'fine corn county.' Also 'My Relations.'

The letter which follows, to Wordsworth, was written in answer to this from the poet to Lamb:

10th January 1830.

MY DEAR LAMB,

A whole twelvemonth have I been a letter in your debt, for which fault I have been sufficiently punished by self reproach.

I liked your play marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakespeare himself not entirely excepted—I mean a little degradation of character for a more dramatic turn of plot.

Your present of Hone's book was most acceptable; and so much so, that your part of the book is the cause why I did not write long ago. I wished to enter a little minutely into notice of the dramatic extracts, and, on account of the smallness of the print, deferred doing so till longer days would allow me to read without candle-light, which I have long since given up.

But alas! when the days lengthened, my eyesight departed, and for many months, I could not read for three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me, and almost cuts me off from reading altogether. But how are you and how is your dear sister? I long much, as we all do, to know. For ourselves, this last year, owing to my sister's dangerous illness, the effects of which are not yet got over, has been an anxious one and melancholy. But no more of this. My sister has probably told everything about the family; so that I may conclude with less scruple, by assuring you of my sincere and faithful affection for you and your dear sister.

WM. WORDSWORTH.]

594. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[P.M. 22nd January 1830.]

And is it a year since we parted from you at the steps of Edmonton Stage? There are not now the years that there used to be. The tale

of the dwindled age of men, reported of successional mankind, is true of the same man only. We do not live a year in a year now. 'Tis a punctum stans. The seasons pass us with indifference. Spring cheers not, nor winter heightens our gloom, Autumn hath foregone its moralities, they are hey-pass re-pass [as] in a show-box. Yet as far as last year occurs back, for they scarce shew a reflex now, they make no memory as heretofore—'twas sufficiently gloomy. Let the sullen nothing pass.

Suffice it that after sad spirits prolonged thro' many of its months, as it called them, we have cast our skins, have taken a farewell of the pompous troublesome trifle call'd housekeeping, and are settled down into poor boarders and lodgers at next door with an old couple, the Baucis and Baucida of dull Enfield. Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them, with the garden but to see it grow, with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock, with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how, quietists, confiding ravens. We have the otium pro dignitate, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite kill'd, rise, prompting me that there was a London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleetmarket, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paraclete. What have I gained by health? intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—a total blank. O never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the chearful haunts of streets—or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or use to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers, but to have a little teasing image of a town about one, country folks that do not look like country folks, shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn'orth of overlook'd gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford Street—and, for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the shew-picture is a last year's Valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travel'd (marry, they just begin to be conscious of the Red Gauntlet), to have a new plaster'd flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a Cathedral. The very blackguards here are degenerate. The topping gentry, stock brokers. The passengers too many to ensure your quiet, or let you go about whistling, or gaping—too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet Street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire by candle one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country, but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in

a calenture can plunge myself into Saint Giles's. O let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet and recreative study, can make the country any thing better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison till man with promethean felicity and boldness luckily sinn'd himself out of it. Thence follow'd Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Man found out inventions.

From my den I return you condolence for your decaying sight, not for any thing there is to see in the country, but for the miss of the pleasure of reading a London newspaper. The poets are as well to listen to, any thing high may, nay must, be read out—you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor—but the light paragraphs must be glid over by the proper eye, mouthing mumbles their gossamery substance. 'Tis these trifles I should mourn in fading sight. A newspaper is the single gleam of comfort I receive here, it comes from rich Cathay with tidings of mankind. Yet I could not attend to it read out by the most beloved voice. But your eyes do not get worse, I gather. O for the collyrium of Tobias inclosed in a whiting's liver to send you with no apocryphal good wishes! The last long time I heard from you, you had knock'd your head against something. Do not do so. For your head (I do not flatter) is not a nob, or the top of a brass nail, or the end of a nine pin—unless a Vulcanian hammer could fairly batter a Recluse out of it, then would I bid the smirch'd god knock and knock lustily, the two-handed skinker. What a nice long letter Dorothy has written! Mary must squeeze out a line *propria manu*, but indeed her fingers have been incorrigibly nervous to letter writing for a long interval. 'Twill please you all to hear that, tho' I fret like a lion in a net, her present health and spirits are better than they have been for some time past: she is absolutely three years and a half younger, as I tell her, since we have adopted this boarding plan. Our providers are an honest pair, dame Westwood and her husband—he, when the light of prosperity shined on them, a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells, retired since with something under a competence, writes himself parcel gentleman, hath borne parish offices, sings fine old sea songs at threescore and ten, sighs only now and then when he thinks that he has a son on his hands about 15, whom he finds a difficulty in getting out into the world, and then checks a sigh with muttering, as I once heard him prettily, not meaning to be heard, 'I have married my daughter however,'—takes the weather as it comes, outsides it to town in severest season, and a' winter nights tells old stories not tending to literature, how comfortable

to author-rid folks! and has *one anecdote*, upon which and about forty pounds a year he seems to have retired in green old age. It was how he was a *rider* in his youth, travelling for shops, and once (not to baulk his employer's bargain) on a sweltering day in August, rode foaming into Dunstable upon a *mad horse* to the dismay and expostulatory wonderment of innkeepers, ostlers &c. who declared they would not have bestrid the beast to win the Darby. Understand the creature gall'd to death and desperation by gad flies, cormorants winged, worse than beset Inachus' daughter. This he tells, this he brindles and burnishes on a' winter's eves, 'tis his star of set glory, his rejuvenescence to descant upon. Far from me be it (*dii avertant*) to look a gift story in the mouth, or cruelly to surmise (as those who doubt the plunge of Curtius) that the inseparate conjuncture of man and beast, the centaur-phenomenon that staggered all Dunstable, might have been the effect of unromantic necessity, that the horse-part carried the reasoning, willy nilly, that needs must when such a devil drove, that certain spiral configurations in the frame of Thomas Westwood unfriendly to alighting, made the alliance more forcible than voluntary. Let him enjoy his fame for me, nor let me hint a whisper that shall dismount Bellerophon. Put case he was an involuntary martyr, yet if in the fiery conflict he buckled the soul of a constant haberdasher to him, and adopted his flames, let Accident and He share the glory! You would all like Thomas Westwood.



How weak is painting to describe a man! Say that he stands four feet and a nail high by his own yard measure, which like the Sceptre of Agamemnon shall never sprout again, still you have no adequate idea, nor when I tell you that his dear hump, which I have favord in the picture, seems to me of the buffalo—indicative and repository of mild qualities, a budget of kindnesses, still you have not the man. Knew you old Norris of the Temple, 60 years ours and our father's friend, he was not more natural to us than this old W. the acquaintance of scarce more weeks. Under his roof now ought I to take my rest, but that back-looking ambition tells me I might yet be a Londoner. Well, if we ever do move, we have encumbrances the less to impede us: all our furniture has faded under the auctioneer's hammer, going for nothing like the

earnishd frippery of the prodigal, and we have only a spoon or two left to bless us. Clothed we came into Enfield, and naked we must go out of it. I would live in London shirtless, bookless. Henry Crabb is at Rome, advices to that effect have reach'd Bury. But by solemn legacy he bequeath'd at parting (whether he should live or die) a Turkey of Suffolk to be sent every succeeding Xmas to us and divers other friends. What a genuine old Bachelor's action! I fear he will find the air of Italy too classic. His station is in the Hartz forest, his soul is *Begoethed*. Miss Kelly we never see; Talfourd not this half-year; the latter flourishes, but the exact number of his children, God forgive me, I have utterly forgotten, we single people are often out in our count there. Shall I say two? One darling I know they have lost within a twelvemonth, but scarce known to me by sight, and that was a second child lost. We see scarce anybody. We have just now Emma with us for her holydays; you remember her playing at brag with Mr. Quillinan at poor Monkhouse's! She is grown an agreeable young woman; she sees what I write, so you may understand me with limitations. She was our inmate for a twelvemonth, grew natural to us, and then they told us it was best for her to go out as a Governess, and so she went out, and we were only two of us, and our pleasant house-mate is changed to an occasional visitor. If they want my sister to go out (as they call it) there will be only one of us. Heaven keep us all from this acceding to Unity!

Can I cram loves enough to you all in this little O? Excuse particularizing.

C. L.

MARY LAMB TO DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

(*Added to same letter*)

MY DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,

Charles has left me space to fill up with my own poor scribble; which I must do as well as I can, being quite out of practise, and after he has been reading his queer letter out to us I can hardly put down in a plain style all I had to tell you, how pleasant your handwriting was to me. He has lumped you all together in one rude remembrance at the end, but I beg to send my love individually and by *name* to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, to Miss Hutchinson, whom we often talk of, and think of as being with you always, to the dutiful good daughter and patient amanuensis Dora, and even to Johanna, whom we have not seen, if she will accept it. Charles has told you of my long illness and our present settlement, which I assure you is very quiet and comfortable to me, and to him too, if he would own it. I am very sorry we shall not see

John, but I never go to town, nor my brother but at his quarterly visits at the India House, and when he does, he finds it melancholy, so many of our old friends being dead or dispersed, and the very streets, he says altering every day. Many thanks for your Letter and the nice news in it, which I should have replied to more at large than I see he has done. I am sure it deserved it. He has not said a word about your intentions for Rome, which I sincerely wish you health one day to accomplish. In that case we may meet by the way. We are so glad to hear dear little William is doing well. If you knew how happy your letters made us you would write I know more frequently. Pray think of this. How cheerfully should we pay the postage every week.

Your affectionate

MARY LAMB.

['Baucis and Baucida.' A slip, I suppose, for Philemon and Baucis (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*).

'Confiding ravens.' The Lord 'feedeth the young ravens that call upon him,' Psalm cxlvii. 9.

'Paraclete.' The monastic school started by Abelard, and later occupied by Eloisa. Pope, at the end of his *Eloisa to Abelard*, writes of 'Paraclete's white walls and silver springs.'

Redgauntlet dated from 1824.

'In a calenture.' A calenture is a form of fever at sea in which the sufferer believes himself to be surrounded by green fields, and often leaps overboard. Wordsworth describes one in *The Brothers*.

'From rich Cathay.' The caravan 'bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay' in Thomson's *Winter*, line 808.

'Collyrium of Tobias.' See *Tobit* xi.

'A Recluse.' Wordsworth's promised poem, that was never completed. First printed in 1888.

Inachus's daughter was Io, persecuted by a gadfly sent by Juno.

'Sceptre of Agamemnon.' *Iliad*, i. 234.

'Henry Crabb.' Robinson was a personal friend of Goethe's. He had spent some days with him at Weimar in the summer of 1829. Goethe told Robinson that he admired Lamb's sonnet *The Family Name*.

'Mr. Quillinan.' Edward Quillinan, afterwards Wordsworth's son-in-law.

'Johanna.' Joanna Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Joanna of the laugh.

'John.' John Wordsworth, Wordsworth's eldest son, was now twenty-six; William, Wordsworth's second son, no longer little, was nineteen.]

595. CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

Feb. 21, 1830.

DEAR M.,

I came to town last week, but could not stretch so far as you. A letter has just come from Mrs. Williams to say that Emma is so poorly that she must have long holydays here. It has agitated us so much,

and we shall expect her so hourly, that you shall excuse me to Wordsworth for not coming up; we are both nervous and poorly. Your punctual newspapers are our bit of comfort. Adieu, till better times.

C. LAMB.

Ryle comes on Sunday week. Can you come with him? See him.

['Ryle.' See note before Letter 599.]

596. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 25th February 1830.]

DEAR B. B.,

To reply to you by return of post, I must gobble up my dinner, and dispatch this in propria Persona to the office, to be in in time. So take it from me hastily, that you are perfectly welcome to furnish A. C. with the scrap, which I had almost forgotten writing. The more my character comes to be known, the less my veracity will come to be suspected. Time every day clears up some suspected narrative of Herodotus, Bruce, and others of us great Travellers. Why, that Joseph Paice was as real a person as Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter. A careful observer of life, Bernard, has no need to invent. Nature romances it for him. Dinner plates rattle, and I positively shall incur indigestion by carrying it half concocted to the Post House. Let me congratulate you on the Spring coming in, and do you in return condole with me for the Winter going out. When the old one goes, seldom comes a better. I dread the prospect of Summer, with his all day long days. No need of his assistance to make country places dull. With fire and candle light, I can dream myself in Holborn. With lightsome skies shining in to bed time, I can not. This Meseck, and these tents of Kedar—I would dwell in the skirts of Jericho rather, and think every blast of the coming in Mail a Ram's Horn. Give me old London at Fire and Plague times, rather than these tepid gales, healthy country air, and purposeless exercise. Leg of mutton absolutely on the table.

Take our hasty loves and short farewell.

C. L.

[A. C. was Allan Cunningham, who wanted Lamb's letter on Blake for his *Lives of the Painters*. It was not, however, used there until included in Mrs. Charles Heaton's edition in Bohn's Library.]

'Bruce.' The Abyssinian explorer, whom the Christ's Hospital boys used to emulate, as Lamb tells us in the *Elia* essay on 'Newspapers.'

'Joseph Paice.' A director of the South Sea Company and Lamb's first employer, of whom he writes in the *Elia* essay on 'Modern Gallantry.'

597. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR SARAH,

March 4th, 1830.

I was meditating to come and see you, but I am unable for the walk. We are both very unwell, and under affliction for poor Emma, who has had a very dangerous brain fever, and is lying very ill at Bury, from whence I expect a summons to fetch her. We are very sorry for your confinement. Any books I have are at your service. I am almost, I may say *quite*, sure that letters to India pay no postage, and may go by the regular Post Office, now in St. Martin's le Grand. I think any receiving house would take them—

I wish I could confirm your hopes about Dick Norris. But it is quite a dream. Some old Bencher of his surname is made *Treasurer* for the year, I suppose, which is an annual office. Norris was Sub-Treasurer, quite a different thing. They were pretty well in the Summer, since when we have heard nothing of them. Mrs. Reynolds is better than she has been for years; she is with a disagreeable woman that she has taken a mighty fancy to out of spite to a rival woman she used to live and quarrel with; she grows quite *fat*, they tell me, and may live as long as I do, to be a tormenting rent-charge to my diminish'd income. We go on pretty comfortably in our new plan. I will come and have a talk with you when poor Emma's affair is settled, and will bring books. At present I am weak, and could hardly bring my legs home yesterday after a much shorter stroll than to Northaw. Mary has got her bonnet on for a short expedition. May you get better, as the Spring comes on. She sends her best love with mine.

C. L.

Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Tomlinson's, Northaw, near Potter's Bar, Herts.

[Mrs. Hazlitt was in later years a sufferer from rheumatism. Dick Norris was the son of Randal Norris. He had retired to Widford. Mrs. Reynolds, Lamb's old schoolmistress and dependant, we have met.]

598. TO JAMES GILLMAN

MY DEAR G.,

March 8th, 1830.

Your friend Battin (for I knew him immediately by the smooth satinity of his style) must excuse me for [? from] advocating the cause of his friends in Spitalfields. The fact is, I am retained by the Norwich people, and have already appeared in their paper under the signatures of 'Lucius Sergius,' 'Bluff,' 'Broad-Cloth,' 'No-Trade-to-the-Woollen-Trade,' 'Anti-plush,' &c., in defence of druggets and long camblets. And without this pre-engagement, I feel I should naturally

have chosen a side opposite to —, for in the silken seemingness of his nature there is that which offends me. My flesh tingles at such caterpillars. He shall not crawl me over. Let him and his workmen sing the old burthen,

Heigh ho, ye weavers!

for any aid I shall offer them in this emergency. I was over Saint Luke's the other day with my friend Tuthill, and mightily pleased with one of his contrivances for the comfort and amelioration of the students. They have double cells, in which a pair may lie feet to feet horizontally, and chat the time away as rationally as they can. It must certainly be more sociable for them these warm raving nights. The right-hand truckle in one of these friendly recesses, at present vacant, was preparing, I understood, for Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! it is time he removed from Pentonville. I followed him as far as to Highbury the other day, with a mob at his heels, calling out upon Ermigiddon, who I suppose is some Scotch moderator. He squinted out his favourite eye last Friday, in the fury of possession, upon a poor woman's shoulders that was crying matches, and has not missed it. The companion truck, as far as I could measure it with my eye, would conveniently fit a person about the length of Coleridge, allowing for a reasonable drawing up of the feet, not at all painful. Does he talk of moving this quarter? You and I have too much sense to trouble ourselves with revelations; marry, to the same in Greek you may have something professionally to say. Tell C. that he was to come and see us some fine day. Let it be before he moves, for in his new quarters he will necessarily be confined in his conversation to this brother prophet. Conceive the two Rabbis foot to foot, for there are no Gamaliels there to affect a humbler posture! All are masters in that Patmos, where the law is perfect equality—Latmos, I should rather say, for they will be Luna's twin darlings; her affection will be ever at the full. Well, keep *your* brains moist with gooseberry this mad March, for the devil of exposition seeketh dry places.

C. L.

[The letter is assigned to the Rev. James Gillman by some editors; but I think that a mistake. See the reference below to a medical matter. Battin was interested in the Spitalfields weavers to the detriment of the Norwich.

The late Major Butterworth in a letter to *Notes and Queries*, 24th March 1906, thus explained the reference to Battin:

In lately going over the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1826 I came across a paragraph in the June number, extracted from a daily newspaper, in which the following occurs: 'Great merit is due to Mr. Lamb junior for his exertions to relieve the weavers of Norwich.' . . .

As his 'Reminiscences of Juke Judkins, Esq.,' was printed in the same number of the *Magazine*, Lamb's attention would no doubt be arrested by

the remarks about his namesake, which would probably be retained in his memory, to be used subsequently, as occasion served, in mystifying his friend.

'Heigh ho, ye weavers.' *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, II. iii. 55, has 'Ha, Boys, heigh for the weavers.'

Tuthill, whom we have met, was one of the physicians at St. Luke's Hospital for the insane.

'Students.' These places were euphemistically called 'Academies.'

'He squinted out . . .' Irving had sight only in one eye, an obliquity caused, it is suggested, by lying when a baby in a wooden cradle, the sides of which prevented the other from gathering light.

'To the same in Greek.' An atrocious pun, which I leave to the reader to discover. Gillman was a doctor.

Patmos is associated with St. John, Revelation i. 9; Latmos with Endymion the darling of Diana or Luna.

The following letter and No. 653 are taken by permission from a slender volume published by the Oxford University Press in 1931: *Seven Letters from Charles Lamb to Charles Ryle of the East India House*. Ryle was to be Lamb's executor, and it is probable that he was instrumental in getting for Miss Lamb a pension from the East India Company.]

599. TO CHARLES RYLE

MY DEAR RYLE,

[P.M. 9th March 1830.]

I congratulate you most heartily on the promotion which has been so long your due, and at length has come to you. You have a long memory indeed, if you can think your getting on in business in any way connected with my early taking a friendship to you. It was your integrity in business, the conscience you seemed to bring to it, which first attracted my notice to you; things so unusual in our youngers. We have been friends now—how long is it?—without one quarrel, and I am proud of it. Without you, there were times that in an evil hour I might have been tempted to have given up business with poor prospects of compensation. With your aid I weather'd it out pretty well. All the obligation, 19/20^{ths} of it I am sure, have been from you to me. Pray give our best loves and congratulations to Mr^s. the *Civil Audittress*, for so I suppose Mr^s. Ryle must be call'd in future; and to good Elizabeth, though *she* gets no accession of the title by this change. If weather holds, we shall expect you on Sunday. We have been in trouble, for poor Emma took cold in her journey home, and was laid up for weeks with a very dangerous fever, and I am waiting only for a summons to go to Bury and fetch her, when she has strength to be moved. They are very kind to her, but so violent was the attack that we expected every day to hear the very worst. I scarce hope for a letter to call me there so soon as this week, she has been so reduced, but if one comes in

time, I will let you know, though even in that case your coming would be most acceptable to Mary, who is not used to be left to herself, but whom I must unavoidably be absent from for a few days. She sends her kind love, & hopes to see you at our humble table d'hôte on Sunday in any case.

God bless you,
CH. L. Grand Pensioner.

600. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Mr. Westwood's, Chase Side, Enfield,
14th March 1830.

MY DEAR AYRTON,

Your letter, which was only not so pleasant as your appearance would have been, has revived some old images; staring Phillips (not the Colonel), with his few hairs bristling up at the charge of a revoke, which he declares impossible; the old Captain's significant nod over the *right* shoulder (was it not?); Mrs. Burney's obstinate questioning of the score, after the game was absolutely lost to the devil, the fresh-salt-cold-boiled-beef suppers at sideboard; all which fancies, redolent of middle age and strengthful spirits, come across us ever and anon in this vale of deliberate senectitude, ycleped Enfield.

You imagine a deep gulf between you and us; and there is a pitiable hiatus in *kind* between St. James's Park and Hertfordshire, as you call us, but the mere distance in Turnpike roads is a trifle. The roof of a coach whirls you down in an hour or two. We have a sure hot joint on a Sunday, and when had we better? I suppose you know that ill health has obliged us to give up Housekeeping, but we have an asylum at the very next door—only twenty-four inches further from Town, which is not material in a country expedition—where a *Table d'hôte* is kept for us, without trouble on our parts, and we adjourn after dinner, when one of the old world (old friends) drops casually down among us. Come and find us out, and seal our judicious change with your approbation, whenever the whim bites, or the sun prompts, no need of preannouncement, for we are sure to be at home.

I keep putting off the subject of my answer. In truth I am not in spirits at present to see Mr. Murray on such a business; but pray offer him my acknowledgments and an assurance that I should like at least one of his proposals, as I have so much additional matter for the SPECIMENS, as might make two volumes in all, or ONE (new edition) omitting such better known authors as B and Fletcher, Jonson, &c.

But we are both in trouble at present. A very dear young friend of

ours, who spent her Christmas holidays here, was taken very dangerously ill with a fever, from which she is very precariously recovering, and I expect a summons to fetch her when she is well enough to bear the journey from Bury. It is Emma Isola, whom we first got acquainted with at our first acquaintance with your sister at Cambridge, and she has been partially an inmate with us—and of late years much more extensively—ever since. While she is in this danger, and till she is out of it, and here in a probable way to recovery, I feel I have no spirits for an engagement of any kind. It has been a terrible shock to us; therefore I beg that you will make my handsomest excuses to Mr. Murray.

Our very kindest loves to Mrs. Ayrton and the Ayrtonets.

I am sure the '*Status*' in which I found her was much better than any thing I could have expected, and 'tis something not to retrograde. But we sincerely wish *that* improved—for her consolation and yours remember how much longer poor Lot's wife (a better man than you) has been *in status quo*. Vide Sandys' Travels in the East.

Your unforgettable

C. LAMB.

['Phillips.' This would be Edward Phillips, who succeeded Rickman as secretary to Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester), the Speaker. The colonel was Colonel Erasmus Phillips, a retired officer of marines, who had sailed with Captains Burney and Cook and had known Dr. Johnson. The captain was Captain Burney, whose sister the colonel had married.

Mr. Murray's proposals. I presume that Murray had, through Ayrton, suggested either the republication of the *Dramatic Specimens*, 1808, in one volume, or in two volumes, with the Garrick Extracts added. The plan came to nothing. Moxon published them in the two-volume style in 1835. Murray had refused Lamb's *Works* some twelve years before.

'Sandys.' George Sandys (1578-1644), the poet, who travelled in the East and published his *Relation* in 1615. Apparently he was shown the pillar which had been Lot's wife.]

601. TO BASIL MONTAGU

DEAR M.,

[No date.]

I have received the enclosed from Miss James. Her sister, Mrs. Trueman, is a most worthy person. I know all their history. They are four daughters of them, daughters of a Welch Clergyman of the greatest respectability, who dying, the family were obliged to look about them, and by some fatality they all became nurses at Mr. Warburton's, Hoxton. Mrs. Parsons, one of them, is patronized by Dr. Tuthill, who can speak to *her* character. I can safely speak to Miss James's for 15 years or more. Trueman has been a keeper at Warburton's. Himself and wife are willing to undertake the entire charge at £200 a year.

I think you hardly pay less now. They propose take a cottage near the Regent's Park, to which by the *omnibuses* you can have short and easy access at any hour. I will call upon you to-morrow morning at office. Pray, think upon it in the meanwhile. I really think it desirable.

Yours ever

C. LAMB.

602. TO JAMES GILLMAN

[No date: ? *Early spring 1830.*]

DEAR GILLMAN,

Pray do you, or S. T. C., immediately write to say you have received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel, which I part from, bleeding, and to say how the Winter has used you all.

It is our intention soon, weather permitting, to come over for a day at Highgate; for beds we will trust to the Gate-House, should you be full: tell me if we may come casually, for in this change of climate there is no naming a day for walking. With best loves to Mrs. Gillman, &c.

Yours, mopish, but in health,

C. LAMB.

I shall be uneasy till I hear of Fuller's safe arrival.

[See letter to Gillman, No. 590. The 'dear, fine, silly old angel' was Thomas Fuller.

'The Gate-House.' An inn near the Grove, Highgate, which still flourishes.]

603. TO EDWARD MOXON

[? *April 1830.*]

DEAR M.,

The first Oak sonnet, and the Nightingale, may show their faces in any Annual unblushing. Some of the others are very good.

The Sabbath too much what you have written before.

You are destined to shine in Sonnets, I tell you.

Shall we look for you Sunday, we did in vain Good Friday?

[*A signature was added by Mrs. Moxon for Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, evidently from another letter :*]

Your truest friend

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson suggests that the signature was from a letter addressed to herself (Emma Isola). This would account for the peculiar warmth: 'your truest friend.']

604. TO DR. J. VALE ASBURY

DEAR SIR,

[? April 1830.]

Some draughts and boluses have been brought here which we conjecture were meant for the young lady whom you saw this morning, though they are labelled for

MISS ISOLA LAMB

No such person is known on the Chase Side, and she is fearful of taking medicines which may have been made up for another patient. She begs me to say that she was born an *Isola* and christened *Emma*. Moreover that she is Italian by birth, and that her ancestors were from *Isola Bella* (Fair Island) in the kingdom of Naples. She has never changed her name and rather mournfully adds that she has no prospect at present of doing so. She is literally I. SOLA, or single, at present. Therefore she begs that the obnoxious monosyllable may be omitted on future Phials,—an innocent syllable enough, you 'll say, but she has no claim to it. It is the bitterest pill of the seven you have sent her. When a lady loses her good *name*, what is to become of her? Well she must swallow it as well as she can, but begs the dose may not be repeated.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES LAMB (not Isola).

[Asbury was a doctor at Enfield for many years. I append another letter to him, without date.]

605. TO DR. J. VALE ASBURY

DEAR SIR,

It is an observation of a wise man that 'moderation is best in all things.' I cannot agree with him 'in liquor.' There is a smoothness and oiliness in wine that makes it go down by a natural channel, which I am positive was made for that descending. Else, why does not wine choke us? could Nature have made that sloping lane, not to facilitate the down-going? She does nothing in vain. You know that better than I. You know how often she has helped you at a dead lift, and how much better entitled she is to a fee than yourself sometimes, when you carry off the credit. Still there is something due to manners and customs, and I should apologise to you and Mrs. Asbury for being absolutely carried home upon a man's shoulders thro' Silver Street, up Parson's Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better), and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffar Westwood's, who it seems does not 'insure' against intoxication. Not that the mode of conveyance is

objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Ariel in the 'Tempest' says

On a Bat's back do I fly,
After sunset merrily.

Now I take it that Ariel must sometimes have stayed out late of nights. Indeed, he pretends that 'where the bee sucks, there lurks he,' as much as to say that his suction is as innocent as that little innocent (but damnably stinging when he is provok'd) winged creature. But I take it, that Ariel was fond of metheglin, of which the Bees are notorious Brewers. But then you will say: What a shocking sight to see a middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half riding a Gentleman's back up Parson's Lane at midnight. Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him, nobody but Heaven and his own conscience; now Heaven makes fools, and don't expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, She and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. I like to be liked, but I don't care about being respected. I don't respect myself. But, as I was saying, I thought he would have let me down just as we got to Lieutenant Barker's Coal-shed (or emporium) but by a cunning jerk I eased myself, and righted my posture. I protest, I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me. There was I, all but my reason. And what is reason? and what is the loss of it? and how often in a day do we do without it, just as well? Reason is only counting, two and two makes four. And if on my passage home, I thought it made five, what matter? Two and two will just make four, as it always did, before I took the finishing glass that did my business. My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party; now it does seem to me, that I rather honoured your party, for every one that was not drunk (and one or two of the ladies, I am sure, were not) must have been set off greatly in the contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed. By the way is magnesia good on these occasions? *iii* pol: [?: pil:] med: sum: ante noct: in rub: can:.

I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model. But still you'll say (or the men and maids at your house will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back. Well, may be it is not. But I have never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard more the internal acquisitions. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal posture or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity) I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. Here I am,

able to compose a sensible rational apology, and what signifies how I got here? I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night, and to thank our kind host and hostess, and that's sense enough, I hope.

CHARLES LAMB.

N.B.—What is good for a desperate head-ache? Why, Patience, and a determination not to mind being miserable all day long. And that I have made my mind up to.

So, here goes. It is better than not being alive at all, which I might have been, had your man toppled me down at Lieut. Barker's Coal-shed. My sister sends her sober compliments to Mrs. A. She is not much the worse.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

['Ariel.' *The Tempest*, v. i. 88, is misquoted, in the version familiar through Arne's setting of it to music, with 'lurk' for 'suck' and 'sunset' for 'summer.' In two other of his letters, Lamb confesses similarly to a similar escapade. And in his *Elia* essay 'Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age,' he sends *Asb Wednesday* home in the same manner.

The prescription. The gap indicates that Lamb filled in the details later, and left too much space for them. What he wrote or invented looks like three medium pills to be taken before night, but the fluid in which they were to be inserted remains obscure to a dispensing chemist of to-day.

Lieut. John Barker, R.N., was a local character, a coal merchant and a man with a grievance. He had thirteen children, some of whose names probably amused Lamb: John Thomas, William Charles, Frederick Alexander, Marius Collins, Caius Marcius, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Coriolanus Aurelius, Horatius Tertius Decimus, Elizabeth Mary, Concordia, Louisa Clarissa, Caroline Maria Quiroja, and Volumnia Hortensia.]

606. TO MRS. WILLIAMS

Enfield, *Tuesday* [21st April 1830].

DEAR MADAM,

I have ventured upon some lines, which combine my old acrostic talent (which you first found out) with my new profession of epitaph-monger. As you did not please to say, when you would die, I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up. At least you cannot say that these lines are not about you, though not much to the purpose. We were very sorry to hear that you have not been very well, and hope that a little excursion may revive you. Miss Isola is thankful for her added day; but I verily think she longs to see her young friends once more, and will regret less than ever the end

of her holydays. She cannot be going on more quietly than she is doing here, and you will perceive amendment.

I hope all her little commissions will all be brought home to your satisfaction. When she returns, we purpose seeing her to Epping on her journey. We have had our proportion of fine weather and some pleasant walks, and she is stronger, her appetite good, but less wolfish than at first, which we hold a good sign. I hope Mr. Wing will approve of its abatement. She desires her very kindest respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and wishes to rejoin you. My sister and myself join in respect, and pray tell Mr. Donne, with our compliments, that we shall be disappointed, if we do not see him.

This letter being very neatly written, I am very unwilling that Emma should club any of her disproportionate scrawl to deface it.

Your obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Williams, W. B. Donne, Esq., Mattishall, East Dereham, Norfolk.

[Mr. Wing was probably Miss Isola's doctor. Mr. Donne was William Bodham Donne (1807-82), the friend of Edward FitzGerald, and Examiner of Plays.

This was Lamb's acrostic-epitaph on Mrs. Williams:

Grace Joanna here doth lie:
Reader, wonder not that I
Ante-date her hour of rest.
Can I thwart her wish exprest,
Ev'n unseemly though the laugh

Jesting with an Epitaph?
On her bones the turf lie lightly,
And her rise again be brightly!
No dark stain be found upon her—
No there will not, on mine honour—
Answer that at least I can.

Would that I, thrice happy man,
In as spotless garb might rise,
Light as she will climb the skies,
Leaving the dull earth behind,
In a car more swift than wind.
All her errors, all her failings,
(Many they were not) and ailings,
Sleep secure from Envy's railings.]

607. TO BASIL MONTAGU

[No date: ² May 1830.]

DEAR B. M.,

You are a kind soul of yourself, and need no spurring, but if you can help a worthy man you will have *two worthy men* obliged to you. I am writing from Hone's possible Coffee House, which must answer, if he can find means to open it, which unfortunately flag—We purpose a little subscription—but I know how tender a subject the pocket is—Your advice may be important to him.

Yours most truly,

C. LAMB.

This is a letter of business, so I wont send unseasonable Love to Mrs. Montague and the both good Proctors.

[Hone was established in the Grasshopper Coffee-house in Gracechurch Street.]

608. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR SOUTHEY,

May 10, 1830.

My friend Hone, whom you would like *for a friend*, I found deeply impressed with your generous notice of him in your beautiful 'Life of Bunyan,' which I am just now full of. He has written to you for leave to publish a certain good-natured letter. I write not this to enforce his request, for we are fully aware that the refusal of such publication would be quite consistent with all that is good in your character. Neither he nor I expect it from you, nor exact it; but if you would consent to it, you would have me obliged by it, as well as him. He is just now in a critical situation: kind friends have opened a coffee-house for him in the City, but their means have not extended to the purchase of coffee-pots, credit for Reviews, newspapers, and other paraphernalia. So I am sitting in the skeleton of a possible divan. What right I have to interfere, you best know. Look on me as a dog who went once temporarily insane, and bit you, and now begs for a crust. Will you set your wits to a dog?

Our object is to open a subscription, which my friends of the 'Times' are most willing to forward for him, but think that a leave from you to publish would aid it.

But not an atom of respect or kindness will or shall it abate in either of us if you decline it. Have this strongly in your mind.

Those 'Every-Day' and 'Table' Books will be a treasure a hundred years hence; but they have failed to make Hone's fortune.

Here his wife and all his children are about me, gaping for coffee customers; but how should they come in, seeing no pot boiling!

Enough of Hone. I saw Coleridge a day or two since. He has had some severe attack, not paralytic; but, if I had not heard of it, I should not have found it out. He looks, and especially speaks, strong. How are all the Wordsworths and all the Southneys? whom I am obliged to you if you have not brought up haters of the name of

C. LAMB.

P.S.—I have gone lately into the acrostic line. I find genius (such as I had) declines with me, but I get clever. Do you know anybody that wants charades, or such things, for Albums? I do 'em at so much a sheet. Perhaps an epigram (not a very happy-gram) I did for a school-boy yesterday may amuse. I pray Jove he may not get a flogging for any false quantity; but 'tis, with one exception, the only Latin verses I have made for forty years, and I did it 'to order.'

SUUM CUIQUE

Adsciscit sibi divitias et opes alienas

Fur, rapiens, spolians, quod mihi, quod-que tibi,

Proprium erat, temnens hæc verba, Meum-que, Suum-que;

Omne suum est: tandem Cui-que Suum tribuit.

Dat laqueo collum; vestes, vah! carnifici dat;

Sese Diabolo: sic bene: Cuique Suum.

I write from Hone's, therefore Mary cannot send her love to Mrs. Southey, but I do.

Yours ever,

C. L.

['A certain good-natured letter.' This was Southey's reply to a letter of Hone's thanking him for his notice in the *Life of Bunyan*. The letters were published in *The Times* of 21st May.

'Suum Cuique.' The boy for whom this epigram was composed was a son of Hessey, the publisher, afterwards Archdeacon Hessey. He was at the Merchant Taylors' School, where it was a custom to compose Latin and English epigrams for speech day, the boys being permitted to get help. Archdeacon Hessey wrote as follows in the *Taylorian* some years ago:

The subjects for 1830 were *Suum Cuique* and *Brevis esse laboro*. After some three or four exercise nights I confess that I was literally 'at my wits' end.' But a brilliant idea struck me. I had frequently, boy as I was, seen Charles Lamb at my father's house, and once, in 1825 or 1826, I had been taken to have tea with him and his sister, Mary Lamb, at their little house, Colebrook Cottage, a whitish-brown tenement, standing by itself, close to the New River, at Islington. He was very kind, as he always was to young people, and very quaint. I told him that I had devoured his 'Roast Pig'; he congratulated me on possessing a thorough schoolboy's appetite. And he was pleased when I mentioned my having seen the boys at Christ's Hospital at their public suppers, which then took place on the Sunday evenings in Lent.

'Could this good-natured and humorous old gentleman be prevailed upon to give me an Epigram?' 'I don't know,' said my father, to whom I put the question, 'but I will ask him at any rate, and send him the mottoes.' In a day or two there arrived from Enfield, to which Lamb had removed some time in 1827, not one, but two epigrams, one on each subject. That on *Suum Cuique* was in Latin, and was suggested by the grim satisfaction which had recently been expressed by the public at the capture and execution of some notorious highwayman.

Lamb had many years before, he says in a letter to Godwin, written similar epigrams.

Mr. E. V. Knox has provided me with the following translation:

Riches from you and me the robber takes
 Disdainful of such words as 'his' and 'mine,'
 He counts all *his*—yet restitution makes:
 His neck he offers to the noose of twine,
 His garments to the hangman's hand are thrown.
 The devil has his soul. To each his own.

The Latin scansion is well enough, except that the first syllable of the devil, *diabolo*, is short, and cannot begin a dactyl.]

609. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M., Enfield, Tuesday. [P.M. 12th May 1830.]

I dined with your and my Rogers at Mr. Cary's yesterday. Cary consulted me on the proper bookseller to offer a Lady's MS novel to. I said I would write to *you*. But I wish you would call on the Translator of Dante at the British Museum, and talk with him. He is the pleasantest of clergymen. I told him of all Rogers's handsome behaviour to you, and you are already no stranger. Go. I made Rogers laugh about your Nightingale sonnet, not having heard one. 'Tis a good sonnet notwithstanding. You shall have the books shortly. C. L.

[Samuel Rogers had just lent Moxon £500 on which to commence publisher. Moxon had dedicated his first book to Rogers.

'Not having heard one.' Moxon was from Yorkshire, where nightingales are rarely heard, and had written his sonnet on *repute*.]

610. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

DEAR NOVELLO, Friday. [P.M. 14th May 1830.]

Mary hopes you have not forgot you are to spend a day with us on Wednesday. That it may be a long one, cannot you secure places now for Mrs. Novello yourself and the Clarkes? We have just table room for four. Five make my good Landlady fidgetty; six, to begin to fret; seven, to approximate to fever point. But seriously we shall prefer

four to two or three; we shall have from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 to six, when the coach goes off, to scent the country. And pray write *now*, to say you do so come, for dear Mrs. Westwood else will be on the tenters of incertitude.

C. LAMB.

[‘The Clarkes.’ Charles Cowden Clarke had married Mary Victoria Novello on 5th July 1828.]

611. TO WILLIAM AYRTON

Enfield, *Thursday*.

[20th May 1830.

DEAR AYRTON,

Novello paid us a visit yesterday, and I very much wished you with us. Our conversation was principally, as you may suppose, upon *Music*; and he desiring me to give him my real opinion respecting the distinct grades of excellence in all the eminent composers of the Italian, German, & English Schools, I have done it, rather to oblige him, than from any overweening opinion I have of my own judgment on that science. Such as it is, I submit it to better critics, and am, dear Ayrton,

Yours sincerely,

CH. LAMB.

P.S. You will find the Essay overleaf—that is to say, if you look for it there.

[Here are the verses:

FREE THOUGHTS ON SEVERAL EMINENT COMPOSERS

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites. For my part,
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, nor for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy,
Without admiring Pergolesi?
Or thro’ the world with comfort go,
That never heard of Doctor Blow?
So help me God, I hardly have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
Like other people, if you watch it,
And know no more of Stave or Crotchet,
Than did the primitive Peruvians,
Or those old ante-queer-Diluvians
That lived in the unwash’d world with Jubal,
Before that dirty Blacksmith Tubal,
By stroke on anvil, or by summ’at,
Found out, to his great surprise, the gamut.

I care no more for Cimerosa,
 Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
 Being no painter; and bad luck
 Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
 Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel,
 Had something in 'em: but who's Purcel?
 The devil with his foot so cloven,
 For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
 And, if the bargain does not suit,
 I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
 There's not the splitting of a splinter
 To chuse 'twixt *him last named*, and Winter.
 Of Doctor Pepuzch old Queen Dido
 Knew just as much, God knows, as I do,
 I would not go four miles to visit
 Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?
 No more I would for Bononcini.
 As for Novello, and Rossini,
 I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
 Because they're living. So I leave 'em!

There are differences in the various versions.]

612. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[20th May 1830.]

DEAR N.,

Pray write immediately to say 'The book has come safe.' I am anxious, not so much for the autographs, as for that bit of the hair brush. I enclose a cinder, which belonged to *Shield*, when he was poor, and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great Musical Genius, I know, is acceptable; and *Shield* has his merits, though *Clementi*, in my opinion, is far above him in the *Sostenuto*. Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of *Jommelli's* coffin, who is buried at Naples.

[Vincent Novello writes on this: 'A very characteristic note from Dear Charles Lamb, who always pretended to Rate all kinds of memorials and *Relics*, and assumed a look of fright and horror whenever he reproached me with being a *Papist*, instead of a *Quaker*, which sect he pretended to doat upon.' The book would be Novello's album, with Lamb's *Free Thoughts on Several Eminent Composers* in it.

Shield was William Shield (1748-1829), the composer. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in the same grave as *Clementi*. *Niccolò Jommelli* (1714-1774) was a Neapolitan composer.]

613. TO SARAH HAZLITT

London *May twenty fourth*
 [1830]
 Enfield, *Saturday*

Mary's Love?—

Yes,

Mary Lamb *quite well*

DEAR SARAH,

I found my way to Northaw on Thursday, and a very good woman behind a counter, who says also that you are a very good Lady, but that the woman who was with you was naught. These things may be so or not. I did not accept her offer'd glass of wine (home made, I take it) but craved a cup of ale, with which I seasoned a slice of cold lamb from a sandwich box which I ate in her back parlour, and proceeded for Berkhamstead & c. Lost myself over a heath, and had a day's pleasure. I wish you could walk as I do, and as you used to do. I am sorry to find you are so poorly; and, now I have found my way, I wish you back at Goody Tomlinson's. What a pretty village 'tis. I should have come sooner, but was waiting a summons to Bury. Well, it came, I found the good parson's Lady (he was from home) exceedingly hospitable. Poor Emma, the first moment we were alone, took me into a corner, and said 'Now, pray, don't *drink*—do check yourself after dinner for my sake; and when we get home to Enfield, you shall drink as much as much as ever you please, and I won't say a word about it.' How I behaved, you may guess, when I tell you that Mrs. Williams and I have written acrostics on each other, and she hoped that she should have 'no reason to regret Miss Isola's recovery by its depriving *her* of our begun correspondence.' Emma Stay'd a month with us, and has gone back (in tolerable health) to her long home, for she comes not again for a twelve month. I amused Mrs. Williams with an occurrence on our road to Enfield. We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow passengers in a stage coach that is call'd a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted & I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when getting into Bishop's Stortford my gentleman spying some farming land put an unlucky question to me 'what sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year.' Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say, and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale serious cheeks, when with the greatest gravity I replied, that 'it depended, I believed upon boiled legs of mutton.' This clench'd our conversation, and my gentleman

with a face half wise, half in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation scientific or philosophical for the remainder of the journey. Ayrton was here yesterday, and as *learned* to the full as my fellow traveller. What a pity that he will spoil a wit and a devilish pleasant fellow (as he is) by wisdom. He talked on *Music*, & by having read Hawkins & Burney recently, I was enabled to talk of names and show more knowledge than he had suspected I possessed; and in the end he begg'd me to shape my thoughts upon paper, which I did after he was gone, & sent him

[*Here follow Free Thoughts on Several Eminent Composers.*]

[*A corkscrew here.*]

Martin Burney is as odd as ever. We had a dispute about the word 'heir' which I contended was pronounced like 'air'—he said that it might be in common parlance, or that we might so use it, speaking of the 'Heir at Law' a comedy, but that in the Law Courts it was necessary to give it a full aspiration, & to say *Hayer*—he thought it might even vitiate a cause, if a Counsel pronounced it otherwise. In conclusion he 'would consult Sergeant Wilde'—who gave it against him. Sometimes he falleth into the water, sometimes into the fire. He came down here & insisted on reading Virgil's *Eneid*, all thro' with me (which he did) because a Counsel must know Latin. Another time he read all out the Gospel of St. John, because Biblical quotations are very emphatic in a Court of Justice. A third time, he would carve a fowl, which he did very ill favorably, because 'we did not know how indispensable it was for a Barrister to do all those sort of things well.' Those little things were of more consequence than we supposed. So he goes on harassing about the way to prosperity & losing it.—With a long head but somewhat a wrong one—harum scarum—why does not his guardian angel look to him? he deserves one—maybe he has tired him out.—

I am with this long scrawl, but I thought in your exile you might like a letter. Commend me to all the Wonders in Derbyshire, & tell the devil I humbly kiss—

my hand to him.

Yours Ever C LAMB

[Mary Lamb (or Charles Lamb, personating her) appended the following postscript to the verses in Novello's album:

The reason why my brother's so severe,
 Vincentio is—my brother has no ear:
 And Caradori her mellifluous throat
 Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.

Of common tunes he knows not anything,
 Nor 'Rule, Britannia' from 'God save the King.'
 He rail at Handel! He the gamut quiz!
 I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.
 His spite at music is a pretty whim—
 He loves not it, because it loves not him.

M. LAMB.

'Sergeant Wilde.' Thomas Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, whom Lamb is said to have helped with squibs in the Newark election of 1829, when Martin Burney was among his supporters.]

614. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR SARAH,

June 3, 1830.

I named your thought about William to his father, who expressed such horror and aversion to the idea of his singing in public, that I cannot meddle in it directly or indirectly. Ayrton is a kind fellow, and if you chuse to consult him by Letter, or otherwise, he will give you the best advice, I am sure, very readily. *I have no doubt that M. Burney's objection to interfering was the same with mine.* With thanks for your pleasant long letter, which is not that of an Invalid, and sympathy for your sad sufferings, I remain, in haste,

Yours Truly

Mary's kindest Love.

[There was some talk of William Hazlitt junior becoming a pupil of Braham and taking up music seriously. He did not do so.]

615. TO WILLIAM HONE

Enfield, 17 June, 1830.

I hereby impower Matilda Hone to superintend daily the putting into the twopenny post the *Times* newspaper of the day before, directed 'Mr. Lamb, Enfield,' which shall be held a *full and sufficient direction*: the said insertion to commence on Monday morning next, And I do engage to pay to William Hone, Coffee and Hotel Man, the quarterly sum of £1, to be paid at the ordinary Quarter days, or thereabout, for the reversion of the said paper, commencing with the 24th inst., or Feast of John the Baptist; the intervening days to be held and considered as nothing.

C. LAMB.

Vivant Coffee, Coffee-pot-que!

Mr. Hone, Coffee-house and Hotel, 13, Gracechurch Street, London.

616. TO BERNARD BARTON

[P.M. 28th June 1830.]

DEAR B. B.,

Could you dream of my publishing without sending a copy to you? You will find some things new to you in the vol. particularly the Translations. Moxon will send to you the moment it is out. He is the young poet of Xmas, whom the Author of the Pleasures of Memory has set up in the bookvending business with a volunteer'd loan of £500—such munificence is rare to an almost stranger. But Rogers, I am told, has done many good-natured things of this nature.

I need not say how glad to see A. K. and Lucy we should have been,—and still shall be, if it be practicable. Our direction is Mr. Westwood's, Chase Side Enfield, but alas I know not theirs. We can give them a bed. Coaches come daily from the Bell, Holborn.

You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to Acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath Album verses—but they were written at the request of the Lady where our Emma is, to whom I paid a visit in April to bring home Emma for a change of air after a severe illness, in which she had been treated like a daughter by the good Parson and his whole family. She has since return'd to her occupation. I thought on you in Suffolk, but was 40 miles from Woodbridge. I heard of you the other day from Mr. Pulham of the India House.

Long live King William the 4th.

S. T. C. says, we have had wicked kings, foolish kings, wise kings, good kings (but few) but never till now have we had

a Blackguard King—

Charles 2d was profligate, but a Gentleman.

I have nineteen Letters to dispatch this leisure Sabbath for Moxon to send about with Copies—so you will forgive me short measure—and believe me

Yours ever

C. L.

Pray do let us see your Quakeresses if possible.

[Lamb's *Album Verses* was almost ready. The translations were those from Vincent Bourne.

William IV came to the throne on 26th June 1830.

'I have nineteen Letters.' The fact that only two of these are forthcoming helps to illustrate the imperfect state of Lamb's correspondence as we now have it. The number may have been an exaggeration; but I fear not.]

617. TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD

Enfield. June 29 [1830.]

DR. SIR,

Pray accept a copy of a little volume, and excuse the irregularity of my printing the Drama without your leave. We found we had not enough without it, and I think the time is past it can be of any further service to your Maga. Mr. Professor Wilson, you told me, liked my *Wife's Trial*, he may not dislike it volumized. Pray, forward one copy to him, and expect a MS packet from me soon. I have clear'd my shelves of my idle fancies.

In haste,

and again apologising,

Yours Truly,

C. L.

[Between 1st and 6th July the Lambs moved to 34 Southampton Buildings, and Mary was immediately taken ill.]

618. TO LOUISA MARTIN

[11th July 1830.]

DEAR MONKEY,

I am engaged all over with Mrs. Dowden my Niece, who has come from Brighton on business very pressing to her, and the time she leaves me for my own is not enough for another business which I have on hand. I have been, moreover, very unwell indeed, & tho' recovering, have little spirits for going about—am a sick cat that loves to be alone on housetops or at cellar bottoms—but not many days shall pass over, before I find you all out. You cannot think the pleasure I had in the sight of all your names. Love to all, Natives & Yankies. Capt. Thomas's Farmè Ornèe upon Haverstock Hill drawn from memory.

Sketch of the farm. A cow her tail. These are trees. Foreground.

The chimney is without smoke, it being cold-bone day. The door I omit, so treacherous is memory.

Believe me Yours (all) as ever,

C. L.

Miss Louisa Martin, 13, Green's Row, Chelsea College.

[The nickname 'Monkey' appeared in a letter of 10th November 1805. See vol. i, page 270.]

619. TO BASIL MONTAGU

DEAR MONTAGU,

[P.M. 13th July 1830.]

I cannot pass over the disgraceful circumstance of my leaving No. 25 Bedford Square in liquor. But *then*, are not those kind friends, who for 4 years have been dissuading me from a country life, in part participation?

I seem to me in a confused manner to remember something about your putting up (a low phrase) for Woodstock. Now don't think me impertinent in saying that for my own part I wish you unsuccessful. You have had thro' life, what few can claim, a character. It has been that of perfect independence and individuality. You have been, & long may you be, Basil Montagu. Your individualism must be lost in a place where all is Party. What was Horne Tooke? What is Erskine? No Single Thoughted man of self-impulse can be in his place in the House of Commons. Having said so much, the impertinence of which you may impute to last night's fumes, I will only add that if you persist for Woodstock, I am your man for any electioneering ballads, squibs, or dirty interference whatever, & most heartily wish you success.

Mayn't I come again some day. I never tipsify twice running in the same house.

C. L.

Basil Montagu Esq^r, 25 Bedford Square.

[The preservation of this letter is something to be very thankful for, because after the death of Mrs. Procter all the correspondence was destroyed. The late Dykes Campbell somehow had possessed himself of a copy, which he gave to Major Butterworth, who gave it to Mrs. Anderson.

Montagu did not become a candidate.]

620. TO HARRIET ISOLA

[No date or P.M., but probably written about 2nd week in July 1830, from 34 Southampton Buildings.]

DEAR HARRIETT,

When you write again to Emma, I beg you will not say a word to her of Moxon's fretting about her not returning the copies in which the mistake was. It would only tease her. She is welcome from me and him to as many as she can use. He only wanted the blundering copies back again, which she could not understand. I know it would only worry her, and we must do all we can to please her and keep her well. When I am a little more settled, we will have another walk in the Park.

Yours truly

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'I think some copies of *Album Verses* had been sent to Emma before Moxon discovered that some pages had been bound up wrong, and wanted her to send back the defective copies in exchange for perfect ones. As she did not understand at once, Lamb decided not to worry her further, as she was still a little weak from her recent illness. I think possibly Harriet was also a governess, somewhere in London.'

Letter 630, page 320, seems to refer to the same matter.]

621. TO SIR ANTHONY CARLISLE

[No date: Probably August 1830.]

P.S. What a beautiful quotation
from Harvey in page 12!

DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

Much thanks for your spleen-theory. I wish I was more competent to admire it properly. It reads like a work of sense. But I have a most unscientific head, and can only believe that we are wonderfully and fearfully made. I perfectly agree with the sentiments in your note. The March of Intellect, in respect of Science, and encouragement of the highest Science, is a Dead March. I have taken the liberty, in allusion to the 'Nursing Mothers'—our 'old Almas'—to refine the rather coarsish *Indian Appellation* bestowed upon the Novel Institution, into 'Olens Mater,' which I desire it may bear hereafter. I am 35 years too old to enter into a proper sympathy with new French Revolutions. *Faustae felices que sint*—but they affect me little more than lunary phases—

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Sir Anthony Carlisle, who was a surgeon at Westminster Hospital for forty-seven years (1793–1840), had sent Lamb his pamphlet, published in 1829, and entitled *Alleged Discovery of the use of the Spleen and of the Thyroid Gland*.'

'I have a most unscientific head.' Compare the *Elia* essay, 'The Old and the New Schoolmaster': 'In everything that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world.'

'Wonderfully, etc.' Psalm cxxxix. 14, A.V., where the adverbs are in the reverse order.

Southey wrote of the 'March of Intellect' in his *Colloquies*, ii. 360.

'*Indian Appellation*.' Mr. R. J. Walker suggests that Lamb is referring here to the nickname bestowed on the recently opened London University (1828) by Theodore Hook—viz. 'Stinkomalee.' Lamb calls it *Indian* because it is a variation of 'Trincomalee,' a dirty seaport of Ceylon. The university is an 'olfactory menace,' because its site was a refuse heap. It was also in bad odour as not requiring religious tests.

'New French Revolutions.' The revolution which started 27th July 1830, and led to the abdication of Charles X.

'Faustae felicesque sint' is: 'May they [the Revolutions] be happy and prosperous.' There is not any difference in Latin between the meaning of *faustus* and *felix*. The two words were often used together, especially in old Roman religious formulae.]

622. TO BERNARD BARTON

DEAR B. B.,

[P.M. 30th August 1830.]

My address is 34 Southamptⁿ Buildings, Holborn. For God's sake do not let me [be] pester'd with Annuals. They are all rogues who edit them, and something else who write in them. I am still alone, and very much out of sorts, and cannot spur up my mind to writing. The sight of one of those Year Books makes me sick. I get nothing by any of 'em, not even a Copy—

Thank you for your warm interest about my little volume, for the critics on which I care [not] the 5 hundred thousandth part of the tythe of a half-farthing. I am too old a Militant for that. How noble, tho', in R. S. to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily. Moxon has a shop without customers, I a Book without readers. But what a clamour against a poor collection of album verses, as if we had put forth an Epic. I cannot scribble a long Letter—I am, when not at foot, very desolate, and take no interest in any thing, scarce hate [any] thing, but annuals. I am in an interregnum of thought and feeling—

What a beautiful Autumn morning this is, if it was but with me as in times past when the candle of the Lord shined round me—

I cannot even muster enthusiasm to admire the French heroism.

In better times I hope we may some day meet, and discuss an old poem or two. But if you 'd have me not sick

no more of Annuals.

Love to Lucy and A. K. always.

C. L. Ex-Elia.

[The *Literary Gazette*, Jerdan's paper, had written thus of *Album Verses* in the issue for 10th July 1830:

If any thing could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.

Southey published in *The Times* of 6th August some lines in praise of Lamb and against Jerdan. It was Southey's first public utterance on Lamb since the famous letter by Elia to himself, and is the more noble in consequence.

'The candle of the Lord.' Job xxix. 3.

'The French heroism.' The July revolution, in which the Bourbons were routed and Louis Philippe placed on the throne.

On 18th September 1830 Hazlitt died.]

623. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

DEAR SIR,

[Dated at end: 5th October (1830).]

I know not what have bewitch'd me that I have delayed acknowledging your beautiful present. But I have been very unwell and nervous of late. The poem was not new to me, tho' I have renewed acquaintance with it. Its metre is none of the least of its excellencies. 'Tis so far from the stiffness of blank verse—it gallops like a traveller, as it should do—no crude Miltonisms in [it]. Dare I pick out what most pleases me? It is the middle paragraph in page thirty-four. It is most tasty. Though I look on every impression as a *proof* of your kindness, I am jealous of the ornaments, and should have prized the verses naked on whity-brown paper.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Oct. 5th.

C. LAMB.

[Rogers had sent Lamb a copy of his *Italy*, with illustrations by Turner and Stothard, which was published by Moxon with other firms in 1830. This is the middle paragraph on page 34:

Here I received from thee, *Esilico*,
One of those courtesies so sweet, so rare!
When, as I rambled thro' thy vineyard-ground
On the hill-side, thou sent'st thy little son,
Charged with a bunch almost as big as he,
To press it on the stranger. May thy vats
O'erflow, and he, thy willing gift-bearer,
Live to become a giver; and, at length,
When thou art full of honour and wouldst rest,
The staff of thine old age!]

624. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

[No date, but probably *Friday, 8th*
October 1830, from 34 Southampton
Buildings.]

DEAR T.,

I have a rough draft of my proposed will—to be drawn technically (as I will have it done) if you see no objection. I shall be at home after quarter after two (if you call on your way home) until five, or give

me a line. You go from home on Monday, and I want your opinion before I submit to Ryle.

I have writ to Mrs. Dowden to have her money immediately to clear the will from any claims of conscience, for there are no other.

Yours, hoping to *survive* and God blessing you in either case.

C. L.

625. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

[No date: ? October 1830.]

DR. T.,

* Moxon & Knowles are coming to Enfield on Sunday *afternoon*. My poor shaken head cannot at present let me ask any dinner company; for two drinkings in a day, which must ensue, would incapacity me. I am very poorly. They can only get an Edmontⁿ stage, from which village 'tis but a 2 miles walk, & I have only *inn beds* to offer. *Pray*, join 'em if you can. Our first morning stage to London is $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8. If that won't suit your avocations, arrange with Ryle (or without him)—but how can I separate him morally?—logically and legally, poetically and critically I can,—from you? No disparagement (for a better Christian exists not)—well arrange *cum* or *absque illo*—this is latin—the first Sunday you can, *morning*.

I am poorly, but I always am on these occasions, a week or two. Then I get sober,—I mean less insober. Yours till death; you are mine *after*. Don't mind a touch of pathos. Love to Mrs. Talfourd.

The Edmonton stages come almost every hour from Snow Hill.

* Erratum, for M. & K. read K. & M. Booksellers *after* Authors.

[Knowles is presumably James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist.

Ryle, as I have already said, was Lamb's executor, with Talfourd. Hence the phrase to Talfourd, 'you are mine *after*.'

LAMB'S WILL

I Charles Lamb late of the Accountant General's Office East India House now resident at No. 34 Southampton Buildings Holborn London do hereby make my last Will and Testament I devise and bequeath all my property of every kind whatsoever to Thomas Noon Talfourd of the Middle Temple Esquire and Charles Ryle of the East India house Gentleman In trust to be disposed of by purchase of annuity or annuities or in any other manner at their entire discretion for the sole benefit and use of my sister Mary Ann Lamb provided that if by reason of her advanced age or otherwise it shall not seem expedient to them the said trustees to dispose of the whole of the said property in her lifetime and that after the payment of her just debts and funeral expenses

any residue of the said property shall be remaining that then it shall be in the power of the said trustees to dispose of such residue to such purposes as she being of sound mind shall appoint by writing under her own hand provided further that in default of any such appointment then the said trustees after the payment of her debts and funeral expenses shall have power to pay the Residue of the said property to Emma Isola now residing at Fornham All Saints Bury Suffolk or in case that she shall not be living to any child or children that she may have left born in lawful wedlock And I appoint Thomas Noon Talfourd Esquire and Charles Ryle Gentleman aforesaid my Executors as witness my hand this ninth day of October 1830— Charles Lamb—signed in the presence of—Vincent Rice 3 Ruffords Row Islington.]

626. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

34 Southampton Build^g,
Holborn.

[No date: Autumn 1830.]

DEAR SOUTHEY,

Nothing but some foolish doubts of the practicability of getting a frank has prevented my acknowledging earlier your verses, which are not only the friendliest in the world, but also some of the beautifullest. They found few scars to heal, for I was untouch'd; but a box of right Gilead is a present of price. The impetuosity of poor Moxon conveyed 'em to The Office forthwith on receipt, but he had no means of access to the great Temporal Lord, nor I believe did it enter his noddle—such its present joy—that they would appear *otherwise* than with the initial that crown'd them. For myself, seeing that you are not much vex'd—I can hardly wish that the name had been omitted. It was an answer (to the world) to something in times past which I wish to be silent upon. I do assure you that M. is very penitent and doleful about the name.

His depressions at the attacks one upon another, as they follow'd the L. G., were a perfect comedy, and would have deceived the wise heart of Solomon to have adjudged the child to its true Father. Again his alternations of 'other passion, when one & another paper took up the cudgels for us, & your CROWNING victory (as old Noll has it) discover'd an irritability truly Ultra-Horacensian. Then the Epistles I have had from B. B., of authority, sympathy, and unnecessary condolence, with a packet of Woodbridge and other obscure provincial papers, with a paragraph of his own in 'em of cold comfort in extenuation of the Album verses—I meanwhile sitting in calm and sinless indifference!—You perhaps have not read *all* my Critics. The Monthly Review, of whose present existence I did not dream, seems absolutely to have started out of its winding sheet into a new series at the first alarm of my author-

ship. Among other proofs of deep reading, it exclaim'd upon the Ode to the Treadmill, that the writer of it seem'd emulous of the Harp of PINDAR—in a blank ignorance of the Pindaric Odes of the last century, of which it had never heard. A Literary *Scotch* Gazette said 'Does Mr. L. hope by trifles of this sort to ASCEND to immortality,' the M. R. (Moxon keeps copies of 'em all, as you 'd keep a shaft that had wounded your Grandfather—more for spite than love to it) conceives 'the fastidious eye of Samuel Rogers looking over the Sonnet address to him'—How Rogers took that sonnet, & how all *his* took it, let me copy his letter to shew you. Let Wordsworth, and whoever else is sacred to you, see it—for sweeter family touches never came from pen of a full heart—I need not point out to his friends (only that I may not seem inapprehensive of it myself) the touching way in which he introduced his late brother as HE—and HIM only—no name—Copy

Many many thanks. The verses are beautiful. I need not say with what feelings they were read. Pray accept the grateful acknowledgments of us all, & believe me when I say that nothing could have been a greater cordial to us in our affliction than such a testimony from such a quarter. HE was (for none knew him so well, we were born within a year or two of each other) a man of a very high mind, & with less disguise than perhaps any that ever lived. Whatever he was, that we saw. He stood before his fellow beings (if I may be forgiven for saying so) almost as before his Maker, & God grant that we may all bear as severe an examination. He was an admirable Scholar. His Dante & his Homer were as familiar to him as his alphabet, & he had the tenderest heart. When a flock of turkies was stolen from his farm, the indignation of the poor far & wide was great & loud. To me he is the greatest loss—for we were nearly of an age—& there is now no human being alive in whose eyes I have been always young! Yours most gratefully, Sam^l Rogers.—

Was I paid, or not, for the Sonnet?—I must leave this page blank to talk of the Epigram in the next. A third Batch went but was neither in last week's nor this Examiner. The fresh importation which is capital, was sent in to-day, in the unknown hand exactly in which they were receivd. Perhaps they have had enough, yet in yesterday's were two by an unknown hand, Leigh Hunt's, I think, not bad—

INQUESTS EXTRAORDINARY

1st. Last week a Porter died beneath his burden.

VERDICT. Found carrying a Gazette from J—:—.

2d. Same day two Gentlewomen died of vapours.

VERDICT. Hair curl'd with Mr. Jerdan's papers.

[On opposite page.]

However, they have got 'em—& I hope will insert 'em. 'Twas the only arena for them. Water spout falling upon dirty water spout.

I was thinking to advertise for a new rhyme to J—, 'Else the writer would be under the necessity of penning Epigrams in BLANK VERSE'—but enough of this, he won't forget somebodies while his name is a name—The rogue in his last Number his [has] introduced a flattering EULOGY (with some mild reprehension upon some subject) upon Robert Southey.—Does it not cover the person concerned with blushes?

Hone's advertisement I have not seen nor him for some weeks. We are not co-politicians. His Coffee rooms, I hear, prosper. I am at Rickman's 1st old lodgings in town, where I met (?) Porson. I lodged in the Building 31 years ago, & sweet it is to hear the morning cries of 'old cloes' which seem to have been sounding ever since—

May you prove a pseudo-prophet about the Revolution!

I only gape, & cannot see into these millstones!

I will just fill up this with saying, you seem not to know my late history. Last year poor Mary after 12 weeks absence, came home so low spirited & utterly unable to manage, that we sold off furniture & went into board & lodging. We had been warnd to leave the house previously, & *that* hung upon her mind. We boarded & lodg'd 9 months, but were so uncomfortable, that having no incumbrance to move, I thought we would try again old Natural London. But that slight removal overcame her, & she is now in her 9th week of absence (it will be better.) I am ashamed of the frivolous opposite page, but I try to keep of[f] dull thoughts the best I can, & I can bury them a little in this vast town. Adieu C L—

[It seems to have been Moxon who took Southey's verses to the editor of *The Times* (the 'Temporal Lord'). Presumably they were headed 'To C. L.,' and not 'To Charles Lamb.'

The *Literary Gazette*, edited by William Jerdan (1782–1869), a Scotch journalist, had been founded in 1817 by Colburn, who later, dissatisfied with its tone, established the *Athenæum* as a rival. There is no evidence that Jerdan was a spiteful man, and indeed he was a good friend. His paper, however, was malevolent, though in 1836 it gave the new edition of Lamb's poems a favourable notice:

An acceptable republication in a neat form. The gems, it may be, are not all diamonds and precious stones, but the Bristol stones and garnets are extremely pretty, and the best of their kind.

'An irritability truly Ultra-Horacensian.' Horace writes of 'the irritable race of bards,' *Epistles*, II. ii. 102.

Leigh Hunt wrote several epigrams against Jerdan at this time, and Lamb himself wrote certainly one, preserved in the British Museum among papers left by Vincent Novello:

On English ground I calculated once
How many blockheads—taking dunce by dunce—
There are four hundred (if I don't forget)—
The *Readers* of the *Literary Gazette*.

There is also another version.]

627. TO VINCENT NOVELLO

[P.M. 8th November 1830.]

Tears are for lighter griefs. Man weeps the doom
That seals a single victim to the tomb.
But when Death riots, when with whelming sway
Destruction sweeps a family away;
When Infancy and Youth, a huddled mass,
All in an instant to oblivion pass,
And Parent's hopes are crush'd; what lamentation
Can reach the depth of such a desolation?
Look upward, Feeble Ones! look up, and trust
That He, who lays this mortal frame in dust,
Still hath the immortal Spirit in His keeping.
In Jesus' sight they are not dead, but sleeping.

DEAR N.,

Will these lines do? I despair of better. Poor Mary is in a deplorable state here at Enfield.

Love to all, C. LAMB.

[The four sons and two daughters of John and Ann Rigg, of York, had been drowned in the Ouse. A number of poets were asked for verses, the best to be inscribed on a monument in York Minster. Those of James Montgomery were chosen.

These *Lines for a Monument* were printed in the *Athenæum*, 5th November 1831, and again in Hunt's *Tatler*, 31st December 1831.]

628. TO EDWARD MOXON

November 12, 1830.

DEAR MOXON,

I have brought my sister to Enfield, being sure that she had no hope of recovery in London. Her state of mind is deplorable beyond any example. I almost fear whether she has strength at her time of life ever to get out of it. Here she must be nursed, and neither see nor hear of anything in the world out of her sick chamber. The mere hearing that

Southey had called at our lodgings totally upset her. Pray see him, or hear of him at Mr. Rickman's, and excuse my not writing to him. I dare not write or receive a letter in her presence; every little task so agitates her. Westwood will receive any letter for me, and give it me privately.

Pray assure Southey of my kindest feelings towards him; and, if you do not see him, send this to him.

Kindest remembrances to your sister, and believe me ever yours,

C. LAMB.

Remember me kindly to the Allsops.

629. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? December 1830.]

DEAR M.,

Something like this was what I meant. But on reading it over, I see no great fun or use in it. It will only stuff up and encroach upon the sheet you propose. Do as, and *what*, you please. Send Proof, or not, as you like. If you send, send me a copy or 2 of the Album Verses, and the Juvenile Poetry if *bound*.

I am happy to say Mary is mending, but not enough to give me hopes of being able to leave her. I sadly regret that I shall possibly not see Southey or Wordsworth, but I dare not invite either of them here, for fear of exciting my sister, whose only chance is quiet. You don't know in what a sad state we have been.

I think the Devil may come out without prefaces, but use your discretion.

Make my kindest rememb^{ces} to Southey, with my heart's thanks for his kind intent. I am a little easier about my Will, and as Ryle is Executor, and will do all a friend can do at the Office, and what little I leave will buy an annuity to piece out tolerably, I am much easier.

Yours ever

C. L.

To 64 New Bond St.

[I cannot say to what the opening sentences refer: probably an advertisement for *Satan in Search of a Wife* ('the Devil'), which Lamb had just written and Moxon was publishing.

The reference to the Juvenile Poetry suggests that Moxon had procured some of the sheets of the *Poetry for Children* which Godwin brought out in 1809, and was binding up a few.

For the probable subject of the following letter, see Letter 620 and Mrs. Anderson's note.]

630. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: *Winter 1830.*]

One o Clock.

This instant receiv'd, this instant I answer your's—Dr. Cresswell has one copy, which I cannot just now re-demand, because at his desire I have sent a 'Satan' to him, which when he ask'd for, I frankly told him, was imputed a lampoon on HIM!!! I have sent it him, and cannot, till we come to explanation, go to him or send—

But on the faith of a Gentleman, you shall have it back some day *for another*. The 3 I send. I think 2 of the blunders perfectly immaterial. But your feelings, and I fear *pocket*, is every thing. I have just time to pack this off by the 2 o Clock stage. Yours till we meet

At all events I behave more gentlemanlike than Emma did, in returning the copies.

Yours till we meet—DO COME.

Bring the Sonnets—

Why not publish 'em?—or let another Bookseller?

[Dr. Cresswell was the Vicar of Enfield.

There is a good deal of confusion about Moxon's sonnets and the form in which Lamb saw them. He seems to have made some kind of pamphlet issue in 1830 and again in 1835.]

631. TO GEORGE DYER

Dec. 20, 1830.

DEAR DYER,

I would have written before to thank you for your kind letter, written with your own hand. It glads us to see your writing. It will give you pleasure to hear that, after so much illness, we are in tolerable health and spirits once more. Miss Isola intended to call upon you after her night's lodging at Miss Buffam's, but found she was too late for the stage. If she comes to town before she goes home, she will not miss paying her respects to Mrs. Dyer and you, to whom she desires best love. Poor Enfield, that has been so peaceable hitherto, has caught the inflammatory fever, the tokens are upon her! and a great fire was blazing last night in the barns and haystacks of a farmer, about half a mile from us. Where will these things end? There is no doubt of its being the work of some ill-disposed rustic; but how is he to be discovered? They go to work in the dark with strange chemical preparations unknown to our forefathers. There is not even a dark lantern to have a chance of detecting these Guy Fauxes. We are past the iron age, and

are got into the fiery age, undream'd of by Ovid. You are lucky in Clifford's Inn where, I think, you have few ricks or stacks worth the burning. Pray keep as little corn by you as you can, for fear of the worst.

It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly, they jogged on with as little reflection as horses: the whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather-breeches; and in the dead of night the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn, and half a country is grinning with new fires. Farmer Graystock said something to the touchy rustic that he did not relish, and he writes his distaste in flames. What a power to intoxicate his crude brains, just muddlingly awake, to perceive that something is wrong in the social system!—what a hellish faculty above gunpowder!

Now the rich and poor are fairly pitted; we shall see who can hang or burn fastest. It is not always revenge that stimulates these kindlings. There is a love of exerting mischief. Think of a disrespected clod that was trod into earth, that was nothing, on a sudden by damned arts refined into an exterminating angel, devouring the fruits of the earth and their growers in a mass of fire! What a new existence!—what a temptation above Lucifer's! Would clod be any thing but a clod, if he could resist it? Why, here was a spectacle last night for a whole country!—a Bonfire visible to London, alarming her guilty towers, and shaking the Monument with an ague fit—all done by a little vial of phosphor in a Clown's fob! How he must grin, and shake his empty noddle in clouds, the Vulcanian Epicure! Can we ring the bells backward! Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of Science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat? Who shall persuade the boor that phosphor will not ignite?

Seven goodly stacks of hay, with corn-barns proportionable, lie smoking ashes and chaff, which man and beast would sputter out and reject like those apples of Asphaltes and bitumen. The food for the inhabitants of earth will quickly disappear. Hot rolls may say: 'Fuimus panes, fuit quartern-loaf, et ingens gloria Apple-pasty-orum.' That the good old munching system may last thy time and mine, good un-incendiary George, is the devout prayer of thine,

To the last crust,

CH. LAMB.

[Incendiarism, the result of agricultural distress and in opposition to the competition of the new machinery, was rife in the country at this time.

'Sputter at, etc.' Adapted from *Paradise Lost*, x. 566.

'Fuimus panes, etc.': We loaves have had our day, etc. From *Æneid*, ii. 325:

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.

No more are we Trojans; Ilium and the great glory of the Teucrians are no more.]

632. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: 1831.]

I think I cannot keep myself up to the work (friendship is a spur, but gain is sweet) under Colburn's price, a guinea a page. If your Mag. can afford that, I think I can go to it with spirit. I will agree to go on till Xmas. at that rate, provided this, that if you shall give it up then and *not commence a new year*, [and] shall have lost by it, in that case you shall consider my contributions as friendly, and in the case of your so dropping it *only*, they shall go for *nothing*. If you don't come out on Sunday, I shall think you have given up green Enfield.

[Moxon was about to acquire the *Englishman's Magazine*, and Lamb was to contribute.]

633. TO GEORGE DYER

DEAR DYER,

Feb. 22nd, 1831.

Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Rogers's friends, are perfectly assured, that you never intended any harm by an innocent couplet, and that in the re-vivification of it by blundering Barker you had no hand whatever. To imagine that, at this time of day, Rogers broods over a fantastic expression of more than thirty years' standing, would be to suppose him indulging his pleasures of memory with a vengeance. You never penn'd a line which for its own sake you need, dying, wish to blot. You mistake your heart if you think you *can* write a lampoon. Your whips are rods of roses. Your spleen has ever had for its objects vices, not the vitious; abstract offences, not the concrete sinner. But you are sensitive; and wince as much at the consciousness of having committed a compliment, as another man would at the perpetration of an affront. But do not lug me into the same soreness of conscience with yourself. I maintain, and will to the last hour, that I never writ of you but *con amore*. That if any allusion was made to your near sightedness, it was not for the purpose of mocking an infirmity, but of connecting it with scholar-like habits; for is it not erudite and scholarly to be somewhat near of sight, before age naturally brings on the malady? You could not *then* plead the *obrepens senectus*. Did I not moreover make it an

apology for a certain *absence*, which some of your friends may have experienced, when you have not on a sudden made recognition of them in a casual street-meeting? and did I not strengthen your excuse for this slowness of recognition by further accounting morally for the present engagement of your mind in worthy objects? Did I not, in your person, make the handsomest apology for absent-of-mind people that was ever made? If these things be not so, I never knew what I wrote, or meant by my writing, and have been penning libels all my life without being aware of it. Does it follow that I should have exprest myself exactly in the same way of those dear old eyes of yours *now*, now that Father Time has conspired with a hard task-master to put a last extinguisher upon them? I should as soon have insulted the Answerer of Salmasius, when he awoke up from his ended task, and saw no more with mortal vision. But you are many films removed yet from Milton's calamity. You write perfectly intelligibly. Marry, the Letters are not all of the same size or tallness; but that only shows your proficiency in the *hands*, text, german hand, court-hand, sometimes Law hand, and affords variety. You pen better than you did a twelvemonth ago, and if you continue to improve, you bid fair to win the golden pen which is the prize of your young Gentlemen's academy. But you must beware of Valpy, and his printing house, that hazy cave of Trophonius, out of which it was a mercy that you escaped with a glimmer. Beware of M.S.S.—and Varix Lectiones. Settle the text for once in your mind, and stick to it. You have some years' good sight in you yet, if you do not tamper with it. It is not for you (for *us* I should say) to go poring into Greek contractions, and star-gazing upon slim Hebrew points. We have yet the sight

—of sun, and moon, and star, throughout the year,
And man and woman—

you have vision enough to discern Mrs. Dyer from the other comely Gentlewoman who lives up at staircase No. 5; or if you should make a blunder in the twilight, Mrs. Dyer has too much good sense to be jealous for a mere effect of imperfect optics. But don't try to write the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, in the compass of a half-penny; nor run after a midge, or a mote, to catch it, and leave off hunting for needles in bushels of hay—for all these things strain the eyes. By the way, Mrs. Dyer seems to have misled you respecting the price of bread and flour. Perhaps she may have her family reasons for it. So this is all *entrè nous*. She may not always make her accounts right at the end of the week, and then she says *things are dearer*. They tell me, loaves have *not* risen; and there is moreover a considerable reduction in starch and powder blue. As Agamemnon counsels Ulysses in the

Odysee, Penelope was a good housewife in the main, but she might be trusted too far. It is as well to look into these things yourself. But then again, those baker's bills are in such a *small band*. I believe you must go on trusting her. The snow is six feet deep in some parts here. I must put on jack boots to get at the post office with this. It is not good for weak eyes to pore upon snow too much. It lies in drifts. I wonder what its drift is, only that it makes good pancakes, remind Mrs. Dyer. It turns a pretty green world into a white one. It glares too much for an innocent colour, methinks. I wonder why you think I dislike gilt edges. They set off a Letter marvellously. Yours for instance looks for all the world like a tablet of curious *hieroglyphics* in a gold frame. But d'ont go and lay this to your eyes. You always wrote hieroglyphically, yet not to come up to the mystical notations and conjuring characters of Dr. Parr. You never wrote what I call a schoolmaster's hand, like Clarke; nor a woman's hand, like Southey; nor a Missal hand, like Porson: nor an all-of-the-wrong-side-sloping hand, like Miss Hayes; nor a dogmatic Mede-and-Persian, peremptory hand, like Rickman; but you ever wrote what I call a Grecian's hand—what the Grecians write (or used) at Christs Hospital; such as Whalley would have admired, and Boyer have applauded, but Smith or Atwood (writing masters) would have horsed you for. Your boy-of-genius hand and your mercantile hand are various. By your flourishes, I should think you never learn'd to make eagles or corkscrews, or flourish the governors' names in the writing school; and by the tenor and cut of your Letters I suspect you were never in it at all. By the length of this scrawl you will think I have a design upon your optics; but I have writ as large as I could, out of respect to them, too large, indeed, for beauty. Mine is a sort of deputy Grecians hand, a little better, and more of a worldly hand than a Grecian's, but still remote from the mercantile. I d'ont know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a deputy Grecian! And writing to you, or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference as to Grecians still—I keep my soaring way above the Great Erasmians yet far beneath the other: Alas! what am I now? what is a Leadenhall clerk, or India pensioner, to a deputy Grecian? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! Just room for our loves to Mrs. D., Miss Mather &c. and don't let the former see this.

C. LAMB.

[From Lord Crewe's original.

'An innocent couplet.' Years before, in his *Poems*, 1801, Dyer had written, in a piece called *The Poet's Fate*:

And Rogers, if he shares the town's regard,
Was first a banker ere he rose a bard.

In the second edition Dyer substituted Erasmus Darwin, author of *The Loves of the Plants*, for Rogers, and made it:

And Darwin, if he share the town's regard,
Was first a doctor ere he rose a bard.

Lamb notes the alteration in his copy of the second edition, now in the British Museum. In 1828-9 appeared *Parriana*, by Edmund Henry Barker, which quoted the couplet in its original form, to Dyer's distress.

'You never penn'd a line,' etc. From Lyttelton, Prologue to Thomson's *Coriolanus*.

'I never writ of you but *con amore*.' Lamb refers particularly to the *Elia* essay 'Oxford in the Vacation' in the *London Magazine*, where G. D.'s absence of mind and simplicity of character were dwelt upon more intimately than Dyer liked.

Dyer was gradually going blind.

'*Obrepens senectus*': Old age creeping on.

'The Answerer of Salmasius.' Milton.

'Valpy.' George Dyer had written many notes for Valpy's series of classics.

'Cave of Trophonius.' An oracle with a narrow entrance, at which inquirers were pulled in and violently ejected.

Dyer had been a Grecian before Lamb was born. Clarke would be Charles Cowden Clarke, with whose father Dyer had been an usher. Miss Hayes we have met. The Rev. Peter Whalley was upper grammar master in Dyer's day; Boyer, Lamb's and Coleridge's master, succeeded him in 1776.

Lamb had never become a Grecian, having an impediment in his speech which made it impossible that he should take orders, the natural fate of Grecians, with profit. At Christ's Hospital the order of the grammar school forms was, and is, Grecians, Deputy Grecians, Great Erasmus, Little Erasmus.

Writing to Coleridge at this time poor Dyer says:

I am incapable of Anger or resentment—but could I suppose it possible for me to be *affronted* by the Trifle, to which you allude, and which had totally escaped my memory, I should sink still lower in my own estimation than I have already done,—and that would be low indeed!]

634. TO PETER GEORGE PATMORE

April 10, 1831.

Nature never wrote KNAVE upon a face more legible than upon that fellow's—'Coal-burn him in Beelzebub's deepest pit.'—I can promise little help if you mean literary, when I reflect that for 5 years I have been feeling the necessity of scribbling but have never found the power. Moxon is my go between, call on *him*, 63 New Bond St. he is a very good fellow & the bookseller is not yet burn'd into him. I have writ to Rogers, & you, or I, I suppose shall soon hear from him.

Kindest rememb^{ces} of both to Mrs. Patmore

P.S. I am quite out of all way of influential effort upon any great people, save R—.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Major Butterworth gives me the following notes from the *Observer* (date not noted): "The wittiest description of an unattractive

countenance I can remember is Quin's comment on his fellow actor Macklin: 'If God writes a legible hand,' he said, 'that man is a villain.'"

'Then from Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*: "If that fellow be not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand," which is said to be the remark of Quin, the player, "on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow comedian."

'Also *Tristram Shandy*: "Nature had wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance."

'Lamb (Major Butterworth thinks) combined the last with Quin's remark, which he probably got from Fielding.'

Henry Colburn, who had been Lamb's employer on the *New Monthly Magazine*, seems to have been behaving badly.]

635. TO BERNARD BARTON

VIR BONE!

April 30, 1831.

Recepi literas tuas amicissimas, et in mentem venit responsuro mihi, vel raro, vel nunquam, inter nos intercedisse Latinam linguam, organum rescribendi, loquendive. Epistolæ tuæ, Plinianis elegantiss (supra quod TREMULO deceat) refertæ, tam a verbis Plinianis adeo abhorrent, ut ne vocem quamquam (Romanam scilicet) habere videaris, quam 'ad canem,' ut aiunt, 'rejectare possis.' Forsan desuetudo Latinisandi ad vernaculam linguam usitandam, plusquam opus sit, coegit. Per adagia quædam nota, et in ore omnium pervulgata, ad Latinitatis perditæ recuperationem revocare te institui.

Felis in abaco est, et ægrè videt.

Omne quod splendet nequaquam aurum putes.

Imponas equo mendicum, equitabit idem ad diabolum.

Fur commodè a fure prenditur.

O MARIA, MARIA, valdè CONTRARIA, quomodo crescit hortulus tuus?

Nunc majora canamus.

Thomas, Thomas, de Islington, uxorem duxit die nuperâ Dominicâ. Reduxit domum posterâ. Succedenti baculum emit. Postridiè ferit illam. Ægrescit illa subsequenti. Proximâ (nempe Veneris) est Mortua. Plurimum gestiit Thomas, quòd appropinquanti Sabbato efferenda sit.

Horner quidam Johannulus in angulo sedebat, artocreas quasdam deglutiens. Inseruit pollices, pruna varia evellens, et magnâ voce exclamavit 'Dii boni, quàm bonus puer fio!'

Diddle-diddle-dumkins! meus unicus filius Johannes cubitum ivit, integris braccis, caligâ unâ tantum, indutus. Diddle-diddle, etc.
DA CAPO.

Hic adsum saltans Joannula. Cum nemo adsit mihi, semper resto sola.

Ænigma mihi hoc solvas, et Œdipus fies.

Quâ ratione assimilandus sit equus TREMULO?

Quippe cui tota communicatio sit per HAY et NEIGH, juxta consilium illud Dominicum, 'Fiat omnis communicatio vestra YEA et NAY.'

In his nugis caram diem consumo, dum invigilo valetudini carioris nostræ Emmæ, quæ apud nos jamdudum ægrotat. Salvere vos jubet mecum Maria mea, ipsa integrâ valetudine.

ELIA.

Ab agro Enfeldiense datum, Aprilis nescio quibus Calendis—Davus sum, non Calendarius.

P.S.—Perdita in toto est Billa Reformatura.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives me the following translation:

GOOD SIR, I have received your most kind letter, and it entered my mind as I began to reply, that the Latin tongue has seldom or never been used between us as the instrument of converse or correspondence. Your letters, filled with Plinian elegancies (more than becomes a Quaker), are so alien to Pliny's language, that you seem not to have a word (that is, a Roman word) to throw, as the saying is, to a dog. Perchance the disuse of Latinizing had constrained you more than is right to the use of the vernacular. I have determined to recall you to the recovery of your lost Latinity by certain well-known adages common in all mouths.

The cat 's in the cupboard and she can't see.

All that glitters is not gold.

Set a beggar on horseback and he 'll ride to the Devil.

Set a thief to catch a thief.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Now let us sing of weightier matters.

Tom, Tom, of Islington, wed a wife on Sunday. He brought her home on Monday. Bought a stick on Tuesday. Beat her well on Wednesday. She was sick on Thursday. Dead on Friday. Tom was glad on Saturday night to bury his wife on Sunday.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie. He put in his thumb and drew out a plum, and cried 'Good Heavens, what a good boy am I!'

Diddle, diddle, dumkins! my son John Went to bed with his breeches on; One shoe off and the other shoe on, Diddle, diddle, etc. (*Da capo.*)

Here am I, jumping Joan. When no one 's by, I 'm all alone.

Solve me this enigma, and you shall be an Œdipus.

Why is a horse like a Quaker?

Because all his communication is by Hay and Neigh, after the Lord's counsel, 'Let all your communication be Yea and Nay.'

In these trifles I waste the precious day, while watching over the health of our more precious Emma, who has been sick in our house this long time. My Mary sends you greeting with me, she herself in sound health.

Given from the Enfield country seat, on I know not what Calends of April—I am Davus, not an Almanac.

P.S.—The Reform Bill is lost altogether.

Œdipus solved the riddle of the Sphinx.

Davus is the servant in the *Andria* of Terence (1. ii. 24): 'Davus sum, non Œdipus.'

The Reform Bill was introduced on 1st March 1831, by Lord John Russell; the second reading was carried on 22nd March by a majority of one. On its commitment on 19th April there was a majority of eight against the Government. Four days later the Government was again defeated by twenty-two, and Parliament was dissolved. But later, of course, the Reform Bill was passed.]

636. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

[Dated at end: 6th May 1831.]

Assidens est mihi bona soror, Euripiden evolvens, donum vestrum, carissime Cary, pro quo gratias agimus, lecturi atque iterum lecturi idem. Pergratus est liber ambobus, nempe 'Sacerdotis Commiserationis,' sacrum opus a te ipso Humanissimæ Religionis Sacerdote dono datum. Lachrymantes gavisuri sumus; est ubi dolor fiat voluptas; nec semper dulce mihi est ridere; aliquando commutandum est he! he! he! cum heu! heu! heu!

A Musis Tragicis me non penitus abhorruisse testis sit Carmen Calamitosum, nescio quo autore linguâ prius vernaculâ scriptum, et numperrimè a me ipso Latine versum, scilicet, 'Tom Tom of Islington.' Tenuistine?

Thomas Thomas de Islington,
Uxorem duxit Die quâdam Solis,
Abduxit domum sequenti die,
Emit baculum subsequenti,
Vapulat illa posterâ,
Ægrotat succedenti, Mortua fit crastinâ.

Et miro gaudio afficitur Thomas luce posterâ quod subsequenti (nempe, Dominicâ) uxor sit efferenda.

En Iliades Domesticas!
En circulum calamitatum!
Planè hebdomadalem tragediam.

I nunc et confer Euripiden vestrum his luctibus, hâc morte uxoriâ; confer Alcesten! Hecuben! quasnon antiquas Heroïnas Dolorosas.

Suffundor genas lachrymis, tantas strages revolvens. Quid restat nisi quod Tecum Tuam Caram salutamus ambosque valere jubeamus, nosmet ipsi bene valentes.

ELIA.

Datum ab agro Enfeldiensi, Maii die sextâ, 1831.

[Mr. Stephen Gwynn gives me the following translation:

Sitting by me is my good sister, turning over Euripides, your gift, dear Cary [a pun here, 'carissime Cary'], for which we thank you, and will read and re-read it. Most acceptable to both of us is this book of 'Pity's Priest,' a sacred work of your bestowing, yourself a priest of the most humane Religion.

We shall take our pleasure weeping; there are times when pain turns pleasure, and I would not always be laughing: sometimes there should be a change—*beu beu ! for be ! be !*

That I have not wholly shrunk from the Tragic Muses, witness this Lamentable Ballad, first written in the vernacular by I know not what author and lately by myself put into Latin, to wit, 'Tom Tom of Islington.' Do you remember it? (*See translation of preceding letter.*)

And Thomas is possessed with a wondrous joy on the following morning, because on the next day, that is, Sunday, his wife must be buried.

Lo, your domestic Iliads!
Lo, the wheel of calamities!
The true tragedy of a week.

Go to now, compare your Euripides with these sorrows, this death of a wife! Compare Alcestis! Hecuba! or what not other sorrowing heroines of antiquity.

My cheeks are tear-bedewed as I revolve such slaughter. What more to say, but to salute you, Cary, and your Cara, and wish you health, ourselves enjoying it.

In *Mary and Charles Lamb*, 1874, by W. C. Hazlitt, in the Catalogue of Charles Lamb's Library, for sale by Bartlett & Welford, New York, is this item: '*Euripidis Tragediæ, interp. Lat.* 8vo. Oxonii, 1821. "C. and M. Lamb, from H. F. Cary," on flyleaf.' This must be the book referred to. Euripides has been called the priest of pity.]

637. TO THE REV. DR. CRESSWELL

DEAR SIR,

[Undated, but probably *spring or summer 1831.*]

I have contrived an Acrostic, and submit it to you, instead of that unlucky sonnet. Pray, make use of all your interest with Mrs. Cresswell to contrive how to take out that 'tarnish'd' leaf from the album. Could not Smartt do it, combining at once a Bookbinder's experience, & a surgical hand? Might not Asbury or Miller be call'd in? The verses are poor, but acrostics plead in forma pauperis from their nature. Whatever they are, they, or a *third* experiment, are at the service of your very kindly natured friend.—

C. L.

ACROSTIC

Sacred be thy leaves, fair Book
And forbid all thoughts unholy.
Reader, in this album look
As in a garden planted wholly
Here, or there, with Lily flowers.
The pride of maids in maiden bowers—
High conceits, and generous fancies,
On this stage enact romances.
Mirth, at times, come in between,
And diversify the scene;
Sportive jest, and wit's gay dances.

Rev'd. Dr. Cresswell.

638. TO THOMAS WILDE

[? June 1831.]

Have you returned from Newark? Some of M. Burney's friends are *very anxious to hear of him*. Martin seems to have vanished utterly.

To: Mr. Serjeant Wilde, Highfield House, Derby, *Newark*.

[Wilde was elected for Newark in May 1831, so I think this is the most likely date.]

Here may come an undated scrap to Mrs. Wilde. It accompanied a copy of *Album Verses*.]

639. TO MRS. THOMAS WILDE

I beg your acceptance of a little volume, in which I would not refuse myself the pleasure of having your Initial in the Second Page. With kindest respects to the Serjeant.

640. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 14th July 1831.]

Collier's Book would be right acceptable. And also a sixth vol. just publish'd of Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of 18th Century. I agree with you, and do yet *not disagree* with W. W., as to H. It rejoiced my heart to read his friendly spirited mention of your publications. It might be a drawback to my pleasure that he has tried to decry my 'Nicky,' but on deliberate re- and reperusal of his censure I cannot in the remotest degree understand what he means to say. He and I used to dispute about Hell Eternities, I taking the affirmative. I love to puzzle atheists, and—parsons. I fancy it runs in his head, that I meant to rivet the idea of a personal devil. Then about the glorious three days! there was never a year or day in my past life, since I was pen-worthy, that I should not have written precisely as I have. Logic and modesty are not among H.'s virtues.

Talfourd flatters me upon a poem which 'nobody but I could have written,' but which I have neither seen nor heard of—'The Banquet,' or 'Banqueting Something,' that has appeared in The Tatler. Know you of it? How capitally the Frenchman has analysed Satan! I was hinder'd, or I was about doing the same thing in English, for him to put into French, as I prosified Hood's midsummer fairies. The garden of cabbage escap'd him, he turns it into a garden of pot herbs. So local allusions perish in translation. About 8 days before you told me of

R.'s interview with the Premier, I, at the desire of Badams, wrote a letter to him (Badams) in the most moving terms setting forth the age, infirmities &c. of Coleridge. This letter was convey'd to [by] B. to his friend Mr. Ellice of the Treasury, Brother in Law to Lord Grey, who immediately pass'd it on [to] Lord Grey, who assured him of immediate relief by a grant on the King's Bounty, which news E. communicated to B. with a desire to confer with me on the subject, on which I went up to THE Treasury (yesterday fortnight) and was received by the Great Man with the utmost cordiality, (shook hands with me coming and going) a fine hearty Gentleman, and, as seeming willing to relieve any anxiety from me, promised me an answer thro' Badams in 2 or 3 days at furthest. Meantime Gilman's extraordinary insolent letter comes out in the Times! As to my acquiescing in this strange step, I told Mr. Ellice (who expressly said that the thing was renewable three-yearly) that I consider'd such a grant as almost equivalent to the lost pension, as from C.'s appearance and the representations of the Gilmans, I scarce could think C.'s life worth 2 years' purchase. I did not know that the Chancellor had been previously applied to. Well, after seeing Ellice I wrote in the most urgent manner to the Gilmans, insisting on an immediate letter of acknowledgment from Coleridge, or them *in his name* to Badams, who not knowing C. had come forward so disinterestedly amidst his complicated illnesses and embarrassments, to *use up* an interest, which he may so well need, in favor of a stranger; and from that day not a letter has B. or even myself, received from Highgate, unless *that publish'd one in the Times is meant as a general answer to all the friends who have stirr'd to do C. service!* Poor C. is not to blame, for he is in leading strings.—I particularly wish you would read this part of my note to Mr. Rogers.

Now for home matters—Our next 2 Sundays will be choked up with all the Sugdens. The third will be free, when we hope you will show your sister the way to Enfield and leave her with us for a few days. In the mean while, could you not run down some week day (afternoon, say) and sleep at the Horse Shoe? I want to have my 2d vol. Elias bound Specimen fashion, and to consult you about 'em. Kenney has just assured me, that he has just touch'd £100 from the theatre; you are a damn'd fool if you dont exact your Tythe of him, and with that assurance I rest

Your Brother fool

C. L.

[Collier's book would be his *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, 1831.

H. is Leigh Hunt, and W. W. is presumably Wordsworth.

'R.'s interview with the Premier, R. would be Rogers. This portion of Lamb's letter refers to the efforts of Coleridge's friends to obtain the renewal

of his pension, which had ceased on the death of George IV. It was not renewed, but a sum of £300 was ultimately handed over to Coleridge by the Treasury.

'2nd vol. Elias.' Lamb and Moxon were beginning to think of the second series, but it was not published until 1833.

On 23rd July Crabb Robinson was at Enfield, and found Lamb well. Lamb was 'quite eloquent in praise of Miss Isola.' The next day Robinson and Miss Isola read Italian together. Mary Lamb was away.]

641. TO JOHN FORSTER

MY DEAR BOY,

[? August 1831.]

Scamper off with this to Dilke and get it in for to-morrow; then we shall have two things in in the first week.

YOUR LAUREAT.

[According to the *Dictionary of National Biography* Dilke took over the editorship of the *Athenæum* in the middle of 1830. It looks as if the words 'the first week' mean the first number of the *Athenæum* sold at 4d. instead of 8d., that of 6th August. If so, Macdonald may be right in claiming as Lamb's two unsigned epigrams, *On Miss A-t-n of the K. T.*, and on a horsy husband who was suitably provided with a 'nagging' wife; but I think not.]

642. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: Early August 1831.]

Pray forward the enclosed, or put it in the post.

DEAR M.,

The R.A. here memorised was George Dawe, whom I knew well and heard many anecdotes of, from DANIELS and WESTALL, at H. Rogers's—to each of them it will be well to send a Mag. in my name. It will fly like wild fire among the R. Academicians and artists. Could you get hold of Proctor—his chambers are in Lincoln's Inn at Montagu's—or of Janus Weathercock?—both of their *prose* is capital. Don't encourage poetry. The Peter's Net does not intend funny things only. All is fish. And leave out the sickening Elia at the end. Then it may comprise letters and characters address to Peter—but a signature forces it to be all characteristic of the one man Elia, or the one man Peter, which cramped me formerly. I have agreed *not* for my sister to know the subjects I chuse till the Mag. comes out; so beware of speaking of 'em, or writing about 'em, save generally. Be particular about this warning. Can't you drop in some afternoon, and take a bed?

The *Athenæum* has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry that was

2 or 3 months ago in Hone's Book. I like your 1st No. capitally. But is it not small? Come and see us, week day if possible. C. L.

[Lamb contributed to the September number of the *Englishman's Magazine* his 'Recollections of a Late Royal Academician,' George Dawe (see my edition of the *Works*), under the general title 'Peter's Net.' Daniels may have been Thomas or William Daniell, both landscape painters. Westall may have been Richard Westall, the historical painter, or William Westall, the topographical painter. H. Rogers was Henry Rogers, brother of the poet.

In another letter to Moxon, which I have not seen, is this sentence: 'Peter will plague you as much as Elia did poor Hessey.'

'The *Athenæum* has been hoaxed.' The exquisite poetry was FitzGerald's *Meadows in Spring*, which had appeared in Hone's *Year Book* under the date 30th April. The editor of the *Athenæum*, in reprinting the poem, suggested delicately that it was by Lamb.]

643. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[August 1831.]

I have ingeniously contrived to review myself.

Tell me if this will do. Mind, for such things as these—half quotations—I do not charge *Elia* price. Let me hear of, if not see you.

PETER.

Mr. Moxon, Publisher, 64, New Bond Street, London.

[Accompanying the article entitled 'The Latin Poems of Vincent Bourne,' printed in the *Englishman's Magazine* for September 1831, in which attention is drawn to *Album Verses*, where certain versions of the Westminster schoolmaster's pleasant lines occur.]

644. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 5th August 1831.]

Send, or bring me, Hone's No. for August.

Hunt is a fool, and his critics —. The anecdotes of E. and of G. D. are substantially true. What does *Elia* (or Peter) care for dates?

That is the poem I mean. I do not know who wrote it, but [it] is in Hone's book as far back as April.

Tis a poem I envy—that & Montgomery's Last Man (nothing else of his). I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something like it. S—— is a coxcomb. W—— is a ——— & a great Poet.

L.

['Hunt is a fool.' In the *Tatler* for 1st August Leigh Hunt had quoted much of Lamb's essay on Elliston. Later he said: 'Three of our correspondents complain of *Elia* in the *Englishman's Magazine* for saying that Elliston was lessee

of the Olympic Theatre, *after* his lesseeship of Drury Lane; two of the three gentlemen lament that he should speak of Elliston's playing at Drury, *after* he was proprietor; and one of them is sorry on the matter of the "little drab." We suppose that Elia meant the Surrey, when he spoke of the Olympic.'

'E. and G. D.' Lamb had written in the August number of the *Englishman's Magazine* his 'Reminiscences of Elliston.' Lamb's article on George Dawe did not appear till the September number, but Moxon already had the copy.

There is no such poem by James Montgomery as *The Last Man*. Campbell wrote a *Last Man*, and so did Hood, but I agree with Canon Ainger that what Lamb meant was Montgomery's *Common Lot*.]

645. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 5th September 1831.]

Your Letter's contents pleased me. I am only afraid of taxing you, yet I want a stimulus, or I think I should drag sadly. I shall keep the monies in trust till I see you fairly over the next 1 January. Then I shall look upon 'em as earned. Colburn shall be written to. No part of yours gave me more pleasure (no, not the £10, tho' you may grin) than that you will revisit old Enfield, which I hope will be always a pleasant idea to you.

Yours very faithfully

C. L.

[The letter's contents was presumably payment for Lamb's contribution to the *Englishman's Magazine*.]

646. TO WILLIAM HAZLITT JUNIOR

DEAR WM.,

[P.M. 13th September 1831.]

We have a sick house, Mrs. Westw^{ds} daughter in a fever, & Granddaughter in the meazles, & it is better to see no company just now, but in a week or two we shall be very glad to see you; come at a hazard then, on a week day if you can, because Sundays are stuffd up with friends on both parts of this great ill-mix'd family. Your second letter, dated 3^d Sept^r., came not till Sund^y & we staid at home in even^s in expectation of seeing you. I have turned & twisted what you ask'd me to do in my head, & am obliged to say I can not undertake it—but as a composition for declining it, will you accept some verses which I meditate to be address to you on your father, & prefixable to your Life? Write me word that I may have 'em ready against I see you some 10 days hence, when I calculate the House will be uninfected. Send your mother's address.

If you are likely to be again at Cheshunt before that time, on second thoughts, drop in here, & consult—

Yours,
C. L.

Not a line is yet written—so say, if I shall do 'em.

[The essayist had died 18th September 1830. Lamb was at his bedside. The memoir of William Hazlitt, by his son, was prefixed to the *Literary Remains* in 1836, but no verses by Lamb accompanied it. When this letter was sold at Sotheby's in June 1902 a copy of verses was attached beginning:

There lives at Winterslow a man of such
Rare talents and deep learning . . .

in the handwriting of William Hazlitt. They bear more traces of being Mary Lamb's work than her brother's.

On 16th October Crabb Robinson was at Enfield to see what he thought of the Westwoods. He found the Lambs well but looking older. Lamb, he says, had got Westwood's son a place in Aders's counting-house.]

647. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 24th October 1831.

To address an abdicated monarch is a nice point of breeding. To give him his lost titles is to mock him; to withhold 'em is to wound him. But his Minister who falls with him may be gracefully sympathetic. I do honestly feel for your diminution of honors, and regret even the pleasing cares which are part and parcel of greatness. Your magnanimous submission, and the cheerful tone of your renunciation, in a Letter which, without flattery, would have made an 'ARTICLE,' and which, rarely as I keep letters, shall be preserved, comfort me a little. Will it please, or plague you, to say that when your Parcel came I damned it, for my pen was warming in my hand at a ludicrous description of a Landscape of an R.A., which I calculated upon sending you to morrow, the last day you gave me. Now any one calling in, or a letter coming, puts an end to my writing for the day. Little did I think that the mandate had gone out, so destructive to my occupation, so relieving to the apprehensions of the whole body of R.A.'s. So you see I had not quitted the ship while a plank was remaining.

To drop metaphors, I am sure you have done wisely. The very spirit of your epistle speaks that you have a weight off your mind. I have one on mine. The cash in hand, which, as ***** less truly says, burns in my pocket. I feel queer at returning it (who does not?). You feel awkward at re-taking it (who ought not?). Is there no middle way of adjusting this fine embarrassment? I think I have hit upon a

medium to skin the sore place over, if not quite to heal it. You hinted that there might be something under £10 by and by accruing to me *Devil's Money*. You are sanguine—say £7: 10s.—that I entirely renounce and abjure all future interest in, I insist upon it, and 'by Him I will not name' I won't touch a penny of it. That will split your Loss one half—and leave me conscientious possessor of what I hold. Less than your assent to this, no proposal will I accept of.

The Rev. Mr. —, whose name you have left illegible (is it *Sea-gull*?) never sent me any book on Christ's Hospit. by which I could dream that I was indebted to him for a dedication. Did G. D. send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism? Dear blundering soul! why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself. Or did he think his cheap publication would bring over the Methodists over the way here? However I'll give it to the pew-opener (in whom I have a little interest,) to hand over to the Clerk, whose wife she sometimes drinks tea with, for him to lay before the Deacon, who exchanges the civility of the hat with him, for him to transmit to the Minister, who shakes hand with him out of Chapel, and he, in all odds, will ——— with it.

I wish very much to see you. I leave it to you to come how you will. We shall be very glad (we need not repeat) to see your sister, or sisters, with you—but for you individually I will just hint that a dropping in to Tea unlook'd for about 5, stopping bread-n-cheese and gin-and-water, is worth a thousand Sundays. I am naturally miserable on a Sunday, but a week day evening and Supper is like old times. Set out *now*, and give no time to deliberation—

P.S.—The 2d vol. of *Elia* is delightful(-ly bound, I mean) and quite cheap. Why, man, 'tis a Unique—

If I write much more I shall expand into an article, which I cannot afford to let you have so cheap.

By the by, to shew the perverseness of human will—while I thought I *must* furnish one of those accursed things monthly, it seemed a Labour above Hercules's 'Twelve' in a year, which were evidently Monthly Contributions. Now I am emancipated, I feel as if I had a thousand Essays swelling within me. False feelings both.

I have lost Mr. Aitken's Town address—do you know it? Is he there?

Your ex-Lampoonist, or Lamb-punnist—from Enfield, Oct. 24, or 'last day but one for receiving articles that can be inserted.'

[Moxon, finding the *Englishman's Magazine* unsuccessful, gave it up suddenly after the October number, the third under his direction. His letter to Lamb on the subject is not now forthcoming. The ludicrous description of a landscape by an R.A. is that of the garden of the Hesperides in the *Elia* essay on the

'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art' (see my edition of the *Works*). Probably Turner's 'Garden of the Hesperides' in the National Gallery.

By 'Devil's Money' Lamb means money due for *Satan in Search of a Wife*.

I do not identify * * * * *. Possibly it is Godwin.

'The Rev. Mr. —.' Scargill, who wrote *Recollections of a Bluecoat Boy*, anonymously, in 1829.

'G. D. . . . penny tract.' I have not found Dyer's tract.

'Mr. Aitken.' John Aitken, editor of *Constable's Miscellany*, whom Moxon would have known at Huist & Co.'s.]

648. TO MARIA FRYER

(Fragment)

[P.M. 20th October 1831.]

We had expected with pleasure the seeing of you here to have renewed some of our old walks, but as your transit is so quick, we have only to beg you to convey our loves to Emma & our leave (if that ceremony be necessary) for her accompanying you to hospitable Chatteris—it being always understood that we are to see her again some time or other. We lend her to you, and depend upon your reasonableness for the time of her restitution. With my sister's kind rememb^{ces}.

Enfield, Wedny

[The Fryers lived at Chatteris, between Bury and Cambridge. The next letter was written, I imagine, after Emma had returned from her visit with her request. The cholera, Mrs. Anderson notes, had broken out in Sunderland on 26th October 1831, and was greatly feared in London. This would make the date late autumn.]

649. TO MARIA FRYER

[Late autumn 1831.]

MY DEAR MISS FRYER,

By desire of Emma I have attempted new words to the old nonsense of Tartar Drum; but *with* the nonsense the sound and spirit of the tune are unaccountably gone, and *we* have agreed to discard the new version altogether. As *you* may be more fastidious in singing mere silliness, and a string of well-sounding images without sense or coherence—Drums of Tartars, who use *none*, and Tulip trees ten foot high, not to mention Spirits in Sunbeams &c,—than *we* are, so you are at liberty to sacrifice an enspiriting movement to a little sense, tho' I like LITTLE-SENSE less than his vagarying younger sister NO-SENSE—so I send them—

The 4th line of 1st stanza is from an old Ballad.

Emma is looking weller and handsomer (as you say) than ever. Really, if she goes on thus improving, by the time she is nine and thirty she will be a tolerable comely person. But I may not live to see it.—I take Beauty to be *catching*—a Cholera sort of thing—Now, whether the constant presence of a handsome object—for there's only two of us—may not have the effect — — — but the subject is delicate; and as my old great Ant¹ used to say—'Andsome is as andsome duzz'—*that* was my great Ant's way of spelling—

Most and best kind things say to yourself and dear Mother for all your kindnesses to our Em., tho' in truth I am a little tired with her everlasting repetition of 'em. Yours very Truly. CH LAMB.

¹ Emma's way of spelling Miss *Umfris*, as I spell her *Aunt*.

LOVE WILL COME

Tune . 'The Tartar Drum'

I

Guard thy feelings, pretty Vestal,
From the smooth Intruder free;
Cage thine heart in bars of chrystal,
Lock it with a golden key:
Thro' the bars demurely stealing—
Noiseless footstep, accent dumb,
His approach to none revealing—
Watch, or watch not, LOVE WILL COME.
His approach to none revealing—
Watch, or watch not, Love will come—Love,
Watch, or watch not, Love will come.

II

Scornful Beauty may deny him—
He hath spells to charm disdain;
Homely Features may defy him—
Both at length must wear the chain.
Haughty Youth in Courts of Princes—
Hermit poor with age oercome—
His soft plea at last convinces;
Sooner, later, LOVE WILL COME—
His soft plea at length convinces;
Sooner, later, Love will come—Love,
Sooner, later, Love will come.

[2nd November 1831 was the day on which Carlyle visited Enfield, saw Lamb, and came to such limited and deplorable conclusions about him.]

650. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 15th December 1831.]

DEAR M.,

S. I know, has an aversion, amounting almost to horror, of H. He *would not* lend his name. The other I might wring a guinea from, but he is *very properly* shy of his guineas. It would be improper in me to apply to him, and impertinent to the other. I hope this will satisfy you, but don't give my reason to H.'s friend, simply, say I decline it.

I am very much obliged to you for thinking of Cary. Put me down seven shillings (wasn't it?) in your books, and I set you down for more in my good ones. One Copy will go down to immortality *now*, the more lasting as the less its leaves are disturbed. This Letter will cost you 3d.—but I did not like to be silent on the above.

Nothing with my name will sell, a blast is upon it. Do not think of such a thing, unless ever you become rich enough to speculate.

Being praised, and being bought, are different things to a Book. Fancy books sell from fashion, not from the number of their real likers. Do not come at so long intervals. Here we are sure to be.

[This letter refers, Mr. J. A. Rutter points out, to the proposed publication by subscription of an edition of Leigh Hunt's poems through Moxon. See Hunt's *Correspondence*, i. 264. In the *Athenæum* of 18th February 1832 it is announced, and a note accompanying the prospectus is printed, with Lamb's signature among others; Coleridge and Southey are there too. Southey was tackled by Forster: see Southey's letter to Moxon of 10th December 1831 in *Selections from Letters of Robert Southey*.

The 'other' was, in all probability, Coleridge, and he, too, changed his mind.

Mrs. Anderson points out that *John Forster's his Friendships*, page 138, shows that in January 1833 Lamb did again interest himself in Hunt's affairs.

'One copy will go down to immortality now' probably refers to the statutory place it is to have on the shelves of the British Museum Library, of which Cary was an official.

'Nothing with my name.' Moxon may perhaps have just suggested publishing a second series of *Elia*.]

651. TO EDWARD MOXON

P.M. January ? 1832.]

Be sure to let me have the *Athenæum*.

[*Here is a corkscrew eight inches long.*]

C. L. fecit.

652. TO JOSEPH HUME'S DAUGHTERS

[No date: 1832.]

Many thanks for the wrap-rascal, but how delicate the insinuating in, into the pocket, of that $3\frac{1}{2}d.$, in paper too! Who was it? Amelia, Caroline, Julia, Augusta, or 'Scots who have'?

As a set-off to the very handsome present, which I shall lay out in a pot of ale certainly to *her* health, I have paid sixpence for the mend of two button-holes of the coat now return'd. She shall not have to say, 'I don't care a button for her.'

Adieu, très aimables!

Buttons	.	.	.	.	.	6d.
Gift	.	.	.	.	.	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Due from —	.	.	.	.	.	$2\frac{1}{2}$

which pray accept . . . from your foolish coatforgetting C. L.

['Wrap-rascal.' Coleridge wrote in his *Verses Trivocular*:

And in a sharp frost, or when snow-flakes fall floccular,
Your wise man of old wrapp'd himself in a Roquelaure,
Which was called a wrap-rascal when folks 'would be jocular.'

Joseph Hume we have met. W. Carew Hazlitt writes: 'Amelia Hume became Mrs. Bennett, Julia, Mrs. Todhunter. The latter personally informed me in 1888 that her Aunt Augusta perfectly recollected all the circumstances [of the present letter]. The incident seems to have taken place at the residence of Mr. Hume, in Percy Street, Bloomsbury, and it was Amelia who found the three-pence halfpenny in the coat which Lamb left behind him, and who repaired the button-holes. The sister who is described as "Scots wha ha'e" was Louisa Hume; it was a favourite song with her.' Mrs. Todhunter supplied the date, 1832.]

653. TO CHARLES RYLE

D. R.,

Mar. 19, 1832.

I shall see you this day week (Monday) 26th and settle the Josephan question as far as I remember, I never carried twice paym'ts to anybody's credit, till the warrant was in my possession— . . . comps to Lowe.

'C. L.'

Accompanying this letter.

CHORUS to the TABERNACLE HYMN—

'The Bridegroom's Invitation to the Worst of Sinners.'

Come, needy, come, guilty, come, lothsome, and bare,
You can't come too filthy, come just as you are—

A True Copy,
Errors excepted—

[The Josephan question cannot now be solved. Lamb was fond of the chorus, and copied it into his commonplace book.

A second address is: 'Low Esquire from Lamb no 'Squire.']

654. TO EDWARD MOXON

[Spring 1832.]

A poor mad usher (and schoolfellow of mine) has been pestering me *through* you with poetry and petitions. I have desired him to call upon you for a half sovereign, which place to my account.

I have buried Mrs. Reynolds at last, who has *virtually at least* bequeath'd me a legacy of £32 per Ann., to which add that my other pensioner is safe housed in the workhouse, which gets me £10.

Richer by both legacies £42 per Ann.

For a loss of a loss is as good as a gain of a gain.

But let this be *between ourselves*, specially keep it from A—— or I shall speedily have candidates for the Pensions.

Mary is laid up with a cold.

Will you convey the inclosed by hand?

When you come, if you ever do, bring me one *Devil's Visit*, I mean *Southey's*; also the Hogarth which is complete, Noble's I think. Six more letters to do. Bring my bill also.

C. L.

[The usher was, perhaps, W. T. Hale. Mrs. Reynolds was Lamb's first schoolmistress. The other pensioner is obscure.

'A——' is not certain. Probably the philanthropic Allsop.

Southey's *Devil's Visit* was a new edition of *The Devil's Walk*, illustrated by Thomas Landseer.

Noble's *Hogarth*. Noble was the engraver.]

655. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: ? 3rd or 4th April 1832.]

A thousand thanks for your punctualities. What a cheap Book is the last Hogarth you sent me! I am pleased now that Hunt *diddled* me out of the old one. Speaking of this, only think of the new farmer with his 30 acres. There is a portion of land in Lambeth parish called Knaves Acre. I wonder he overlook'd it. Don't show this to the firm of Dilk & Co. I next want one copy of Leicester School, and wish you to pay Leishman, Taylor, 2 Blandford Place, Pall Mall, opposite the British Institution, £6. 10. for coat waistcoat &c. And I vehemently thirst for the 4th No. of Nichols's Hogarth, to bind 'em up (the 2 books) 'as 'Hogarth, and Supplement.' But as you know the price, dont stay

for its appearance; but come as soon as ever you can with your bill of all demands in full, and, as I have none but £5 notes, bring with you sufficient change. Weather is beautiful. I grieve sadly for Miss Wordsworth. We are all well again. Emma is with us, and we all shall be glad of a sight of you. COME ON Sunday, if you *can*; better, if you come before. Perhaps Rogers would smile at this.—A pert half chemist half apothecary, in our town, who smatters of literature and is immeasurably unletterd, said to me 'Pray, Sir, may not Hood (he of the acres) be reckon'd the Prince of wits in the present day?' to which I assenting, he adds 'I had always thought that Rogers had been reckon'd the Prince of Wits, but I suppose that now Mr. Hood has the better title to that appellation.' To which I replied that Mr. R. had wit with much better qualities, but did not aspire to the principality. He had taken all the puns manufactured in John Bull for our friend, in sad and stupid earnest. One more Album verses, please.

Adieu.

C. L.

['Hunt.' This would, I think, be not Leigh Hunt, but his nephew, Hunt of Hunt & Clarke. The diddling I cannot explain.

'The new farmer.' Hood had taken Lake House, Wanstead. Lamb was still cross with him about 'A Widow,' or some other freaksome thing, and possibly also about the *Athenæum*, of which with Dilke he was a proprietor.

'Miss Wordsworth.' Dorothy Wordsworth, who was ill.

'Perhaps Rogers would smile at this.' I take the following passage from the *MacLise Portrait Gallery*:

In the early days of the *John Bull* it was the fashion to lay every foundling witticism at the door of Sam Rogers; and thus the refined poet and man of letters became known as a sorry jester.

John Bull was Theodore Hook's paper.]

656. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

April 14th, 1832.

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,

Not an unkind thought has passed in my brain about you. But I have been woefully neglectful of you, so that I do not deserve to announce to you, that if I do not hear from you before then, I will set out on Wednesday morning to take you by the hand. I would do it this moment, but an unexpected visit might flurry you. I shall take silence for acquiescence, and come. I am glad you could write so long a letter. Old loves to, and hope of kind looks from, the Gilman's, when I come.

Yours *semper idem*

C. L.

If you ever thought an offence, much more wrote it, against me, it must have been in the times of Noah; and the great waters swept it away. Mary's most kind love, and maybe a wrong prophet of your bodings!—here she is crying for mere love over your letter. I wring out less, but not sincerer, showers.

My direction is simply, Enfield.

[Dykes Campbell's comment upon this note is that it was written to remove some mistaken sick-man's fancy.]

657. TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

DEAR KN.,

[No date: ? April, 1832.]

I will not see London again without seeing your pleasant Play. In meanwhile, pray, send three or four orders to a Lady who can't afford to pay: Miss James, No. 1 Grove Road, Lisson Grove, Paddington, a day or two before—and come and see us some *Evening* with my hitherto uncorrupted and honest bookseller Moxon.

C. LAMB.

[I have dated this April 1832, because it may refer to Knowles's play *The Hunchback*, produced 5th April 1832. It might also possibly refer to *The Wife* of a year later, but I think not.

This is the first letter to James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862), the dramatist, who had begun his career with *Caius Gracchus*, followed by *Virginius*, which Lamb had praised in verse in the *London Magazine* in 1820.]

658. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: April 1832.]

Let Dilke know that I shall not want the books. Mary is going off to be ill again. God bless you all and let me sometimes look in upon you.

Pray convey this to Forster as soon as you can. He was to come on Sunday.

C LAMB

Pray let Forster know

659. TO EDWARD MOXON

[? 24th April 1832.]

One day in my life
Do come.

C. L.

I have placed poor Mary at Edmonton—

I shall be very glad to see the Hunch Back and Strait-back the 1st Even^g they can come. I am very poorly indeed. I have been cruelly thrown out. Come and don't let me drink too much. I drank more yesterday than I ever did any one day in my life.

C. L.

Do come.

Cannot your Sister come and take a half bed—or a whole one? Which, alas, we have to spare.

[Mary Lamb would have been taken to Walden House, Edmonton, where mental patients were received. A year later the Lambs moved there altogether. The Hunchback would be James Sheridan Knowles; the 'Strait-back' John Forster.]

660. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 1st June 1832.]

I am a little more than half alive—

I was more than half dead—

the Ladies are very agreeable—

I flatter myself I am less than disagreeable—

Convey this to Mr. Forster—

Whom, with you, I shall just be able to see some 10 days hence and believe me ever yours

C. L.

I take Forster's name to be John,

But you know whom I mean,

the Pym-praiser

not pimp-raiser.

[Forster was then at work on his *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, of whom John Pym was one. He had begun the series in the *Englishman's Magazine* in 1831.]

661. TO THOMAS ALLSOP

[P.M. 2nd June 1832.]

At midsummer or soon after (I will let you know the previous day), I will take a day with you in the purlieus of my old haunts. No offence has been taken, any more than meant. My house is full at present, but empty of its chief pride. She is dead to me for many months. But when I see you, then I will say, Come and see me. With undiminished friendship to you both,

Your faithful but queer

C. L.

How you frightened me! Never write again, 'Coleridge is dead,' at the end of a line, and tamely come in with 'to his friends' at the beginning of another. Love is quicker, and fear from love, than the transition ocular from Line to Line.

662. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? June 1832.]

Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take tythe thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two Universities and the Brit. Mus. A[llan] C[unningham] I will forthwith read. B[arry] C[ornwall] (I can't get out of the A, B, C) I have more than read. Taken altogether, 'tis too Lovey; but what delicacies! I like most 'King Death;' glorious 'bove all, 'The Lady with the Hundred Rings;' 'The Owl;' 'Epistle to What's his Name' (here may be I'm partial); 'Sit down, Sad Soul;' 'The Pauper's Jubilee' (but that's old, and yet 'tis never old); 'The Falcon;' 'Felon's Wife;' damn 'Madame Pasty' (but that is borrowed);

Apple-pie is very good,
And so is apple-pasty;
But——
O Lard! 'tis very nasty:

but chiefly the dramatic fragments,—scarce three of which should have escaped my Specimens, had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first. So much for the nonsense of poetry; now to the serious business of life. Up a court (Blandford Court) in Pall Mall (exactly at the back of Marlbro' House,) with iron gate in front, and containing two houses, at No. 2 did lately live Leishman my taylor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhood, devil knows where. Pray find him out and give him the opposite. I am so much better, tho' my hand shakes in writing it, that, after next Sunday, I can well see F[orster] and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth?

CHARLES LAMB.

['I am worse to a publisher.' There is a rule by which a publisher must present copies of every book to Stationers' Hall, to be distributed to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and other libraries.

'A. C. . . . B. C.' Allan Cunningham's *Maid of Elvar* and Barry Cornwall's *English Songs*, both published by Moxon.

By the 'Epistle to What's his Name' Lamb refers to the lines to himself, which had been printed in the *London Magazine* in 1825 under the title: *Epistle to Charles Lamb on his Emancipation from Clerkship*.

'Madame Pasty.' Procter had some lines on Madame Pasta.

'My Specimens.' Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*, which very likely suggested to Procter the idea of *Dramatic Fragments*.]

663. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 12th July 1832.]

My hand shakes so, I can hardly say don't come yet. I have been worse to-day than you saw me. I am going to try water gruel and quiet if I can get it. But a visitor hast [*sic*] just been down, and another a day or two before, and I feel half frantic. I will write when better. Make excuses to Forster for the present.

C. LAMB.

[On 23rd July Crabb Robinson slept at the Lambs' and read Italian with Emma next morning.]

664. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

DR. R.,

[P.M. 24th August 1832.]

Emma is delighted with the Italian you have lent us. Mary hopes soon to have a rubber with you. Both join in kindest rememb^{ces}

Yours Truly

C L

P.S. Mrs. Robinson's effects will shortly be exposed by public Roup, and her person proposed to be shown in Paris. This is all the news.

[This tells us that Mary Lamb had recovered, and had returned from Edmonton.

It was on 28th September 1832 that Lamb and Landor met. Crabb Robinson took him and his brewer friend, Worsley, by coach to Edmonton, thence walking to Enfield. On coming away it was Miss Lamb of whom they spoke most warmly, Lamb not having been quite at his ease. Lamb gave Landor *Falstaff's Letters*.

The following passage in Forster's *Life of Landor* describes the visit:

The hour he passed with Lamb was one of unalloyed enjoyment. A letter from Crabb Robinson before he came over had filled him with affection for that most lovable of men, who had not an infirmity to which his sweetness of nature did not give something of kinship to a virtue. 'I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb,' Crabb Robinson had written (20th October 1831), 'living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I find your poems lying open before Lamb. Both tipsy and sober he is ever muttering *Rose Aylmer*. But it is not those lines only that have a curious fascination for him. He is always turning to *Gebir* for things that haunt him in the same way.' Their first and last hour was now passed together, and before they parted they were old friends. I visited Lamb myself (with Barry Cornwall) the following month, and remember the boyish delight with which he read to us the verses which Landor has written in the album of Emma Isola. He had just received them through Robinson, and had lost little time in making rich return by sending Landor his *Last Essays of Elia*.

On 9th April 1835 Landor wrote to Lady Blessington:

I do not think that you ever knew Charles Lamb, who is lately dead. Robinson took me to see him.

Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
 Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
 Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left
 Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
 Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
 What wisdom in thy levity, what soul
 In every utterance of thy purest breast!
 Of all that ever wore man's form, 'tis thee
 I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

I say *tripping* tongue, for Charles Lamb stammered and spoke hurriedly. He did not think it worth while to put on a fine new coat to come down and see me in, as poor Coleridge did, but met me as if I had been a friend of twenty years' standing; indeed, he told me I had been so, and showed me some things I had written much longer ago, and had utterly forgotten. The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as *The Essays of Elia*; no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has Zadig and Gil Blas, we have Elia and Sir Roger de Coverly.

Mrs. Fields, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1866, on Landor, says that Landor told her of his visit to Lamb, and said that Lamb read to him some poetry, and asked his opinion of it. Landor said it was very good, whereupon Lamb laughed and called Landor the vainest of men, for it was his own.

In a letter to Southey the last two lines differed, ending thus:

Few are the spirits of the glorified
 I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven.

'Roup.' Scotch for a sale by auction.]

665. TO EDWARD MOXON

[Dated by Forster at end: *December 1832.*]

This is my notion. Wait till you are able to throw away a round sum (say £1500) upon a speculation, and then—don't do it. For all your loving encouragem^{ts}—till this final damp came in the shape of your letter, thanks—for Books also—greet the Fosters and Proctors—and come singly or conjunctively as soon as you can. Johnson and Fare's sheets have been wash'd—unless you prefer Danby's *last* bed—at the Horseshoe.

[Johnson and Fare had just murdered—on 19th December—a Mr. Danby, at Enfield. They had met him in the 'Crown and Horseshoe.']

666. TO EDWARD MOXON

[31st December 1832.]

I am very sorry the poor Reflector is abortive. T'was a child of good promise for its *weeks*. But if the chances are so much against it, withdraw immediately. It is idle up hill waste of money to spend another stamp on it.

To Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, 14 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

For the Editor of the Reflector from C. Lamb.

[Around the seal of this note are the words in Lamb's hand: 'Obijt Edwardus Reflector Armiger, 32 Dec., 1832. Natus ties hebdomadas. Pax animæ ejus.

The newspaper stamp at that time was fourpence (less 25 per cent).

The *Reflector*, started by Moxon and edited by Forster, ran in December 1832 for only three numbers, and all trace of it has vanished.]

667. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 3rd January (1833).]

Be sure and let me have the *Atheneum*—or, if they don't appear, the Copy back again. I have no other.

I am glad you are introduced to Rickman, *cultivate the introduction*. I will not forget to write to him.

I want to see Blackwood, but *not without you*.

We are yet Emma-less.

And so that is all I can remember.

This is a corkscrew.

[*Here is a florid corkscrew.*]

C. Lamb, born 1775
flourished about
the year 1832.

C. L. Fecit.—

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Lamb's essay, "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art," intended originally for the *Englishman's Magazine* (letter to Moxon 24th October 1831), was partly printed by Forster in the *Reflector*, and finally printed in full in the *Atheneum* for 12th, 19th, 26th January, and 2nd February 1833. Lamb seems to have been sending it at the same time to Moxon, for inclusion in the *Last Essays of Elia*, which Moxon was then printing.]

668. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: *About 23rd January 1833.*]

Orders.

Go to Dilke's, or Let Mockson, and ax him to add this to what I sent him a few days since, or to continue it the week after. The Plantas &c. are capital.

Requests.

Come down with M. and Dante and L. E. L. on Sunday.

ELIA.

I dont mean at his House, but the Atheneum office. Send it there. Hand shakes.

['The Plantas' would probably be a reference to the family of Joseph Planta of the British Museum, who had died in 1827. M. and Dante and L. E. L. would be Moxon, Cary, and Letitia Landon, the poetess, to whom Forster was for a while engaged.

The version of this letter at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in Forster's hand, runs thus:

I wish you 'd go to Dilkes, or let Mockson, & ax him to add this to what I sent him a few days since, or to continue it the week after. The Plantas are capital. Come down with Procter & Dante on Sunday. I send you the last proof not of my friendship. I know you would like the title, I do thoroughly. The Last Essays of Elia keeps out any idea of its being a second volume.]

669. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: ? 23rd January 1833.]

I have a proof from Dilke. *That* serves for next Saturday. What Forster had, will serve a second. I sent you a *third* concluding article for *him* and *us* (a capital hit, I think, about Cervantes) of which I leave you to judge whether we shall not want it to print *before* a third or even second week. In that case beg D. to clap them in all at once; and keep the Atheneums to print from. What I send is the concluding Article of the painters.

Soften down the Title in the Book to

'Defect of the Imaginative Faculty in Artists.'

Consult Dilke.

['Consult Dilke' was a favourite phrase with Lamb and Hood and, long before, with Keats.]

670. TO THE PRINTER OF THE 'ATHENÆUM'

[No date: ? January 1833.]

I have read the enclosed five and forty times over. I have submitted it to my Edmonton friends; at last (O Argus' penetration), I have discovered a dash that might be dispensed with. Pray don't trouble yourself with such useless courtesies. I can well trust your editor, when I don't use queer phrases which prove themselves wrong by creating a distrust in the sober compositor.

671. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 24th January 1833.]

DEAR MURRAY!

Moxon I mean.—I am not to be making you pay postage every day, but cannot let pass the congratulations of sister, brother, and 'Silk Cloak,' all most cordial on your change of place. Rogers approving, who can demur? Tell me when you get into Dover St. and what the No. is—that I may change foolscap for gilt, and plain Mr. for Esq^r. I shall *Mister* you while you stay—

If you are not too great to attend to it, I wish us to do without the Sonnets of Sydney: 12 will take up as many pages, and be too palpable a fill up. Perhaps we may leave them out, retaining the article, but that is not worth saving. I hope you liked my Cervantes Article which I sent you yesterday.

Not an inapt quotation, for your fallen predecessor in Albemarle Street, to whom you must give the *coup du main*—

Murray, long enough his country's pride.

Pope.

[Then, written at the bottom of the page] there's [and written on the next page] there's nothing over here.

[Moxon was moving from 64 New Bond Street to 33 Dover Street, contiguous to the House of Murray, then, as now, at 50 Albemarle Street.

'Silk Cloak.' Evidently a name for Emma Isola.

'The Sonnets of Sydney.' Lamb's *Elia* essay on this subject. It was not omitted from the *Last Essays*, which Moxon was to publish, and eleven sonnets were quoted.

'Your fallen predecessor.' The line is from Pope's *Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace*, 'To Mr. Murray,' who afterwards was Earl of Mansfield.]

672. TO EDWARD MOXON

MY DEAR M.,

[No date: *February 1833.*]

I send you the last proof—not of my friendship—pray see to the finish.

I think you will see the necessity of adding those words after 'Preface'—and 'Preface' should be in the 'contents-table'—

I take for granted you approve the title. I do thoroughly—

Perhaps if you advertise it in full, as it now stands, the title page might have simply the *Last Essays of Elia*, to keep out any notion of its being a second vol.—

Well, I wish us luck heartily for your sake who have smarted by me.—

[The words after 'Preface' were: 'By a Friend of the late Elia.']

673. TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

MY DEAR T.,

[No date: *Early February 1833.*]

Now cannot I call him *Serjeant*; what is there in a coif? Those canvas-sleeves protective from ink, when he was a law-chit—a *Chitty*-ling, (let the leathern apron be apocryphal) do more 'specially plead to the Jury Court of old memory. The costume (will he agnize it?) was as of a desk-fellow or Socius Plutei. Methought I spied a brother!

That familiarity is extinct for ever. Curse me if I can call him Mr. Serjeant—except, mark me, in *company*. Honour where honour is due; but should he ever visit us, (do you think he ever will, Mary?) what a distinction should I keep up between him and our less fortunate friend, H. C. R.! Decent respect shall always be the Crabb's—but, somehow, short of reverence.

Well, of my old friends, I have lived to see two knighted: one made a judge, another in a fair way to it. Why am I restive? why stands my sun upon Gibeah?

Variouly, my dear Mrs. Talfourd, (I can be more familiar with her!) *Mrs. Serjeant Talfourd*,—my sister prompts me—(these ladies stand upon ceremonies)—has the congratulable news affected the members of our small community. Mary comprehended it at once, and entered into it heartily. Mrs. W— was, as usual, perverse—wouldn't, or couldn't, understand it. A Serjeant? She thought Mr. T. was in the law. Didn't know that he ever 'listed.

Emma alone truly sympathised. *She* had a silk gown come home that very day, and has precedence before her learned sisters accordingly.

We are going to drink the health of Mr. and Mrs. Serjeant, with all

the young serjeantry—and that is all that I can see that I shall get by the promotion.

Valete, et mementote amici quondam vestri humillimi.

C. L.

[Talfourd, who had been pupil of Joseph Chitty, became a serjeant on 29th January 1833.]

'Canvas-sleeves.' Talfourd's note: 'Mr. Lamb always insisted that the costume referred to was worn when he first gladdened his young friend by a call at Mr. Chitty's chambers. I am afraid it is all apocryphal.'

'My old friends.' Stoddart and Tuthill were knighted; Barron Field was a judge; Talfourd was to become both a knight and a judge.

'Mrs. W——,' Mrs. Westwood, I suppose.

'Valete,' etc. Farewell to you both, and sometimes remember your humblest of friends.]

674. TO EDWARD MOXON

[10th February. P.M. 11:15 February 1833.]

I wish you would omit 'by the author of Elia,' *now*, in advertising that damn'd 'Devil's Wedding.'

I had sneaking hopes you would have dropt in today—tis my poor birthday. Don't stay away so. Give Forster a hint—you are to bring your brother some day—*sisters* in better weather.

Pray give me one line to say if you receiv'd and forwarded Emma's packet to Miss Adams,

and how Dover St. looks.

Adieu.

Is there no Blackwood this month?

[*Added on cover:*]

What separation will there be between the friend's preface, and THE ESSAYS? Should not 'Last Essays &c.' head them? If 'tis too late, don't mind. I don't care a farthing about it.

675. TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

DEAR S—

[No date: ? February 1833.]

I have been doing some verses for Wordsworth's & Quillinan's daughters. A thought struck me, does E. S. keep an album?—Should it be so, you will, carefully seeing there is no offence [in] them, present them with kind rememb^{ces}.

Mary joins me in the kindest [love?] to *you all*.

CL

[The verses for Dora Wordsworth and Rotha Quillinan were printed in Lamb's *Poetical Works*, 1836. See my edition of his writings. Those for Edith Southey will be found in the next letter.]

676. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[March 1833.]

CHRISTIAN NAMES OF WOMEN

(TO EDITH S——)

In Christian world MARY the garland wears!
 REBECCA sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
 Quakers for pure PRISCILLA are more clear;
 And the light Gaul by amorous NINON swears.
 Among the lesser lights how LUCY shines!
 What air of fragrance ROSAMUND throws round!
 How like a hymn doth sweet CECILIA sound!
 Of MARTHAS, and of ABIGAILS, few lines
 Have bragg'd in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
 Should homely JOAN be fashioned. But can
 You BARBARA resist, or MARIAN?
 And is not CLARE for love excuse enough?
 Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
 These all, than Saxon EDITH, please me less.

Many thanks for the lift you have given us—I am perfectly satisfied. But if you advert to it again, I give you a delicate hint. Barbara S—— shadows under that name Miss Kelly's early life, and I had the *Anecdote* beautifully from her.

[The sonnet was printed in the *Athenaeum* for 9th March 1833. It had been written for Edith Southey's album. Dilke's 'lift' was an extract from the essay 'Barbara S——' on 2nd March.]

677. TO EDWARD MOXON

DR M.,

[No date: Early 1833.]

Let us see you & your Brother on Sunday—

The Elias are beautifully got up. Be cautious how you name the probability of bringing 'em ever out complete—till these are gone off. Everybody'd say 'O I'll wait then.'

An't we to have a copy of the Sonnets—

Mind, I shall *insist* upon having no more copies: only I shall take 3 or 4 more of you at trade price. I am resolute about this.

Yours ever—

[The *Last Essays of Elia* had just been published. Moxon seems to have sent his *Sonnets* at once. See Letter 685.]

678. TO EDWARD MOXON

[No date: *Early 1833.*]

No *writing*, and no *word*, ever passed between Taylor, or Hessey, and me, respecting copy right. This I can swear. They made a volume at their own will, and volunteered me a third of profits, which came to £30, which came to *Bilk*, and never came back to me. Proctor has acted a friendly part—when did he otherwise? I am very sorry to hear Mrs. P—as I suppose is not so well. I meditated a rallying epistle to him on his Gemini—his two Sosias, accusing him of having acted a notable piece of duplicity. But if his partner in the double dealing suffers—it would be unseasonable. You cannot rememb^r. me to him too kindly. Your chearful letter has relieved us from the dumps; all may be well. I rejoice at your letting your house so magnificently. Talfourd's letter may be directed to him 'On the Western Circuit.'¹ That is the way, send it. With Blackwood pray send Piozziana and a Literary Gazette if you have one. The Piozzi and that shall be immed^{tly} return'd, and I keep Mad. Darblay for you eventually, a long-winded reader at present having use of it.

The weather is so queer that I will not say I *expect* you &c.—but am prepared for the pleasure of seeing you when you can come.

We had given you up (the post man being late) and Emma and I have 20 times this morning been to the door in the rain to spy for him coming.

Well, I know it is not all settled, but your letter is chearful and cheer-making.

We join in triple love to you.

ELIA & CO.

I am settled in any case to take at Bookseller's price any copies I have more. Therefore oblige me by sending a copy of *Elia* to Coleridge and B. Barton, and enquire (at your leisure of course) how I can send one, with a letter, to Walter Savage Landor. These 3 put in your next bill on me. I am peremptory that it shall be so. These are all I can want.

¹ Is it the Western? he goes to Reading &c.

[John Taylor, representing the firm of Taylor & Hessey, had set up a claim of copyright in those essays in the *Last Essays of Elia* that were printed in the *London Magazine*. The matter was settled through Proctor's good offices.

The reference to Proctor's 'duplicity,' or double-dealing, relates to his becoming the father of twins—two Sosias, Sosia himself and Mercury, in the *Amphitruo* of Plautus.

Piozziana; or, *Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi* (Johnson's Mrs. Thrale), was published in 1833. It was by the Rev. E. Mangin.

Mad. Darblay would be *The Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, 1832, by his daughter, Madame d'Arblay (Admiral Burney's sister). The book was severely handled in the *Quarterly* for April 1833.]

679. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[No date: *Early 1833.*]

Many thanks for the Books; the *Faust* I will acknowledge to the Author. But most thanks for one immortal sentence, 'If I do not *cheat* him, never *trust* me again.' I do not know whether to admire most, the wit or justness of the sentiment. It has my cordial approbation. My sense of *meum* and *tuum* applauds it. I maintain it, the eighth commandment hath a secret special reservation, by which the reptile is exempt from any protection from it; as a dog, or a nigger, he is not a holder of property. Not a ninth of what he detains from the world is his own. Keep your hands from picking and stealing is no ways referable to his acquits. I doubt whether bearing false witness against thy neighbor at all contemplated this possible scrub. Could Moses have seen the speck in vision? An *ex post facto* law alone could relieve him, and we are taught to expect no eleventh commandment. The out-law to the Mosaic dispensation!—unworthy to have seen Moses's behind—to lay his desecrating hands upon Elia! Has the irreverent ark-toucher been struck blind I wonder—? The more I think of him, the less I think of him. His meanness is invisible with aid of solar microscope, my moral eye smarts at him. The less flea that bites little fleas! The great Beast! the beggarly nit!

More when we meet.

Mind, you'll come, two of you—and couldn't you go off in the morning, that we may have a daylong curse at him, if curses are not dishallowed by descending so low? Amen. *Maledicatur in extremis.*

[Abraham Hayward's translation of *Faust* was published by Moxon in February 1833. His preface notes that the idea of translating was suggested by Lamb's remark to Cary about his pleasure in the Latin versions of the Greek tragedians. Lamb's letter of thanks was said by Edmund Yates to be a very odd one. I have not seen it.

We may assume that Moxon's reply to Lamb's letter about Taylor's claim contained the 'immortal sentence.'

'Not a ninth.' This Taylor is less than a ninth of a man.

'Ark-toucher.' 1 Chronicles xiii. 9.

'The less flea.' Remembering Swift's lines in *On Poetry, a Rhapsody*:

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

'*Maledicatur in extremis.*' Curses attend his death-bed!]

680. TO JOHN WILSON
('Christopher North')

[No date: Probably *early 1833*.]

In vile haste (Moxon presses and time presses) I send you my second vol. Can you remember the scrap you *said* you made out for our poor Album? We had you with us then, but now we miss you and wish we had secured the fragment. My young friend says, she don't care how complimentary it is. But in fact, ANYTHING will do with your name. Landor has sent her a sonnet from Florence! Would you like now & then to hear from Elia?

[Mrs. Anderson's note: "'Christopher North' had visited Lamb 11th July 1832. There is nothing by him in Emma Isola's album. Landor's contribution was not a sonnet.']

681. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[No date: *Early 1833*.]

For Landor's kindness I have just esteem. I shall tip him a Letter, when you tell me how to address him.

Give Emma's kindest regrets that I could not entice her good friend, your Nephew, here.

Her warmest love to the Bury Robinsons—our all three to H. Crab.
C. L.

[Mr. Macdonald's transcript adds: 'Accompanying copy of Landor's verses to Emma Isola, and others, contributed to Miss Wordsworth's album, and poem written at Wast-water. C. L.']

The Bury Robinsons were Crabb Robinson's brother and other relatives, whom Miss Isola had met when at Fornham.]

682. TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[No date: *Early 1833*.]

DEAR SIR,

Pray accept a little volume. 'Tis a legacy from Elia, you'll see. Silver and Gold had he none, but such as he had, left he you. I do not know how to thank you for attending to my request about the Album. I thought you would never remember it. Are not you proud and thankful, Emma?

Yes, *very*, both—

EMMA ISOLA.

Many things I had to say to you, which there was not time for. *One* why should I forget? 'tis for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks.—

Next I forgot to tell you I knew all your Welch annoyancers, the measureless Beethams. I knew a quarter of a mile of them. 17 brothers and 16 sisters, as they appear to me in memory. There was one of them that used to fix his long legs on my fender, and tell a story of a shark, every night, endless, immortal. How have I grudged the salt sea ravener not having had his gorge of him!

The shortest of the daughters measured 5 foot eleven without her shoes. Well, some day we may confer about them. But they were tall. Surely I have discover'd the longitude—

Sir, If you can spare a moment, I should be happy to hear from you—that rogue Robinson detained your verses, till I call'd for them. Don't entrust a bit of prose to the rogue, but believe me

Your obliged

C. L.

My Sister sends her kind regards.

['The measureless Beethams.' In an article in the *New Times* in 1825, called 'Many Friends,' Lamb had made play with this family.]

683. TO WILLIAM HONE

DEAR FRIEND,

[Dated at end: 6th March 1833.]

Thou hast sent a Christian epistle to me, and I should not feel clear if I neglected to reply to it, which would have been sooner if that vain young man, to whom thou didst intrust it, had not kept it back. We should rejoice to see thy outward man here, especially on a day which should not be a first day, being liable to worldly callers in on that day. Our little book is delayed by a heathenish injunction, threatened by the man Taylor. Canst thou copy and send, or bring with thee, a vanity in verse which in my younger days I wrote on friend Aders' pictures? Thou wilt find it in the book called the Table Book.

Tryphena and Tryphosa, whom the world calleth Mary and Emma, greet you with me.

CH. LAMB.

6th of 3d month 4th day.

[On this letter is written by Hone in pencil: 'This acknowledges a note from me to C. L. written in January preceding, and sent by young Will Hazlitt. Received in my paralysis. March, 1833.' It is true that Hone had become an Irvingite, but Lamb addresses him as though he had succumbed to the teachings of George Fox.

Tryphena and Tryphosa are in Romans xvi. 12.

On this day Lamb gave Hone two books with the same inscription in each—very unsteadily written.]

684. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 19th March 1833.]

I shall *expect* Forster and two Moxons on Sunday, and *hope* for Procter.

I am obliged to be in town next Monday. Could we contrive to make a party (paying or not is immaterial) for Miss Kelly's that night, and can you shelter us after the play, I mean Emma and me? I fear, I cannot persuade Mary to join us.

N.B. *I can sleep at a public house.*

Send an Elia (mind, I *insist* on buying it) to T. Manning Esq. at Sir G. Tuthill's Cavendish Square.

DO WRITE.

[Miss Kelly was then giving at the Strand Theatre an entertainment called *Dramatic Recollections*.]

685. TO EDWARD MOXON

DR. M.,

[P.M. 30th March 1833.]

Emma and we are *delighted* with the Sonnets, and she with her nice Walton. Mary is deep in the novel. Come as early as you can. I stupidly overlookd your proposal to meet you in Green Lanes, for in some strange way I *burnt my leg*, shin-quarter, at Forster's;* it is laid up on a stool, and Asbury attends. You'll see us all as usual, about Taylor, when you come.

Yours ever

C. L.

* Or the night I came home, for I felt it not bad till yesterday. But I scarce can hobble across the room.

I have secured 4 places for night: in haste.

Mary and E. do not dream of any thing we have discussed.

[I fancy that the last sentence refers to an offer for Miss Isola's hand which Moxon had just made to Lamb.]

686. TO J. S. KNOWLES AND J. FORSTER

[No date: ? Early April 1833.]

Swallow your damn'd dinner and your brandy and water fast—
& come immediately

I want to take Knowles in to Emma's only female friend for 5 minutes only, and we are free for the even^g.

I'll do a Prologue.

[The prologue was for Sheridan Knowles's play *The Wife*. Lamb wrote both prologue and epilogue.]

687. TO EDWARD MOXON

Last line alter to—

[April 1833.]

A store of gratitude is left behind.

Because, as it now stands, if the Author lays his hand upon his heart, and emphatically says—

I have (so and so) *behind*,

the audience may think it is all my . . . in a bandbox, and so in fact it is.

Yours, by old and new ties

Turn over.

C. LAMB.

[Not having seen the original of this letter, which was printed by Carew Hazlitt, I cannot say to what the 'Turn over' applies. An earlier draft of Lamb's prologue to *The Wife* ended:

Condemn me, damn me, hiss me, to your mind—

I have a stock of gratitude behind.

Later, the dubious phrase disappeared.

688. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: ? Spring 1833.]

There was a talk of Richmond on Sunday but we were hampered with an unavoidable engagement that day, besides that I wish to show it you when the woods are in full leaf. Can you have a quiet evening here to night or tomorrow night? We are certainly *at home*.

Yours

C. LAMB.

Friday.

689. TO MRS. WILLIAM AYRTON

[P.M. (16th) April 1833.]

DEAR MRS. AYRTON,

I do not know which to admire most, your kindness, or your patience, in copying out that intolerable rabble of panegyric from over the Atlantic. By the way, now your hand is in, I wish you would copy out for me the 13th 17th and 24th of Barrow's sermons in folio, and all of Tillotson's (folio also) except the first, which I have in Manuscript, and which, you know, is Ayrton's favorite. Then—but I won't trouble you any farther just now. Why does not A come and see me? Can't he and Henry Crabbe concert it? 'Tis as easy as lying is to me. Mary's kindest love to you both.

ELIA.

[The letter is accompanied by a note in the writing of William Scrope Ayrton, the son of William Ayrton, copied from Mrs. Ayrton's *Diary*: 'March 17, 1833.—Copied a critique upon Elia's works from the *Mirror of America* a sort of news paper.'

When in New York Public Library in 1934 I searched in vain for the article or for any periodical with the title given by Ayrton. This letter contains Lamb's only reference to the intellectual activities of the country where he is now held in such honour.

Since Barrow's sermons are mentioned (humorously) in this letter—and for no other reason—I insert here a fragment of a letter quoted by N. P. Willis in an article on autographs in the *Corsair* in 1839. To whom Lamb was writing I have no idea.]

I have nothing of Barrow's save one interminable sermon on contentment. I do not think there is one bit of *beauty* in all his works: one extractable passage. Dr. Parr's wig enshrouded a pig's head when he put him next to Taylor. He is in the same grade as Tillotson, whom I will read when I mean to be a good man. C. L.

690. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 25th April 1833.]

MY DEAR MOXON,

We perfectly agree in your arrangement. *It has quite set my sister's mind at rest.* She will come with you on Sunday, and return at eve, and I will make comfortable arrangements with the Buffams. We desire to have you here dining unWestwooded, and I will try and get you a bottle of choice port. I have transferr'd the stock I told you to Emma. The plan of the Buffams steers admirably between two niceties. Tell Emma we thoroughly approve it. As our damnd Times is a day after the fair, I am setting off to Enfield Highway to see in a morning paper (alas! the *Publican's*) how the play ran. Pray, bring 4 orders for Mr. Asbury—undated.

In haste (not for neglect)

Yours ever

Thursday.

C. LAMB.

[Lamb refers to Moxon's engagement to Miss Isola as being now settled.

The play was Sheridan Knowles's *The Wife*, produced at Covent Garden on 24th April.

The Buffams were the landladies of the house in Southampton Buildings, where Lamb lodged in town.]

691. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 27th April 1833.]

DEAR M.,

Mary and I are very poorly. Asbury says tis nothing but influenza. Mr. W. appears all but dying, he is delirious. Mrs. W. was taken so last night, that Mary was obliged at midnight to knock up Mrs. Waller to come and sit up with her. We have had a sick child, who sleeping, or not sleeping, next me with a pasteboard partition between, killed my sleep. The little bastard is gone. My bedfellows are Cough and cramp, we sleep 3 in a bed. Domestic arrangem^{ts} (Blue Butcher and all) devolve on Mary. Don't come yet to this house of pest and age. We propose when E. and you agree on the time, to come up and meet her at the Buffams', say a week hence, but do you make the appointm^t. The Lachlans send her their love.

I do sadly want those 2 last Hogarths—and an't I to have the Play? Mind our spirits are good and we are happy in your happiness.

C. L.

Our old and ever loves to dear Em.

['Mr. W.' was Mr. Westwood. The Lachlans were neighbours, as there is a letter of August 1833 to Miss Lachlan about handing on papers to the Westwoods. Lamb wrote an acrostic on *A Drawing by F. L.*, which gives the name 'Sarah Lachlan.' The play is presumably *The Wife*, printed in 1833. Miss Isola was, I imagine, staying with the Moxon family.]

692. TO JOHN FORSTER

[No date: May 1833.]

DR. F.,

Can you oblige me by sending 4 Box orders undated for the Olympic Theatre? I suppose Knowles can get 'em. It is for the Waldens, with whom I live. The sooner, the better, that they may not miss the 'Wife'—I meet you at the Talfourds Saturday week, and if they can't, perhaps you can, give me a bed.

Your ratherish unwell

C. LAMB.

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

Or write immediately to say if you can't get em.

[The Lambs had suddenly decided to move to Mr. Walden's house at Edmonton, where Mary Lamb, when ill, was now always taken. The house, known as Lamb Cottage, still stands (1934) very much as it was.]

693. TO JOHN FORSTER

DEAR BOY,

P.M. 12th May 1833.]

I send you the original Elias, complete.

When I am a little composed, I shall hope to see you and Proctor here; may be, may see you first in London.

C. L.

[In the Dyce and Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington will be found a mass of material relating to Lamb. The *Elia* MSS. consist of 'The Child Angel,' 'Poor Relations,' and portions of 'Mackery End,' 'A Quakers' Meeting,' and the essay on the 'Barrenness of Imagination.']

694. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

End of May nearly, [1833].

Your letter, save in what respects your dear Sister's health, cheer'd me in my new solitude. Mary is ill again. Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing. Nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me then. In short, half her life she is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock. With such prospects, it seem'd to me necessary that she should no longer live with me, and be fluttered with continual removals, so I am come to live with her, at a Mr. Walden's and his wife, who take in patients, and have arranged to lodge and board us only. They have had the care of her before. I see little of her; alas! I too often hear her. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*—and you and I must bear it—

To lay a little more load on it, a circumstance has happen'd, *cujus pars magna fui*, and which at another crisis I should have more rejoiced in. I am about to lose my old and only walk-companion, whose mirthful spirits were the 'youth of our house,' Emma Isola. I have her here now for a little while, but she is too nervous properly to be under such a roof, so she will make short visits, be no more an inmate. With my perfect approval, and more than concurrence, she is to be wedded to Moxon at the end of Augst. So 'perish the roses and the flowers'—how is it?

Now to the brighter side, I am emancipated from most *bated* and *detestable* people, the Westwoods. I am with attentive people, and younger—I am 3 or 4 miles nearer the Great City, Coaches half-price

less, and going always, of which I will avail myself. I have few friends left there, one or two tho' most beloved. But London Streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, tho' of the latter not one known one were remaining.

Thank you for your cordial reception of Elia. Inter nos the Ariadne is not a darling with me, several incongruous things are in it, but in the composition it served me as illustrative.

I want you in the popular fallacies to like the 'Home that is no home' and 'rising with the lark.'

I am feeble, but chearful in this my genial hot weather,—walk'd 16 miles yesterd^y. I can't read much in Summer time.

With very kindest love to all and prayers for dear Dorothy,

I remain

most attachedly yours

C. LAMB.

at mr. walden's, church street, edmonton, middlesex.

Moxon has introduced Emma to Rogers, and he smiles upon the project. I have given E. my MILTON—will you pardon me?—in part of a *portion*. It hangs famously in his Murray-like shop.

[On the wrapper is written:]

D^r M[oxon], inclose this in a better-looking paper, and get it frank'd, and good by'e till Sund^y. Come early—

C. L.

['Sunt lachrymæ rerum': There are tears for human fortune.—*Æneid*, i. 462.
'Cujus pars magna fui': In which I played a great part. From *Æneid*, ii. 5:
'Quorum pars magna fui.'

'So "perish the roses," etc.' A reference to a poem by Wordsworth of 1824, To—, which includes the lines:

If human life do pass away,

Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower.

'The Ariadne.' See the essay on 'Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty,' where Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery is highly praised. Wordsworth's favourite essays in this volume were 'The Wedding' and 'Old China.'

'My Milton.' Against the reference to the portrait of Milton, in the post-script, someone, possibly Wordsworth, has pencilled a note, now only partially legible. It runs thus: 'It had been proposed by L. that W. W. should be the Possessor of the portrait if he outlived his friend, and that afterwards it was to be bequeathed to Christ's Coll. Cambridge.' The portrait now hangs in the Public Library of New York.

Lamb had given Wordsworth in 1820 a copy of *Paradise Regained*, 1671, with this inscription: 'C. Lamb to the best Knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant Edition. June 2^d 1820.'

695. TO SARAH HAZLITT

DEAR MRS. HAZLITT,

[Dated at end: 31st May 1833.]

I will assuredly come, and find you out, when I am better. I am driven from house and home by Mary's illness. I took a sudden resolution to take my sister to Edmonton, where she was under medical treatment last time, and have arranged to board and lodge with the people. Thank God, I have repudiated Enfield. I have got out of hell, despair of heaven, and must sit down contented in a half-way purgatory. Thus ends this strange eventful history—

But I am nearer town, and will get up to you somehow before long—I repent not of my resolution.

'Tis late, and my hand unsteady, so good b'ye till we meet.

Your old

C. L.

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

696. TO JOHN FORSTER

DEAR F.,

Sunday [2nd June 1833.]

I was disappointed in not seeing you yesterday or the day before. I named a silly hour, but it was in a flurry. I used a curt style, because my amanuensis is no great scribe. I made use of him, because my hand shook so. My hand shook, because I had been trying to write very neatly an Album Acrostic, in which the Initial letters require unusual Fair Writing. A coach from Snow Hill at 2 brings you to Walden's door before 4. After that hour I shall not expect you. Strive & come tomorrow.* Thanks for the Orders, & pray make my acknowledgm^{ts} to the Players.

Yours truly

C LAMB

Mr. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

* N.B. Tomorrow is Today with you. Set off—

697. TO MARY BETHAM

DEAR MARY BETHAM,

June 5, 1833.

I remember You all, and tears come out when I think on the years that have separated us. That dear Anne should so long have remembered us affects me. My dear Mary, my poor sister is not, nor will

be for two months perhaps capable of appreciating the *kind old long memory* of dear Anne.

But not a penny will I take, and I can answer for my Mary when she recovers, if the sum left can contribute in any way to the comfort of Matilda.

We will halve it, or we will take a bit of it, as a token rather than wrong her. So pray consider it as an amicable arrangement. I write in great haste, or you won't get it before you go.

We do not want the money; but if dear Matilda does not much want it, why, we will take our thirds. God bless you.

C. LAMB.

[Miss Betham's sister, Anne, who had just died, had left thirty pounds to Mary Lamb. See *A House of Letters*, by Ernest Betham.]

698. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 14th July 1833.]

The Hogarths are *delicate*. Perhaps it will amuse Emma to tell her, that, a day or two since, Miss Norris (Betsy) call'd to me on the road from London from a gig conveying her to Widford, and engaged me to come down this afternoon. I think I shall stay only one night; she would have been glad of E.'s accompaniment, but I would not disturb her, and Mrs. N. is coming to town on Monday, so it would not have suited. Also, C. V. Le Grice gave me a dinner at Johnny Gilpin's yesterday, where we talk'd of what old friends were taken or left in the 30 years since we had met.

I shall hope to see her on Tuesd^y.

To Bless you both

Friday.

C. L.

[Le Grice we have met. 'Johnny Gilpin's' was the 'Bell' at Edmonton.

Carew Hazlitt records that a letter from Lamb to Miss Norris was in existence in which the writer gave 'minute and humorous instructions for his own funeral, even specifying the number of nails which he desired to be inserted in his coffin.']

699. TO MRS. RANDAL NORRIS

DEAR MRS. NORRIS,

[18th July 1833.]

I got home safe. Pray accept these little books, and some of you *give me a line to say you received them*. Love to all, and thanks for three agreeable days. I send them this afternoon (Tuesday) by Camer's

coach. Are the little girls packed safe? They can come in straw, and have eggs under them. Ask them to lie soft, 'cause eggs smash.

ELIA.

Mrs. Walden's, Church Street, Edmonton.

[The books were the Lambs' *Poetry for Children*. See notes to letter to Crabb Robinson, 20th January 1827.

I append an undated letter to Jane Norris, who probably had charge of the French department of Goddard House School. Richard Norris lived with the family.]

700. TO JANE NORRIS

Hypochondriac. We can't reckon avec any certainty for une heure . . . as follows:

ENGLAND

I like the Taxes when they 're not too many,
I like a sea-coal fire when not too dear;
I like the beefsteak, too, as well as any,
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the *weather when it 's not too rainy*,
That is, I like two months of every year.

ITALY

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the sun set, sure he 'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all heaven t' himself; the day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

Kind regards to Mama and remembrances to Frere Richard. Dieu remercie mon frere can't lizer Fransay. I have written this letter with a most villainous pen—called a Patent one.

En finis je remarque I was not offensé à votre fransay et I was not embarrassé to make it out. Adieu.

I have not quite done; that — instead of your company in Miss Norris's epistle has determined me to come if heaven, earth, and myself can compass it. Amen.

[Mrs. Anderson says: 'By examining the photograph of the last part of this letter, we can put a meaning to the puzzling last paragraph. Lamb has evidently received an invitation from the elder Miss Norris—a printed form, "Miss N. requests the pleasure of company on such and such a date." She forgot to fill in the blank when sending Lamb's, and this tickled him.'

The verses are from Byron's *Beppo*.]

701. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 24th July 1833.]

For god's sake, give Emma no more watches. *One* has turn'd her head. She is arrogant, and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old Clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you 'Pray, Sir, can you tell us what 's a Clock,' and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking 'what the time is.' I overheard her whispering, 'Just so many hours, minutes, &c. to Tuesday—I think St. George's goes too slow'— This little present of Time, why, 'tis Eternity to her—

What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch?

She has spoil'd some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half past 12,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Sq.

Well, if 'love me, love my watch,' answers, she will keep time to you— It goes right by the Horse Guards—

[*On the next page :*]

Emma hast kist this yellow wafer—a hint.

DEAREST M.

Never mind opposite nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you.

I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30 July as long as my poor months last me, as a festival gloriously.

Your ever

ELIA.

We have not heard from Cambridge. I will write the moment we do.

Edmonton, 24th July, 3.20 post mer. minutes 4 instants by Emma's watch.

[The following letter refers to another escapade of Martin Burney.]

702. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

[P.M. 28th July 1833.]

I am nothing but a trouble to my friends. But I have a dreadful letter from Miss Betham, which I should not attend to, but that the situation she describes is what I foresaw was inevitable. I can do nothing in it. It is troubling you sadly. But will you communicate

the enclosed to Payne, M. B.'s brother in law in Pall Mall, if he is abroad, make his partner FOSS read it, & ask him what can be done; if it is possible to recover M B to a state of respectability. Payne & Foss, Pall Mall—it shakes me to pieces. Beg Emma's pardon for my keeping her so late, it was her goodness not to quit me till I was safe coached. I am nursing myself well to present myself to her aunt as one not unworthy of her acquaintance

Yours (both) affectionately

C. L.

[The following was written immediately after the wedding of Moxon and Emma Isola: on 30th July 1833.]

703. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO EDWARD AND EMMA MOXON

DEAR MR. AND MRS. MOXON—

Time very short. I wrote to Miss Fryer, and had the sweetest letter about you, Emma, that ever friendship dictated. 'I am full of good wishes, I am crying with good wishes,' she says; but you shall see it.—

Dear Moxon, I take your writing most kindly and shall most kindly your writing from Paris—

I want to crowd another letter to Miss Fry[er] into the little time after dinner before Post time.

So with 20000 congratulations,

Yours,

C. L.

I am calm, sober, happy. Turn over for the reason.

I got home from Dover St., by Evens, *half as sober as a judge*. I am turning over a new leaf, as I hope you will now.

[*On the next leaf Mary Lamb wrote:*]

MY DEAR EMMA AND EDWARD MOXON,

Accept my sincere congratulations, and imagine more good wishes than my weak nerves will let me put into good set words. The dreary blank of *unanswered questions* which I ventured to ask in vain was cleared up on the wedding-day by Mrs. W. taking a glass of wine, and, with a total change of countenance, begged leave to drink Mr. and Mrs. Moxon's health. It restored me, from that moment: as if by an electrical stroke: to the entire possession of my senses—I never felt so calm and quiet after a similar illness as I do now. I feel as if all tears were wiped from my eyes, and all care from my heart.

MARY LAMB.

[*At the foot of this letter Charles Lamb added:*]

DEARS AGAIN,

Wednesday.

Your letter interrupted a seventh game at Picquet which *we* were having, after walking to *Wright's* and purchasing shoes. We pass our time in cards, walks, and reading. We attack Tasso soon. C. L.

Never was such a calm, or such a recovery. 'Tis her own words, undictated.

704. CHARLES LAMB TO MISS LACHLAN

DEAR MISS LACKLAND,

[No date: *August 1833.*]

I shall trouble you in future to let the Westwoods have the papers after you. They are to return them to you, and you will return them here. But if not ready next Saturday, keep them till the following. Are they worth these troublesome directions? but they will amuse old W.—Well, I was father at the wedding on Tuesday 30th July. Emma performed her responses nobly. We heard from them since from Brighton; they set out for Paris this day. Mary is well and comfortable and unites in kind regards to you both. Do you understand the above cumbrous arrangements?

C. LAMB.

705. TO LOUISA BADAMS

DEAR MRS. BADAMS,

[P.M. 20th August 1833.]

I was at church, as the grave Father, and behaved tolerably well, except at first entrance, when Emma in a whisper repressed a nascent giggle. I am not fit for weddings or burials. Both incite a chuckle. Emma look'd as pretty as Pamela, and made her responses delicately and firmly. I tripped a little at the altar, was engaged in admiring the altar-piece; but, recalled seasonably by a Parsonic rebuke, 'Who gives this woman?' was in time resolutely to reply, 'I do.' Upon the whole the thing went off decently & devoutly.—Your dodging post is excellent; I take it, it was at Wilsdon—.

We shall this week or next dine at Islington,—I am writing to know the day—& in that case see you the next day, & talk of beds. My lodging may be on the cold floor. I long for a *bard fought game* with Badams. With haste & thanks for your *unusually* entertaining letter,

Yours truly,

CHAS. & MARY LAMB.

I will write to Miss Ja^s. soon, was meditating it.

['Dodging post.' I cannot explain this. The hard-fought game would be at whist, which Lamb had taught Louisa by letter.

'The cold floor.' A reference to the old ballad, *My lodging is on the cold ground*.

'Miss Ja^s.' Mary Lamb's old nurse.]

706. TO MATILDA BETHAM

DEAR MISS B., [Dated at end: 23rd August 1833.]

Your Bridal verses are very beautiful. Emma shall have them, as here corrected, when they return. They are in France. The verses, I repeat, are sweetly pretty. I know nobody in these parts that wants a servant; indeed, I have no acquaintance in this new place, and rarely come to town. The rule of Christ's Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, so that your renowned Protégè has no chance. Never trouble yourself about Dyer's neighbour. He will only tell you a parcel of fibs, and is impracticable to any advice. He has been long married and parted, and has to pay his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides other incumbrances.

In haste and headake,

Yours,

[*A House of Letters* gives also an undated scrap which probably refers to the same verses: 'I return you, by a careful hand, the MSS. The domestic half will be a sweet heir-loom to leave in the family. 'Tis fragrant with cordiality. . . . Did I not love your verses, have I ever failed to see that you had the most feminine soul of all our poet- or prose-esses?']

707. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

DEAR SIR, [Sept. 9th, 1833.]

Your packet I have only just received, owing, I suppose, to the absence of Moxon, who is flaunting it about *à la Parisienne* with his new bride, our Emma, much to his satisfaction and not a little to our dulness. We shall be quite well by the time you return from Worcestershire and most most (observe the repetition) glad to see you here or anywhere.

I will take my time with Darley's act. I wish poets would write a little plainer; he begins some of his words with a letter which is unknown to the English typography.

Yours, most truly,

C. LAMB.

P.S. Pray let me know when you return. We are at Mr. Walden's, Church-street, Edmonton; no longer at Enfield. You will be amused to hear that my sister and I have, with the aid of Emma, scrambled through the 'Inferno' by the blessed furtherance of your polar-star translation. I think we scarce left anything unmadeout. But our

partner has left us, and we have not yet resumed. Mary's chief pride in it was that she should some day brag of it to you. Your Dante and Sandys' Ovid are the only helpmates of translations. Neither of you shirk a word.

Fairfax's Tasso is no translation at all. It's better in some places; but it merely observes the number of stanzas; as for images, similes, &c., he finds 'em himself, and never 'troubles Peter for the matter.'

In haste, dear Cary, yours ever,

C. LAMB.

Has Moxon sent you 'Elia,' second volume? if not, he shall. Taylor and we are at law about it.

['Darley's act.' Not now identifiable, I think.

'Taylor and we.' The case had apparently not yet been settled by Procter. I have not found any report of a law-suit.

The following letter bears upon a difference between Emma and Miss Humphreys. It shows Lamb in a new light, paternally solicitous and understanding.]

708. TO EDWARD MOXON

September 13 1833

Mary, who has more sense, and worse spirits, than *all three of us*, says, it *must* be a quarrel. After that letter to your Sister, which is absurd to the brink of insanity, I see no hope. I see no middle way—I wish to God I did—between poor Emma's breaking off with her, and her riding triumphant over you. Tis a sad alternative. But let me witness, and to the whole world I am ready to do it, that in point of gratitude & obligation Emma has never, never failed in one instance. I have been scolded again & again by her, when I have whispered against the other. She has repaid, on my conscience I believe, more (tho' that is much) than she is indebted. Why, a mother, a real mother, had no right to write such a letter. What I possibly can do in it, I see not. I have no communication with her, even by Letter. But I can only say; express your joint pleasures to me, and, at the hazard of losing all her good opinions, and all her friends' in the bargain, I will write or speak any thing. But can I do it, Dearests, *now*, without it's being palpable to come from you? I fear, Dearest Emma, that you cannot keep the love of your Aunt with your love of our dear M——. Tis a terrible conflict. You have been a good Neice, I would tell any body. But she had no right, whatever her feelings were, to write such a damnable letter to Miss M——. She must be too insane (I will call it) to make it necessary for you to consult her feelings at all. I will answer that you have had for her every feeling that a Neice, or adopted Daughter, ought to have. But when She, or when a real Mother even, intrudes

upon the sacredness of married life, the bonds of daughtership are snap asunder. You must cleave to your husband. Moxon, excuse me for schooling your Emma thus. And, Emma, think not I set light by the obligations you acknowledge to your ancient friend, all that you can remember of a Parent. But divided Duties cannot stand. I see, as plain as prophecy, that unless She can get a perfect ascendancy over you, there is no peace for your dear mind. I do not believe that if you invited her one, two, or three months, to your house, she would be satisfy'd. I think, Emma, you understand me. I mean, that she would plant herself in your way, & be a thorn endlessly—

Pray, pray, Emma, don't quarrel with me for expressing harsh notions of one, to whom [*sic*] you ought (& do) to venerate. But I see no hope on her side, nothing that can appease her, short of your absolute subjection to her will—which now would be wickedness.—

Dont think, M, I meant to shirk interfering—for what to me is She & all her friends?, but tell me how I can do it without involving you both. Mary and I long to see you. Bring my Pindar. Tell Emma (I hope she will always like news of dear *Enfield*) that Mrs. Gough, who was only a name to her, is dead; & poor old Grover, who was a reality—

Take my Loves both of you—

C LAMB

Come on Tuesday if you can, but write first, if you come to dinner
E. Moxon Esq—, Dover Street, Piccadilly.

['To whom,' etc. Lamb begins the clause as if he meant to end with some words like 'pay respect.']

709. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

Thursday. [P.M. 26th September 1833.]

We shall be most happy to see Emma, dear to every body. Mary's spirits are much better, and she longs to see again our twelve years' friend. You shall after noon sip with me a bottle of superexcellent Port, after deducting a dinner-glass for them. We rejoyce to have E. come, the *first Visit*, without Miss —, who, I trust, will yet behave well; but she might perplex Mary with questions. Pindar sadly wants Preface and notes. Pray, E., get to Snow Hill before 12, for we dine before 2. We will make it 2. By mistake I gave you Miss Betham's letter, with the exquisite verses, which pray return to me, or if it be an improved copy, give me the other, and Albumize mine, keeping the signature. It is too pretty a family portrait, for you not to cherish.

Your loving friends

C. LAMB.

M. LAMB.

[Pindar was Cary's edition, which Moxon had just published.

Miss — was, I think, Miss Humphreys, Emma's aunt.

Lamb's verses to Moxon follow, as in a version which probably accompanied this letter:]

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE

What makes a happy wedlock? What has fate
Not given to thee in thy well-chosen mate?
Good sense—good humour;—these are trivial things,
Dear M—, that each trite encomiast sings.
But she hath these, and more. A mind exempt
From every low-bred passion, where contempt,
Nor envy, nor detraction, ever found
A harbour yet, an understanding sound;
Just views of right and wrong; perception full
Of the deform'd, and of the beautiful,
In life and manners; wit above her sex,
Which, as a gem, her sprightly converse decks;
Exuberant fancies, prodigal of mirth,
To gladden woodland walk, or winter hearth;
A noble nature, conqueror in the strife
Of conflict with a hard discouraging life,
Strengthening * the veins of virtue, past the power
Of those whose days have been one silken hour,
Spoil'd fortune's pamper'd offspring; a keen sense
Alike of benefit, and of offence,
With reconcilement quick, that instant springs
From the charged heart with nimble angel wings;
With grateful feelings, like a signet sign'd
By a strong hand, seem burnt into her mind.
If these, dear friend, a dowry can confer
Richer than land, thou hast them all in her;
And beauty, which some hold the chiefest boon,
Is in thy bargain for a make-weight thrown.

C. LAMB.

* I see no objection to the word strengthening; & I sh^d like the last line to stand as it does.

Thanks for your attentions

C. L.

We both desire to be reminded to Mrs. D.

[Lamb's poem was printed in the *Athenæum*.
Mrs. D. is probably Mrs. Dilke.]

710. CHARLES LAMB TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR M.,

[P.M. 17th October 1833.]

Get me Shirley (there's a dear fellow) and send it soon. We sadly want books, and this will be readable again and again, and pay itself. Tell Emma I grieve for the poor self-punishing self-baffling Lady; with all our hearts we grieve for the pain and vexation she has encountered; but we do not swerve a pin's thought from the propriety of your measures. God comfort her, and there's an end of a painful necessity. But I am glad she goes to see her. Let her keep up all the kindness she can between them. In a week or two I hope Mary will be stout enough to come among ye, but she is not now, and I have scruples of coming alone, as she has no pleasant friend to sit with her in my absence. We are lonely. I fear the visits must be mostly from you. By the way omnibuses are 1^s/3^d and coach *insides* sunk to 1/6—a hint. Without disturbance to yourselves, or upsetting the economy of the dear new mistress of a family, come and see us as often as ever you can. We are so out of the world, that a letter from either of you now and then, detailing any thing, Book or Town news, is as good as a newspaper. I have desperate colds, cramps, megrims &c., but do not despond. My fingers are numb'd, as you see by my writing. Tell E. I am *very good* also. But we are poor devils, that's the truth of it. I won't apply to Dilke—just now at least—I sincerely hope the pastoral air of Dover St. will recruit poor Harriet. With best loves to all.

Yours ever

C. L.

Ryle and Lowe dined here on Sunday; the manners of the latter, so gentlemanly! have attracted the special admiration of our Landlady. She guest R. to be nearly of my age. He always *had* an old head on young shoulders. I fear I shall always have the opposite. Tell me any thing of Foster or any body. Write any thing you think will amuse me. I do dearly hope in a week or two to surprise you with our appearance in Dover St. . . .

[Shirley would be Dyce's edition of James Shirley, the dramatist, in six volumes, 1833.]

Harriet was Harriet Isola.

I place here the following undated trifle:]

711. TO EDWARD MOXON

DEAR MOXON,

My friend Wilson, the Defoe Historian, calls on you. He is one of my oldest friends left. Pray ask him to receive an Elia, and introduce him to Emma, if she be with you. You cannot be too civil to my old friend.

C. LAMB.

712. TO S. T. COLERIDGE

Sunday [End of October 1833.]

DEAR COLERIDGE,

Mr. Finden, an artist of some celebrity, is desirous of publishing an Engraving of you, as he has done of Southey—can you lend him your head?

I daresay 'tis better than his own—but I say this at a venture—

We want to come & see—you—

Mary's love to you all

She was never better—

We are going to dine with Cary this day, with Mr. & (*cidevant* Emma) Mrs. Moxon

Adieu

C. L.

(May be opened by Mr. or Mrs. Gilman.)

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'The portrait engraved by Finden was painted by T. Phillips, R.A. See frontispiece to *Specimens of Table Talk*']

713. TO MISS FRANCES BROWN

[28th November 1833]

DEAR FRANCES,

Will you accept these poor lines, and curl them into your album, clipping the corners? They will cost you threepence, which your aunt Mary will pay you, & *then* she will owe me ninepence, from the old shilling she lost, as she says, in the sawpit. My sister joins me in remembrance to you all.

C. LAMB.

I hope your sweetheart's name is WHITE. Else it will spoil all. May be 'tis Black. Then we must alter it.

And may your fortunes BLACKEN with your name.

Well-pleased, dear Frances, in your looks I trace
 Memorials of the loved old BARROW face.—
 I knew your Mother, Frances, from a child,
 Upright, sincere, affectionate, and mild.
 Be you *the same*! and, wheresoe'er you go,
 In climes remote by your behaviour show
 The honest stock you sprang from. May your fame,
 And fortunes, Frances, *Whiten*, with your *name*.
 These plain, and unpoetic lines I send,
 Not from a POET, but a humble friend.—

C. LAMB.

[See next letter for explanation.]

714. TO EDWARD AND EMMA MOXON

Nov. 29th, 1833.

Mary is of opinion with me, that two of these Sonnets are of a higher grade than any poetry you have done yet. The one to Emma is so pretty! I have only allowed myself to transpose a word in the third line. Sacred shall it be for any intermeddling of mine. But we jointly beg that you will make four lines in the room of the four last. Read 'Darby and Joan,' in Mrs. Moxon's first album. There you'll see how beautiful in age the looking back to youthful years in an old couple is. But it is a violence to the feelings to anticipate that time in youth. I hope you and Emma will have many a quarrel and many a make-up (and she is beautiful in reconciliation!) before the dark days shall come, in which ye shall say 'there is small comfort in them.' You have begun a sort of character of Emma in them very sweetly; carry it on, if you can, through the last lines.

I love the sonnet to my heart, and you *shall* finish it, and I'll be damn'd if I furnish a line towards it. So much for that. The next best is

TO THE OCEAN

Ye gallant winds, if e'er your LUSTY CHEEKS
Blew longing lover to his mistress' side,
O, puff your loudest, spread the canvas wide;

is spirited. The last line I altered, and have re-altered it as it stood. It is closer. These two are your best. But take a good deal of time in finishing the first. How proud should Emma be of her poets!

Perhaps 'O Ocean' (though I like it) is too much of the open vowels, which Pope objects to. 'Great Ocean!' is obvious. 'To save sad thoughts' I think is better (though not good) than for the mind to save herself. But 'tis a noble Sonnet. 'St. Cloud' I have no fault to find with.

If I return the Sonnets, think it no disrespect; for I look for a printed copy. You have done better than ever. And now for a reason I did not notice 'em earlier. On Wednesday they came, and on Wednesday I was a-gadding. Mary gave me a holyday, and I set off to Snow Hill. From Snow Hill I deliberately was marching down, with noble Holborn before me, framing in mental cogitation a map of the dear London in prospect, thinking to traverse Wardour-street, &c., when diabolically I was interrupted by

Heigh-ho!
Little Barrow!—

Emma knows him,—and prevailed on to spend the day (infinite loss)

at his sister's, a pawnbrokeress in Gray's Inn Lane, where was an album, and (O march of intellect!) plenty of literary conversation, and more acquaintance with the state of modern poetry than I could keep up with. I was positively distanced. Knowles's play, which, epilogued by me, lay on the PIANO, alone made me hold up my head. When I came home I read your letter, and glimpsed at your beautiful sonnet,

Fair art thou as the morning, my young bride,

and dwelt upon it in a confused brain, but determined not to open them till next day, being in a state not to be told of at Chatteris. Tell it not in Gath, Emma, lest the daughters triumph! I am at the end of my tether. I wish you could come on Tuesday with your fair bride. Why can't you? Do. We are thankful to your sister for being of the party. Come, and bring a sonnet on Mary's birthday. Love to the whole Moxonry, and tell E. I every day love her more, and miss her less. Tell her so from her loving uncle, as she has let me call her. I bought a fine embossed card yesterday, and wrote for the Pawnbrokeress's album. She is a Miss Brown, engaged to a Mr. White. One of the lines was (I forget the rest—but she had them at twenty-four hours' notice; she is going out to India with her husband):—

May your fame

And fortune, Frances, WHITEN with your name!

Not bad as a pun. I *will* expect you before two on Tuesday. I am well and happy, tell E.

[Moxon subsequently published or republished his *Sonnets*, about which there was some mystery, in two parts, one of which was dedicated to his brother and one to Wordsworth. Mrs. Moxon's first album was an extract book in which Lamb had copied a number of old ballads and other poems.

'Heigh-ho! Little Barrow!' Miss Brown's mother, I assume, had been a Miss Barrow, and had married a pawnbroker.

'Knowles's play.' *The Wife*. Prologued by Lamb too.

'At Chatteris.' This is where Emma's schoolfellow, Maria Fryer, lived.

'Mary's birthday.' Mary Lamb would be sixty-nine on 3rd December 1833.]

715. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: *Middle December 1833.*]

Moxon has some verses of mine to Stothard for you; pray forgive the trouble, if I beg you to return them to me immediately, for correction, and you shall have them back without delay, if you shall desire it.

716. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: *Middle December 1833.*]

I hoped R. would like his Sonnet, but I fear'd S., that *fine old man*, might not quite like the turn of it. This last was penn'd almost literally extempore.

YOUR LAUREAT.

Is S.'s Christian name Thomas? if not, correct it.

['R.' Samuel Rogers; 'S.' Thomas Stothard. See next letter.]

717. TO SAMUEL ROGERS

[No date: Probably *Saturday, 21st December 1833.*]

MY DEAR SIR,

Your book, by the unremitting punctuality of your publisher, has reached me thus early. I have not opened it, nor will till to-morrow, when I promise myself a thorough reading of it. 'The Pleasures of Memory' was the first school present I made to Mrs. Moxon, it had those nice wood-cuts! and I believe she keeps it still. Believe me, that all the kindness you have shown to the husband of that excellent person seems done unto myself. I have tried my hand at a sonnet in 'The Times.' But the turn I gave it, though I hoped it would not displease you, I thought might not be equally agreeable to your artist. I met that dear old man at poor Henry's—with you—and again at Cary's—and it was sublime to see him sit deaf and enjoy all that was going on in mirth with the company. He reposed upon the many graceful, many fantastic images he had created; with them he dined and took wine.

I have ventured at an antagonist copy of verses in 'The Athenæum' to *him*, in which he is as everything and you as nothing. He is no lawyer who cannot take two sides. But I am jealous of the combination of the sister arts. Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's 'Shakespeare Gallery' do me with Shakespeare?—to have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare (though he did the best in 'Lear'), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakespeare. To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen's portrait! To confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best), but 'out upon this half-faced fellowship.' Sir, when I have read the book I may trouble you, through Moxon, with some faint criticisms. It is not the flattest compliment, in a letter to an author,

to say you have not read his book yet. But the devil of a reader he must be who prances through it in five minutes, and no longer have I received the parcel. It was a little tantalizing to me to receive a letter from Landor, Gebir Landor, from Florence, to say he was just sitting down to read my 'Elia,' just received, but the letter was to go out before the reading. There are calamities in authorship which only authors know. I am going to call on Moxon on Monday, if the throng of carriages in Dover Street on the morn of publication do not barricade me out.

With many thanks, and most respectful remembrances to your sister,
Yours, C. LAMB.

Have you seen Coleridge's happy exemplification in English of the Ovidian elegiac metre?—

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery current,
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody down.

My sister is papering up the book—careful soul!

['Your book.' Moxon published a superb edition of Rogers's *Poems*, illustrated by Turner and Stothard. Lamb had received an advance copy.

Thomas Stothard, then in his seventy-ninth year, Lamb had met at Henry Rogers's, who had died at Christmas 1832.

'Short of the theatres.' The injury done by the theatres is of course the subject of Lamb's *Reflector* essay on Shakespeare's Tragedies.

'Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery."' The series of 170 illustrations to Shakespeare by leading artists of the day projected by Alderman Boydell in 1786.

'Out upon this half-faced fellowship.' Hotspur's phrase in *1 Henry IV*, i. iii. 208.

'Coleridge's . . . exemplification.' Lamb quoted incorrectly. The lines, written in 1799, had just appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1834:

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back,

Coleridge took the lines from Schiller.

'Calamities in authorship.' Playing on Cowper's

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know,

and D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*.

At Dr. Williams's Library is a note from Thos. Robinson to Crabb Robinson, dated 22nd December 1833, concerning Lamb's Christmas turkey, which went first to Crabb Robinson at the Temple and was then sent on to Lamb, presumably with the note in the hamper. Lamb adds at the foot of the note:

The parcel coming thro' you, I open'd this note, but find no treason in it.
With thanks

C. LAMB.]

718. TO FRANCIS STEPHEN CARY

[P.M. 21st December 1833.]

DEAR F—

A neighbour has purchased a Hogarth, as he believes it; it is a capital picture. Now you, or your father, will oblige us by enquiring of Mr. Ottley, whether he knows of such a subject being engraved, and whom it purports to be from. 'Tis Doctor Rock; and an Oyster Girl, opening Oysters for the Doctor. The picture is from a Nobleman's Collection.

My sister sends rememb^{ces} but of course if we receive no *note* from one of you, we shall not think of coming up to the Museum next month.

C. LAMB.

Francis Cary Esq., Rev^d Mr. Cary, British Museum, Bloomsbury.

[Francis Stephen Cary (1808-80), younger son of the translator of Dante, was an artist and the painter of the portrait of Lamb and his sister which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, and was executed in 1834.

William Ottley (1771-1836) was an authority on engraving.

In *The Translator of Dante* . . . Henry Francis Cary, 1772-1844, R. W. King says that Lamb's description of the picture corresponds closely enough to that entitled *St. James's Day; or The First Day of Oysters*, which is to be found in the *Anecdotes of W. H.*, written by himself, with essays selected from Walpole, Gilpin, etc., to which are added a catalogue of his prints: account of their variations, etc., edited and published by J. R. Nichols, in 1833. The description runs:

This painting was said by its possessor, Mr. G. Weller, when exhibited about 1830 at Mr. Forest's in Piccadilly, to have been presented by Hogarth to his friend Brent, and from the executors of that gentleman came into the hands of its present proprietor [Lamb's neighbour]. It was thus described: The scene lies at the Spiller's Head in Clare Market. The Duke of Wharton [mistaken by Lamb for Dr. Rock] is represented sampling an oyster, served by the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster wench, a constant attendant at the Spiller's Head. Spiller himself is standing at her back, patting her upon her shoulder humorously. The seated figure smoking is Motley, author of *Joe Miller*, and the man standing behind is the well-known attendant on the Duke's frolics, Figg, the brother of Figg the boxer. The person drinking at the bar is Corins, the attorney, who generally dressed in clerical attire. The persons seated at the table are Dr. Garth (died 1719) and Betterton the actor. The dog, the property of Betterton, is a portrait. He was called Lanthorn, from carrying a lanthorn in his mouth to light his master home. The two figures in the closet are Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and Lavinia Fenton, the highly respected Polly, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Macready says in his diary for 9th January that he went to Talfourd's to supper to meet Charles Lamb. "Met there Price, Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Field, . . . Moxon, the publisher, and not Mrs. Moxon, whose absence was noted by those present as a most ungrateful omission of respect and duty. . . . I noted one odd saying of Lamb's that 'the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun.'"']

719. TO EDWARD MOXON

[P.M. 28th January 1834.]

I met with a man at my half way house, who told me many anecdotes of Kean's younger life. He knew him thoroughly. His name is Wyatt, living near the Bell, Edmonton. Also he referred me to West, a publican, opposite St. Georges Church, Southwark, who knew him more intimately. Is it worth Forster's while to enquire after them?

C. L.

[Edmund Kean had died in the previous May. Forster, who was at this time theatrical critic of the *Examiner*, was probably at work upon a biographical article.]

720. TO WILLIAM HONE

Church Street, Edmonton,

7th Feb. 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,

I compassionate very much your failure and your infirmities. I am in affliction. I am come to Edmonton to live altogether with Mary, at the house where she is nursed, and where we see nobody while she is ill, which is alas! the greater part of the year now. I cannot but think your application, with a full statement, to the Literary Fund, must succeed. Your little political heats many years are past. You are now remember'd but as the Editor of the *Every Day & Table Books*. To *them* appeal. You have Southey's testimony to their meritoriousness. He must be blind indeed who sees ought in them but what is good hearted, void of offence to God and Man. I know not a single Member of the Fund, but to whomsoever you may refer to me I am ready to affirm that your speech and actions since I have known you—ten or eleven years I think—have been the most opposite to any thing profane or irreligious, and that in your domestic relations a kinder husband or father, as it seemed to me, could not be. Suppose you transmitted your case, or petition, to Mr Dilke, Editor of the *Athenæum*, with this note of mine—he knows me—and he may know some of the Literary Society. I am totally unacquainted with them.

With best wishes to you & Mrs Hone,

Yours faithfully

To Mr Wm. Hone,

C. LAMB.

Peckham Rye Common.

[The formality of the letter (Hone was usually addressed as 'Dear H.' by Lamb) is due to the fact of its being written for Dilke's eye, as well as Hone's. I find that in response to his appeal the Royal Literary Fund gave Hone

£30 in February 1834, £40 in December 1840, and, to his widow, £50 in December 1842.

'Your little political heats.' Hone's political satires on the Government made some stir. *John Wilkes's Catechism* and *The Sincereist's Creed* were illustrated by Cruikshank, and he was prosecuted in 1817 for his *Political Itany*.]

721. TO MARIA FRYER

DEAR MISS FRYER,

Feb. 14, 1834.

Your letter found me just returned from keeping my birthday (pretty innocent!) at Dover-street. I see them pretty often. I have since had letters of business to write, or should have replied earlier. In one word, be less uneasy about me; I bear my privations very well; I am not in the depths of desolation, as heretofore. Your admonitions are not lost upon me. Your kindness has sunk into my heart. Have faith in me! It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally; and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. What took place from early girlhood to her coming of age principally lives again (every important thing and every trifle) in her brain with the vividness of real presence. For twelve hours incessantly she will pour out without intermission all her past life, forgetting nothing, pouring out name after name to the Waldens as a dream; sense and nonsense; truths and errors huddled together; a medley between inspiration and possession. What things we are! I know you will bear with me, talking of these things. It seems to ease me; for I have nobody to tell these things to now. Emma, I see, has got a harp! and is learning to play. She has framed her three Walton pictures, and pretty they look. That is a book you should read; such sweet religion in it—next to Woolman's! though the subject be baits and hooks, and worms, and fishes. She has my copy at present to do two more from.

Very, very tired, I began this epistle, having been epistolising all the morning, and very kindly would I end it, could I find adequate expressions to your kindness. We did set our minds on seeing you in spring. One of us will indubitably. But I am not skilled in almanac learning, to know when spring precisely begins and ends. Pardon my

blots; I am glad you like your book. I wish it had been half as worthy of your acceptance as 'John Woolman.' But 'tis a good-natured book.

[Lamb had already commended Walton's *Compleat Angler*. See vol. 1, pages 17 and 39.]

722. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

14 Feb. [1834.]

DEAR SIR,

I beg to enclose you a card of Mr. W. Moxon's, who is just beginning business as a Solicitor. Should it lie in your power to serve him in his line, you would find him most Moxon-like, exact, punctual, and of great despatch in business.

Yours very Truly

C. LAMB.

Table Talk, No. 2, next week.

[William Moxon was Edward's brother, and one of the witnesses at his wedding.

No. 2 of 'Table Talks,' a new series of Lamb in the *Athenaeum*, did not appear till 31st May.]

723. TO JOHN KENYON

14 Feb. [1834.]

DEAR SIR,

I am ashamed to find you took my jesting advertisement in more sincerity than I mean it. *The verse was their best sauce*. Moxon, who betrayed you, has a brother commencing business as a solicitor; he has sent me a few cards for distribution.

May I venture, so little known & so recently obliged, to inclose you one—Should extreme chance find you unengaged that way, I can answer for his habits of business, that he is in accuracy, punctuality, & dispatch the counterpart of his brother.

I am Sir

With great respect

Yours truly

C LAMB

[*In Kenyon's hand:*] Referring to some verses I sent him.

[John Kenyon (1784-1856) was a poet and philanthropist among whose many friends were Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Procter, Crabb Robinson, and Landor, and later the Brownings, with whom he was closely associated.]

724. TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Church St., Edmonton,
22 feb. [1834].

DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I write from a house of mourning. The oldest and best friends I have left, are in trouble. A branch of them (and they of the best stock of God's creatures, I believe) is establishing a school at Carlisle. Her name is Louisa Martin, her address 75 Castle Street, Carlisle; her qualities (and her motives for this exertion) are the most amiable, most upright. For thirty years she has been tried by me, and on her behaviour I would stake my soul. O if you can recommend her, how would I love you—if I could love you better. Pray, pray, recommend her. She is as good a human creature,—next to my Sister, perhaps the most exemplary female I ever knew. Moxon tells me, you would like a Letter from me. You shall have one. *This* I cannot mingle up with any nonsense which you usually tolerate from, C. LAMB. Need he add loves to Wife, Sister, and all? Poor Mary is ill again, after a short lucid interval of 4 or 5 months. In short, I may call her half dead to me.

Good you are to me. Yours with fervor of friendship; for ever

turn over

If you want references, the Bishop of Carlisle may be one. Louisa's Sister, (as good as she, she cannot be better tho' she tries,) educated the daughters of the late Earl of Carnarvon, and he settled a handsome Annuity on her for life. In short all the family are a sound rock. The present Lord Carnarvon married Howard of Graystock's Sister.

[Wordsworth has written on the wrapper, 'Lamb's last letter.'
It was Louisa Martin whom Lamb used to call 'Monkey.'

725. TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

[No date: Probably 14th April 1834.]

DEAR R.,

If you have forgot the breakfast on Thursday, namport, as the French say. But I shall try your door at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine. We talk'd of adjourning to Miss Rogers's, but a very particular business calls me elsewhere, so we will postpone that.

Yours ever (your better indeed at Picquet)

C. LAMB.

[Mrs. Anderson thinks that the particular business was sitting to F. S. Cary for his portrait.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Consulting Crabb Robinson's diary for 1834 I find four Thursday mornings on which Lamb had breakfast with him, viz:

'*March 20.* Barron Field and Shutt present. Lamb had slept at Southampton Buildings, and turned up unexpectedly, wanted brandy and milk and made H. C. R. rather uncomfortable about him. It was then arranged that he should come on Thursday, April 17, after his next dinner at Cary's. I am pretty sure Lamb's note refers to this particular breakfast, and no other.

'*April 17.* Barron Field and Warren there—Warren did the talking. C. L. in better health than last time.

'In May apparently there was no breakfast.

'*June 19.* Both Charles and Mary, with N. P. Willis.

'*July 17.* "I [Robinson] had an agreeable breakfast. Lamb was with me, quiet and cheerful. I had asked to meet him Sam Naylor Jun. and Poynter and Dr. Tiarks. Ayrton promised to come but did not."

N. P. Willis, the American author, wrote a circumstantial and rather pathetic account of his meeting with the Lambs at Robinson's on 19th June.

I place here the following undated letter, which may be compared with that to Dr. Asbury on page 296.]

726. TO THE REV. HENRY FRANCIS CARY

I protest I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality, which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house, say a merchant's or manufacturer's, a cheesemonger's or greengrocer's, or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of Parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation, a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk! a clergyman of the Church of England too! not that alone, but of an expounder of that dark Italian Hierophant, an exposition little short of *his* who dared unfold the Apocalypse: divine riddles both and (without supernal grace vouchsafed) Arks not to be fingered without present blasting to the touchers. And, then, from what house! Not a common glebe or vicarage (which yet had been shameful), but from a kingly repository of sciences, human and divine, with the primate of England for its guardian, arrayed in public majesty, from which the profane vulgar are bid fly. Could all those volumes have taught me nothing better!

With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber not immediately to be recognised, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew was not mine own. 'Tis the common symptom, on awaking, I judge my last night's condition from.

A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candlestick be not removed, I assoil myself. But this finical arrangement, this finding everything in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. By whom was I divested? Burning blushes! not by the fair hands of nymphs, the Buffam Graces? Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph—far be that from working pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion; that a young Mentor accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, the Trojan like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccuped drunken snatches of flying on the bat's wings after sunset. An aged servitor was also hinted at, to make disgrace more complete: one, to whom my ignominy may offer further occasions of revolt (to which he was before too fondly inclining) from the true faith; for, at a sight of my helplessness, what more was needed to drive him to the advocacy of independency?

Occasion led me through Great Russell Street yesterday. I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus Portitor, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles. They were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, 'I am going to Mr. Cary's.' I passed by the walls of Balclutha. I had imaged to myself a zodiac of third Wednesdays irradiating by glimpses the Edmonton dulness. I dreamed of Highmore! I am de-vited to come on Wednesdays.

Villanous old age that, with second childhood, brings linked hand in hand her inseparable twin, new inexperience, which knows not effects of liquor. Where I was to have sate for a sober, middle-aged-and-a-half gentleman, literary too, the neat-fingered artist can educe no notions but of a dissolute Silenus, lecturing natural philosophy to a jeering Chromius or a Mnasilus. Pudet. From the context gather the lost name of —.

['That fatal Wednesday.' At this time Charles and Mary Lamb were supposed to dine with Cary on the third Wednesday in every month. When the plan was suggested by Cary, Lamb was for declining, but Mary Lamb said, 'Ah, when we went to Edmonton, I told Charles that something would turn up, and so it did, you see.' As Cary's son Francis was painting their portraits it was arranged that one or other of them should give him a sitting on the next day before their return to Edmonton.

'The Trojan like.' Æneas took his father on his shoulders. *Æneid*, ii, end.

'Argus Portitor.' The gate-keeper seemed to have a hundred eyes, as Argus had, in charge of Io.

'The Buffam Graces.' Lamb's landladies at Southampton Buildings.

'I passed by the walls of Balclutha.' From *Ossian*. Lamb used this quotation in his *Elia* essay on the South-Sea House.

'Highmore.' I cannot explain this reference.

'Chromius.' It should be Chromis, who appears with Mnasilus as a companion of Silenus in Virgil's Sixth Eclogue.

Mrs. Anderson's note: 'Letter from Mrs. Moxon (Emma Isola) to F. S. Cary, who painted the Lambs' portraits in 1834:

DEAR MR. CARY,

I cannot refrain from expressing to you my sincere pleasure at seeing my dear old friend so truly portrayed in your painting. It is indeed full of interest to me, being so perfectly characteristic of Charles Lamb and his sister. I am sure anyone who at all knew them would at once see how exactly you have pictured them.

Yours

EMMA MOXON.'

The following letter is a reply to one which fell out of the clear sky from Manning, then lodging at Puckeridge.]

377. TO THOMAS MANNING

[P.M. 10th May 1834.]

You made me feel so funny, so happy-like, it was as if I was reading one of your old letters taken out of hazard any time between the last twenty years, twas so the same. The Unity of place, a Garden! the old *Dramatis personae*, a Landlady and Daughter. The puns the same in mold. Will nothing change you? 'Tis but a short week since honest Ryle & I were lamenting the gone by days of Manning and Whist. How savourily did he remember them! Might some Great Year but bring them back again! This was my exclaim, and R. did not ask for an explanation.

I have had a scurvy nine years of it, and am now in the sorry fifth act. Twenty weeks nigh has she been now violent, with but a few sound months before, and those in such dejection that her fever might seem a relief to it. I tried to bring her down in the winter once or twice, but it failed. Tuthill led me to expect that this illness would lengthen with her years, & it has cruelly, with that new feature of despondency after. I am with her alone now in a proper house. She is I hope recovering. We play picquet, and it is like the old times a while, then goes off—I struggle up town rarely, and then to see London with little other motive, for what is left there hardly! The streets and shops entertaining ever, else I feel as in a desert, & get me home to my cave. Save that once a month I pass a day, a gleam in my life, with Cary at the Museum. (He is the flower of Clergymen) & breakfast next morn with Robinson. I look to this as a treat. It sustains me. C is a

dear fellow, with but two vices, which in any less good than himself would be crimes, past redemption. He has no relish for Parson Adams—hints that he might not be a very great Greek Scholar after all, (does Fielding hint that he was a Porson?) and prefers 'Ye Shepherds so cheerful & gay' & 'my banks they are furnished with bees' to the 'School-mistress.' I have not seen Wright's—but the faithfulness of C— Mary & I can attest. For last year in a good interval, I giving some lessons to Emma, now Mrs. Moxon, in the sense part of her Italian (I knew no words) Mary pertinaciously undertook, being 69, to read the *Inferno* all thro' with the help of his translation, and we got thro' it with Dictionaries & Grammars of course to our satisfaction. Her perseverance was gigantic, almost painful. Her head was over her task like a sticking bee, morn to night. We were beginning the *Purgatory*, but got on less rapidly, our great authority for Grammar, Emma, being fled, but should have proceeded but for this misfortune. Do not come to town without apprising me. We must all 3 meet somehow, & 'drink a cup.' Yours ever C. L.

Mary strives & struggles to be content, when she is well. Last year when we talk'd of being dull (we had just lost our 7 years nearly inmate) & Carys invitation came, she said 'Did not I say something or other would turn up?' In her first walk *out* of the house, she would read every Auction Advertisement along the road, and when I would stop her, she said 'These are *my* playbills.' She felt glad to get into the world again, but then follows lowness.—

She is getting about tho' I very much hope. She is rising, & will claim her morning picquet. I go to put this in the post first—

I walk 9 or 10 miles a day alway up the road, dear Londonwards. Fields, flowers, birds, & green lanes I have no heart for. The Ware road is chearful, & almost good as a street. I saunter to the Red Lion duly, as you used to the Peacock!

[Manning was now sixty-two, and living in retirement, among Chinese books, with the reputation of a hermit. In 1838 he had a paralytic stroke, and moved to Bath, where he died in 1840.

'Get me . . . to my cave.' 'Go to my cave.'—*As You Like It*, II. vii. 197.

'Ye Shepherds,' etc. Poems by Shenstone.

'Drink a cup.'

We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.]

728. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[P.M. May 1834.]

Pray alter that in Parson W. as I now have it. There is no inconsistency in concealment & frequent^s public receptacles. Besides it is now more decent & less profane.

I think *none* in No 3 is right; *no* before *or* reads gapingly.

[Mrs. Anderson's note: 'This refers to "Table Talk," No. 3, which appeared in the *Athenaeum* on 7th June. Lamb's second remark refers to the sentence: "Again, to *despise* a person is properly to *look down* upon him with *none*, or the least possible emotion "'']

729. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: Spring 1834.]

DEAR SIR,

I return 44 volumes by Tate. If they are not all your own, and some of mine have slipped in, I do not think you will lose much. Shall I go on with the Table talk? I will, if you like it, when the Culinary article has appear'd.

Robins, the Carrier, from the *Swan*, Snow Hill, will bring any more contributions, thankfully to be receiv'd—I pay backwards and forwards.

C. LAMB.

[The Culinary article is the paragraph that closes the 'Table Talk,' printed in the issue of the *Athenaeum* for 19th July 1834.]

730. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: Summer 1834.]

May I now claim of you the benefit of the loan of some books. Do not fear sending too many. But do not if it be irksome to yourself,—such as shall make you say, 'damn it, here's Lamb's box come again.' Dog's leaves ensured! Any light stuff: no natural history or useful learning, such as Pyramids, Catacombs, Giraffes, Adventures in Southern Africa, &c. &c.

With our joint compliments, yours,

C. LAMB.

Church Street, Edmonton.

Novels for the last two years, or further back—nonsense of any period.

731. TO JOHN FORSTER

[P.M. 25th June 1834.]

DR. F.,

I simply sent for the Miltons because Alsop has some Books of mine, and I thought they might travel with them. But keep 'em as much longer as you like. I never trouble my head with other people's quarrels, I do not always understand my own. I seldom see them in Dover Street. I know as little as the Man in the Moon about your joint transactions, and care as little. If you have lost a little portion of my 'good will,' it is that you do not come and see me. Arrange with Procter, when you have done with your moving accidents.

Yours, ambulaturus,

C. L.

['Ambulaturus': About to take a walk.]

732. TO CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE

[No date: End of July 1834.]

DEAR SIR,

I am totally incapable of doing what you suggest at present, and think it right to tell you so *without delay*. It would shock me, who am shocked enough already, to sit down to *write* about it. I have no letters of poor C. By and bye what scraps I have shall be yours. Pray excuse me. It is not for want of obliging you, I assure you. For your Box we most cordially feel thankful. I shall be your debtor in my poor way. I do assure you I am incapable.

Again, excuse me

Yours sincerely

C. L.

[Coleridge's death had occurred on 25th July, in his sixty-second year; and Dilke had written to Lamb asking for some words on that event, for the *Athenæum*. A little while later a request was made by John Forster that Lamb would write something for the album of a Mr. Keymer. It was then that Lamb wrote the few words that stand under the title *On the Death of Coleridge*. Forster wrote thus of the effect of Coleridge's death upon Lamb:

He thought of little else (his sister was but another portion of himself) until his own great spirit joined his friend. He had a habit of venting his melancholy in a sort of mirth. He would, with nothing graver than a pun, 'cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed' upon it. In a jest, or a few light phrases, he would lay open the last recesses of his heart. So in respect of the death of Coleridge. Some old friends of his saw him two or three weeks ago, and remarked the constant turning and reference of his mind.

He interrupted himself and them almost every instant with some play of affected wonder, or astonishment, or humorous melancholy, on the words, 'Coleridge is dead.' Nothing could divert him from that, for the thought of it never left him.

Wordsworth said that Coleridge's death hastened Lamb's.]

733. TO JOSEPH HENRY GREEN

Aug. 26, 1834.

I thank you deeply for a copy of the Will (Coleridge's) which I had seen, but without the codicil at Highgate. My sister and myself are highly gratified at the affectionate remembrance from our dear old friend. I will endeavour to collect and send all the fragments we possess of his handwriting from leaves of good old books etc. Letters I fear I have none, having been long improvident of preserving any. Accept our gratitude for your reverential care of his memory and wishes.

C. LAMB.

[Joseph Henry Green, a disciple, was the author of *Spiritual Philosophy founded on the Teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge*, 1805.

Coleridge's will contained this clause:

And further, as a relief to my own feelings by the opportunity of mentioning their names, that I request of my executor, that a small plain gold mourning ring, with my hair, may be presented to the following persons, namely: To my close friend and ever-beloved schoolfellow Charles Lamb - and in the deep and almost life-long affection of which this is the slender record; his equally-beloved sister, Mary Lamb, will know herself to be included. . . .

I should like to quote here what Coleridge once wrote in a letter to Allsop concerning Mary Lamb's share of *Mrs. Leicester's School*:

It at once soothes and amuses me to think--nay, to know, that the time will come when this little volume of my dear, and well nigh oldest friend, dear Mary Lamb, will be not only enjoyed but acknowledged as a rich jewel in the treasury of our permanent English Literature; and I cannot help running over in my mind the long list of celebrated writers, astonishing Geniuses! Novels, Romances, Poems, Histories, and dense Political Economy quartos, which, compared with *Mrs. Leicester's School*, will be remembered as often and prized as highly as *Wilkie's* and *Glover's Epics*, and *Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophics* compared with *Robinson Crusoe*!]

734. CHARLES AND MARY LAMB TO H. F. CARY

Sept. 12, 1834.

'By Cot's plessing we will not be absence at the grace.'

DEAR C.,

We long to see you, and hear account of your peregrinations, of the Tun at Heidleburg, the Clock at Strasburg, the statue at Rotterdam, the dainty Rhenish and poignant Moselle wines, Westphalian hams, and Botargoes of Altona. But perhaps you have seen, not tasted any of these things.

Yours, very glad to claim you back again to your proper centre,
books and Bibliothecæ,
C. AND M. LAMB.

I have only got your note just now *per negligentiam periniqui Moxoni*.

[Cary had just returned from a continental tour.

'By Cot's plessing, etc.' *Merry Wives*, I. i. 275.

'Westphalian hams.' 'Fat hams of Westphalia' appeared in the letter or Theses for Coleridge, i. 96.

'Botargoes.' Cakes made of salted roes.

'Bibliothecæ.' Cary was an assistant in the reading room of the British Museum.]

735. CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS HOOD

[No date: After 20th October 1834.]

DR. H—,

I have been infinitely amused with Tylney Hall. Tis a medley, without confusion, of farce, melodrama, pantomime, comedy, tragedy, punchery, what not? if not the best sort of novel, the best of its sort; as how could it fail, being the only one? The Fete is as good as H[ogarth]'s Strollers in the Barn.

For the serious part, the warning Piece shot over Raby's head is most impressive. Only Luckless Joe should not have been killed; his Fates were teasers, not inexorable Clothos; and the Creole should have been hang'd.

With kind rememb^{ces} to Mrs. Hood

Yours,

turn over

C. LAMB.

The puns are so neat, that the most inveterate foe to that sort of joke, not being expectant of 'em, might read it all thro' and not find you out.

My sister I hope will relish it by and by; as it is, she tries to make it

out, and laughs heartily, but it puzzles her to read it above a page or so a day.

[Hood's novel, *Tynny Hall*, was published on 20th October 1834.]

736. TO JOHN CHILDS

Monday. Church Street, Edmonton (not Enfield,
as you erroneously direct yours).

[No date: *Late 1834.*]

DEAR SIR,

The volume which you seem to want is not to be had for love or money. I with difficulty procured a copy for myself. Yours is gone to enlighten the tawny Hindoos. What a supreme felicity to the author (only he is no traveller) on the Ganges or Hydaspes (Indian streams) to meet a smutty Gentoo ready to burst with laughing at the tale of Bo-Bo! for doubtless it hath been translated into all the dialects of the East. I grieve the less, that Europe should want it. I cannot gather from your letter whether you are aware that a second series of the *Essays* is published by Moxon, in Dover Street, Piccadilly, called 'The Last *Essays of Elia*,' and, I am told, is not inferior to the former. Shall I order a copy for you? and will you accept it? Shall I *lend* you, at the same time, my sole copy of the former volume (Oh! return it) for a month or two? In return, you shall favour me with the loan of one of those Norfolk-bred grunTERS that you laud so highly; I promise not to keep it above a day. What a funny name Bungay is! I never dreamt of a correspondent thence. I used to think of it as some Utopian town, or borough in Gotham land. I now believe in its existence, as part of Merry England!

[*Here are some lines scratched out.*]

The part I have scratched out is the best of the letter. Let me have your commands.

CH. LAMB, *alias* ELIA.

[John Childs, of Bungay, died in 1853 in his seventieth year. Of him, an obituary notice said, Mrs. Anderson notes, that his 'enterprise as a printer, his invasion of the monopoly of the Scriptures, and his efforts to put down the system of church rates, were evidences of the boldness of his character.'

'Ganges or Hydaspes.' *Paradise Lost*, III. 436.

'Gentoo.' Archaic for Hindoo.

'Bo-Bo.' In the *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

This letter practically disposes of the suggestion made more than once that a second edition of *Elia* was published in 1833.]

737. TO JOHN CHILDS

(From the Author)[No date: *Late 1834.*]

In great haste, the Pig was *faultless*,—we got decently merry after it and chirpt and sang ‘Heigh! Bessy Bungay!’ in honour of the Sender. Pray let me have a line to say you got the Books; keep the 1st vol.—two or three months, so long as it comes home at last.

738. TO MRS. GEORGE DYER

Dec. 22nd, 1834.

DEAR MRS. DYER,

I am very uneasy about a *Book* which I either have lost or left at your house on Thursday. It was the book I went out to fetch from Miss Buffam’s, while the tripe was frying. It is called Phillip’s *Theatrum Poetarum*; but it is an English book. I think I left it in the parlour. It is Mr. Cary’s book, and I would not lose it for the world. Pray, if you find it, book it at the Swan, Snow Hill, by an Edmonton stage immediately, directed to Mr. Lamb, Church-street, Edmonton, or write to say you cannot find it. I am quite anxious about it. If it is lost, I shall never like tripe again.

With kindest love to Mr. Dyer and all.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

[This is the last letter of Charles Lamb, who tripped and fell in Church Street, Edmonton, on 22nd December, and died of erysipelas on 27th December. At the time of his death he was nearly sixty. His birthday was 10th February. Mary Lamb, with occasional lapses into sound health, survived him until 20th May 1847. At first she continued to live at Edmonton, but a few years later moved to the house of Mrs. Parsons, sister of her old nurse, Miss James, in St. John’s Wood.]